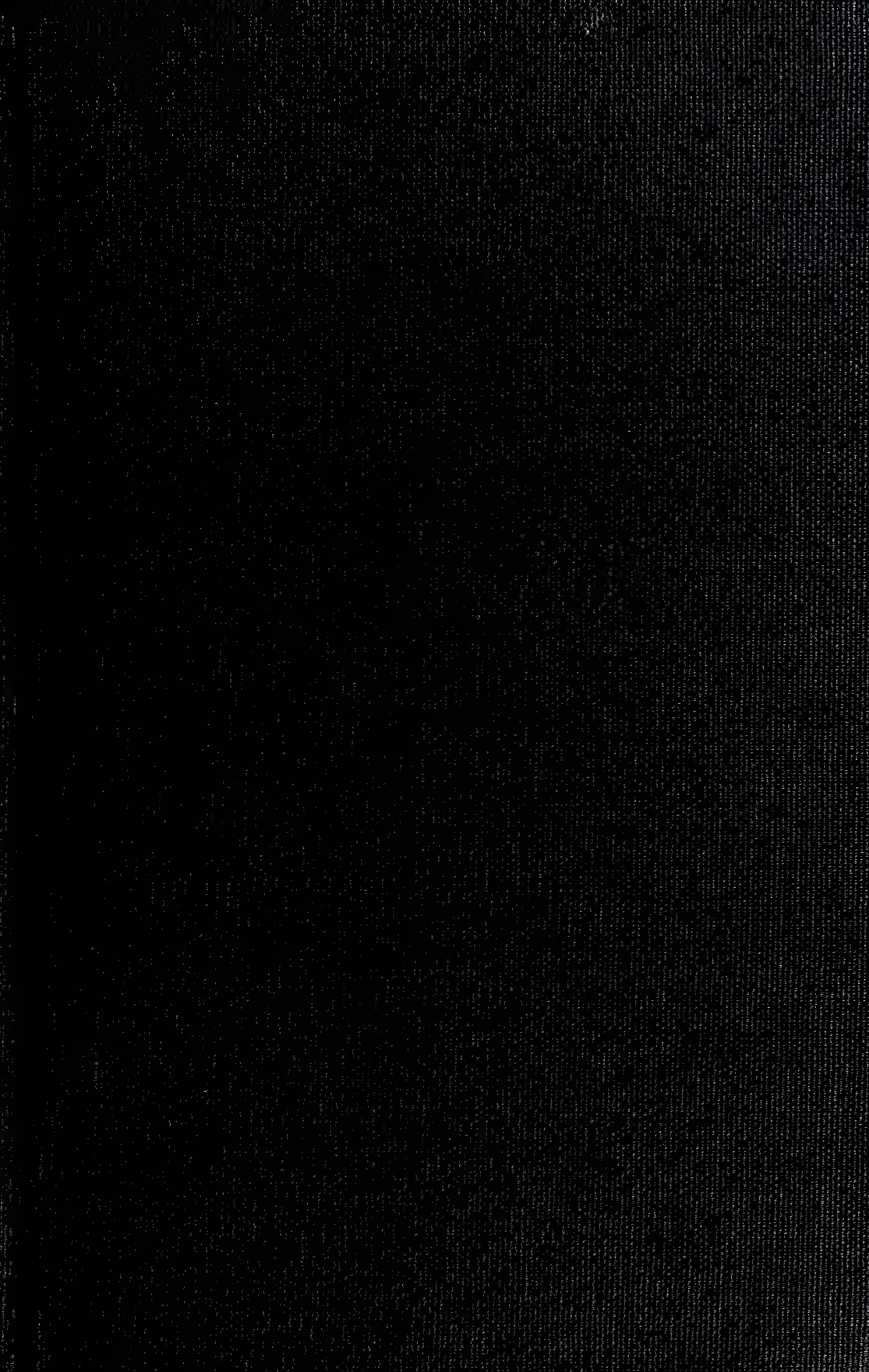




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The
MAGAZINE

University of North Carolina



CAROLINA NUMBER

November, 1919

The University of North Carolina

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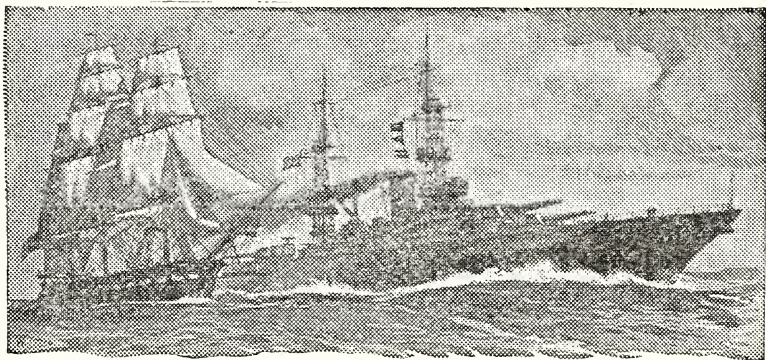
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THE MAGAZINE

University of North Carolina

OLD SERIES VOL. 50

NUMBER 1

NEW SERIES VOL. 37

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The Campus

“I have an ideal for this University. My desire would have it a place where there is always a breath of freedom in the air; where a sound and various learning is taught heartily without show or pretense; where the life and teachings of Jesus Christ furnish forth the ideal of right and true manhood; where all classes and conditions and beliefs are welcome and men may rise in earnest striving by the might of merit; where wealth is no prejudice and poverty no shame; where honorable labor, even labor of the hands, is glorified by high purpose and strenuous desire for the clearer air and the larger view; where there is a will to serve all the high ends of a State struggling up out of ignorance into general power where men are trained to observe closely, to imagine vividly, to reason accurately, and to have about them some humility and some toleration; where finally, truth, shining patiently like a star, bids us advance, and we will not turn aside.”

THE MAGAZINE

University of North Carolina

OLD SERIES VOL. 50

NUMBER 1

NEW SERIES VOL. 37

Mrs. Laura Caroline Battle Phillips

COLLIER COBB

A mite of a woman whose life was one of loving kindness and gentle service; as great of heart and mind as she was small of body; as keen of intellect and as clear of vision in her ninety-fifth year as when, at the age of sixteen, she was a pupil of Princess Caroline Murat's at Bordentown; as devoted to her country and as active in the service through the world war as any Red Cross nurse or yeowoman could have been. Mrs. Phillips has been known to the student body as wife, or mother, or grandmother, or aunt, or great aunt to many devoted sons of the University who have served well their alma mater and their day.

Born at the Falls of Tar River, near the present town of Rocky Mount, N. C., November 5, 1824, Laura Caroline Battle was the youngest of the eleven children of Joel Battle and Mary Johnson Battle, his wife. Joel Battle was educated at the University of North Carolina, where he matriculated in 1798. He was a planter on a large scale and a manufacturer of cotton goods, builder of the second cotton mill in North Carolina, in 1820, at the Falls of Tar River.

The eleven children of this family were among our State's most useful citizens, their children and grandchildren are counted with the most distinguished of North Carolinians,

and they have done their share of the world's work with credit to themselves and to the name in many other states.

Of the four daughters, Catharine married Dr. Richard H. Lewis, and became the mother of Dr. Richard H. Lewis of Kinston, of General Gaston Lewis of Goldsboro, and of Mrs. Luther R. Mills of Wake Forest, whose daughter Lucy is the wife of Hon. Claud Kitchin of Scotland Neck; Susan married William McKee of Raleigh, and was the mother of Dr. James McKee, Superintendent of the State Hospital at Raleigh; Caroline died in childhood; Laura married Charles Phillips, then tutor of mathematics in the University of North Carolina.

Of the seven sons, William Horn (A. B., 1820) was in succession reporter of the Supreme Court, Judge of the Superior Court, Justice of the Supreme Court, and Professor of Law in the University of North Carolina, father of a large family of able children; Richard was a lawyer; Isaac died in early manhood, unmarried; Joel was a physician; Dorsey was a planter and lawyer, father of the late Judge Dorsey Battle of Rocky Mount; Columbus was private secretary to Governor Dudley of North Carolina, and died unmarried; Amos was a distinguished Baptist preacher, secretary of the Baptist State Convention that founded Wake Forest College, father of sons and daughters who have shed luster on the name in this and other states.

The children of this family received the best education that the times and the land afforded. Laura was sent to the school of Mrs. Eliza Potts, at Washington, N. C.; then to Kelvin Grove, the private school of Miss Charlotte Jones, at Pittsboro; and later, at the age of sixteen, to Madame Lucien Murat, at Bordentown, N. J. She attended this school with her sister Susan. They made the trip to Bordentown from Raleigh, where they lived with their brother Amos, partly by stage and partly by railroad, escorted by their brother Columbus.

The Murat School at Bordentown was established by Madame Murat, after her husband, Prince Lucien Murat, son of the King of Naples, had spent all her fortune. Madame Murat was, before her marriage to the Prince, Miss Carolina Georgina Frazer, daughter of Thomas Frazer, an Englishman, who married Miss Clitheroe, of Fayetteville, N. C., and settled at Charleston, S. C. Miss Frazer and her sisters Jane and Eliza were in the habit of spending a portion of each winter in Philadelphia, enjoying the gaities of the season. It was on one of these visits that Prince Lucien, at the time on a visit to his uncle, Joseph Bonaparte, King of Spain, then living in Bordentown, met Carolina Frazer. Madame Murat corresponded with her pupil for many years, and sent to her from Paris photographs of all the members of the Murat family. Napoleon III paid the debts of his cousin and gave him an annuity of 30,000 francs. Laura Battle and her sister Susan formed many lasting friendships while attending the Murat School. One among the friends made here was Rebecca Gratz, the beautiful Jewess who was the model from whom Scott drew his Rebecca in "Ivanhoe," Washington Irving having portrayed to Scott the beauty of her character. Another was Richard Watson Gilder, later, and for many years, editor of *The Century Magazine*.

When Henry Clay visited Raleigh in April, 1844, a group of young girls welcomed him with garlands, and it was Laura Battle who presented him a bouquet on behalf of the girls of Raleigh. On receiving the flowers, Clay pushed back her poke-bonnet and kissed her. Other girls in this group who welcomed Clay with garlands were Miss Susan Battle of Raleigh, Miss Sarah Ashe of Fayetteville, Misses Caroline and Margaret Kyle of Fayetteville, and Misses Eliza and Jane Dudley of Raleigh, daughters of Ex-Governor Dudley, Miss Margaret Mordecai of Raleigh, Miss Penelope Williams

of Pitt, Miss Lucilla Harris of Granville, and Miss Bettie Brownlow of Virginia. All of these except Miss Penelope Williams had been pupils in the Murat School. Among other Southern girls who studied there with Mrs. Phillips were Miss Elizabeth Vandiveer, of Washington, N. C.; Misses Marie Ogier and Caroline Lantz, of Charleston, S. C.; Miss Lantz, a niece of Madame Murat's, who afterwards became Mrs. Bacot; Mary Boswell, of Kentucky, who married Mr. Riggs, of Washington, builder of the Riggs Hotel; and Eliza Dickenson, of Wilmington, N. C.

Mrs. Phillips had met Clay, Calhoun, and Webster in Washington, in 1841, when she returned South with her brother from Bordentown. On that visit she was escorted over the Capitol grounds by Senator William A. Graham of North Carolina, and she always insisted that he was the equal of the others in ability and character. She later met all of these gentlemen at her own home in Raleigh. The story is told that during Mr. Clay's celebrated campaign for the Presidency, in 1844, he was presented to Mrs. Joel Battle as the mother of six good Whigs; whereupon, in his usual gallant way, he pushed back her poke-bonnet and gave her a kiss. Incidentally, several of the girls who were in that reception party in April, 1844, when hard-pressed by their grandchildren or their great-nieces, have admitted that Henry Clay had kissed them too, before that memorable day was over.

Miss Laura Battle came to Chapel Hill in December, 1844, to make her home with her oldest brother, Judge William Horn Battle, head of the Law School of the University. From that beloved home, "Senlac," she was married December 8, 1847, to Charles Phillips, then a tutor in mathematics in the University, by Bishop William Mercer Green, then a professor in the University of North Carolina. It was from that home that she was borne by a group of youthful kinsmen on October 5, 1919, to rest beside the husband whom she survived thirty years.

Charles Phillips and his young wife spent the year 1853-54 in Cambridge, Mass., where Mr. Phillips studied mathematics with Benjamin Peirce at Harvard. Upon their return to Chapel Hill he became Professor of Engineering in the University of North Carolina, continuing to serve in this position until 1860. He was Professor of Mathematics, 1861-68 and 1875-79. During the period of reconstruction, when the University was closed, Dr. Phillips was Professor of Mathematics in Davidson College. From 1879 till his death, May 10, 1889, he was emeritus professor in the University. To Charles and Laura Phillips were born eight children, only three of whom are now living. Mary (Mrs. Verner, of Columbia, S. C.), Lucy (Mrs. Russell, of Rockingham, N. C.), and James Phillips, of Macon, Ga. One son, the late Dr. William Battle Phillips (Ph. B., 1877; Ph. D., 1883), studied at the School of Mines in Freiberg, Saxony, was a chemist and mining engineer, and Professor of Agricultural Chemistry and Mining at the University of North Carolina, 1885-88. He was at one time President of the Colorado School of Mines. Another son, the late Dr. Alexander Lacy Phillips (A. B., 1880; D. D., 1896), was a distinguished Presbyterian minister and author. A daughter, Susie, was the wife of Dr. Robert D. Jewett, of Wilmington.

Gentle and self-effacing as she was, possessed of a rare personality, a forceful character, and all the Christian graces, she loved the University with unswerving devotion, and no one has had a greater influence on its course, literally, through the generations. Her grandfather, Elisha Battle, Senator from Edgecombe County during the Revolutionary War, was a member of the Convention of April, 1776, and of the Halifax Congress of November and December, 1776, when the first Constitution of the State was adopted, a clause of which (Section XLI) declared that "all useful learning shall

be duly encouraged, and promoted in one or more universities." Her father, Joel Battle, as already mentioned, matriculated at the University in 1788, and remained until the death of his father in 1799. Her brothers, William H. Battle, Richard H. Battle, Christopher Columbus Battle, and Isaac Battle were students here. Her father-in-law, Dr. James Phillips, was head of the department of mathematics, and his brother a professor in the Law School. Her husband was a professor in the University for thirty years, and two of her grandsons, Charles P. Russell, a newspaper man, of New York, and Drury McN. Phillips, a mining geologist, of Port Arthur, Texas, are among the more recent graduates. One great-granddaughter from Panama and a grandson from Texas have just entered the freshman class.

Among her grandchildren, besides those mentioned for their connection with the University, are William Phillips, a mechanical engineer, of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Samuel P. Verner, African explorer; Pettigrew Verner, a well-known chemist, of Charleston, S. C.; Charles Verner, civil engineer; Charles Phillips, engineer; and the Reverend Samuel Knox Phillips, a well-known Presbyterian minister.

To her nephew, the late Dr. Kemp P. Battle, more than to any other one man, is due the honor of reviving the dead University in 1875. Dr. Battle had already served the University as tutor in mathematics, as did also his brother, the late Richard H. Battle, of Raleigh, soon after their graduation. Nephews and great-nephews, Battles, Lewises, Cobbs, Hornes, have graduated here, and served well their day and generation. As legislators, trustees, professors, tutors, and students, the men of her blood have served and still serve the University with rare devotion.

With all her years Mrs. Phillips never grew old. The students saw very little of her, but she always mothered some of the young professors. Messrs. Venable, Holmes, Toy, Atkinson, and others were taken into her home and

treated like sons, and these all helped to keep her ever young and ever learning, for Mrs. Phillips never finished her education. Her interests in the great events of the world never faltered, and her eagerness for the daily papers, the recent magazines, and the new books was undiminished to the last. She noted the events in college athletics, rejoiced over every victory, was hopeful after every defeat, loved the atmosphere of youth and gaiety around her, and was moved when the sound of the college bell fell upon ears growing deaf to the sounds of earth.

She was always skilled with her fingers, and in the household of Madame Murat, as a pupil in her school, she made many a pretty garment for the baby Anna, and throughout her life it was her delight to make for her many kindred little garments of every description. This skill at needlework, at knitting, and at crocheting she turned to account during the world war, earning the money which she contributed regularly to the Red Cross, and with which she bought a bond for each of her daughters. In the window of her bedroom there hung a small service flag with seven stars for the grandsons she had in service.

Only once was Mrs. Phillips ever known to boast, and her boast was but the expression of a pardonable pride made to her daughter. One of these daughters tells us that "At the inauguration of President Graham, as the dear old mother lay on her couch to survey her kinsmen, gorgeous in academic array, a son and grandson, a nephew, grand nephews, and great-grand nephews, among them two college presidents, three authors, a minister of the gospel, a physician, scientists, and successful business men, all good men and true, and all looking a little foolish in their man-millinery of purple and crimson, blue, yellow, and scarlet. As they passed before her, the aged face sparkled like a girl's as she exclaimed: 'Now, who has done more for the University than this old woman?' "

To Our Stronghearts

JOHN S. TERRY

O loyal women, givers of our life,
You beings brave who dare to give us birth,
From out the deadly, terror-dealing strife
That made shambles of the fields of earth,
Poor wounded men are coming back to you.
With strength forespent, O women, they return
So wearied, worn, nerve-wracked, for you to do
The mothering and comforting they yearn.

With heart and brain sore-sick from mad war's hell,
They lean their heads, so weary, on their arms;
The poor tired heads which once upright were held,
When forth these heroes marched at war's alarms.
The feet that lightly danced short while ago
Now drag, delaying, halting, tired, and spent;
Not quick and full of grace, but slow, so slow!
These men are shadows of the ones that went.

No more their eyes may brighten with delight,
As once they did when music stirred their soul.
All music now has gone; and all the sight
Has fled from these poor eyes and left a soul
That sits in darkest night—the darkest night
That man can know. No more the rose, rich red,
Or lily, or the evening clouds, can light
The inner fire of joy which beauty fed.

All through the ages you have kept mankind
Above the brute. But they, like brutes, will fight.
Soon after battle comes your chance to find
That men's proud boasts are childish, and their might,
That which they proudly boast and vaunt to men,
Soon yields to your caress of tender love.
They tell you of their woes, child-like again,
And rest contented, strengthened by your love.

With you remains the task, with cares beset;
To guide their groping hands is now your part;
You will in loving kindness all forget
The heartache of your own! Though tears may start,
And though your heart may falter, sore afraid,
Be strong to help them conquer, these whose smarts
Burn deep, and help them live on undismayed,
You mothers brave and true, our great stronghearts!



Mandy Gets a Melodeon

J. A. CAPPS

“You shall be f-r-e-e,
When de good Lawd set you f-r-e-e.”

The clear alto voice of a negro woman vibrated over the Pee Dee Valley, as she led the other hoe hands by the distance of almost a row. Negroes—men, women, and children—at the other end of the field, were singing, “Oh, Gabriel, swing low yo’ char-i-ott, and ca-ry me Ho—me.”

Sam Wyandott, of Marse Tom Henry’s place, was passing along the road with a quarter-sack of flour under his arm. He was one of the few negroes of the valley who could afford “wheat bread” at this season of the year. In this respect, he was fortunate, but he felt himself very heavy of heart; because Mandy, his second wife, had deserted him for the companionship of the “Sleeping Preacher.” He was thinking about his Mandy, and maneuvering his mind for some plan of revenge, when Mary Ann’s voice broke in on his reverie. He listened until the last note had reëchoed across the valley.

“Huh, if dat sleepin’ nigger don’t set my Mandy free, I’m gwine set his bref free from his body. Here I done git m’self sorter fixed up—my mule paid fo’; an’ now dis sleepin’ nigger come ’long an’ git Mandy all ’fatuated, so she hain’t no mo’ ’count.” Sam stood in the shade of a persimmon tree thus commenting.

The thought of supper brought him to his senses and he shuffled off down the road. At Mammy Cole’s cabin he stopped. Mammy was a portly woman who had seen service

as a slave on Marse Hemphill's plantation. She was not in sympathy with the excitement that had been set in motion by the sleeping preacher, Reverend Raymond Ranson. She was putting supper on the table when Sam poked his head in at the door.

"Good ebnin', Miss Cole."

"Oh, Lawd, Mr. Wyndott, you skeered me most to def. Come in. Have a cheer. The fokes is all gwine ober to hear Reverent Ranson preach in his sleep agin to-night, so I hopes you'll 'scuse me if I keeps right on wif my preperashions."

"Certainly, Miss Cole. I just passin' by an' lowed I'd drap in a minit. How is you all?"

"I'm tolbly, how's all you fokes?"

"All well sep'n Mandy."

"You don't say so! What seem to be her ailment?"

"It's dis yer sleepin' nigger. She hain't stayin' home no mo' since he been 'roun'. I seed her up Leesburg dis ebnin' She say she got a divine call to lebe me 'lone an' stay near her shepperd, de sleepin' nigger. She say he gwine git her a melodeon to play 'ligious tunes on. Miss Cole, what I gwine do? De cotton gettin' grassy, an' dey hain't nobody to do de cookin'. I sho' do wants my Mandy at home. She say she ain't cummin' 'less I buy her a melodeon, but I can't buy no melodeon 'till I sells my cotton."

Mammy Cole had stopped her work and was looking at the visitor as he sat with his head inclined between his shoulders staring at the red coals around a pot on the hearth. She shook her head as if she felt herself unable to render advice, and then drew the bread pan from the fire. As she turned towards the table, Sam heard her scream and looking up saw her fall into the arms of a tall, well-dressed mulatto negro. He recognized the stranger as Rags Cole, Mammy's son, who had been gone for ten years.

As the hoe hands were coming up the road in front of the cabin, the two men left it by the back door and were soon seated on a log above the spring. Rags' eyes sparkled as he talked: "Yes, sir," he was saying, "I knows dat sleepin' nigger jes' same as I do mah own self. He owes boad bills all ober Charleston. At de Dixy Hotel, whah I wuz managah, he gits up one night and robs de whole place while he wuz 'sleep. I spec he dreamed dey wuz aftah him, too, 'cause 'fo' de police could git dah, he done clime down de fire 'scape an' gone."

"Rags, take mah han'; de mo' you tawk de happiah I gits," laughed Sam.

The two talked in subdued tones until the voice of Mammy Cole announcing supper made it necessary for them to separate. Sam danced down the path, carrying a light heart and his twenty-four pounds of flour. The flour was not to be made into biscuits that night, nor ever by him; for, if his plan worked, his regular cook would be home before morning.

By seven-thirty Sam was in the "Big Road," and, like hundreds of other dusky-hued individuals, was headed towards Zion Church, A. M. E., South. The negroes moved in groups. The central topic of conversation everywhere was the Reverend Raymond Ranson and his wonderful work in reclaiming the black race. It was a remarkable case. Here this ordinary hoe hand, who had come over from Columbia just three weeks ago, was thrilling the whole black population of Pee Dee Valley with his masterful oratory. And what made it more wonderful was that he could preach only while asleep. Nothing like it had happened since the Charleston earthquake.

When the crowd, which Sam had fallen in with, came in sight of the church, the yard was filled with a black mass of humanity, all burning with religious zeal. One woman was

standing on the steps trying to explain the meaning of the strange things that had happened to the colored race during the past week.

"I tells you all," she was saying, "he is the saver of the black fokes jes' lack Jesus wuz de saver of de white fokes. No longer ago den to-day, while I wuz helpin' Sis Coffee clean up de house, I kept hearin' a voice tellin' me, 'You is my chozen people, you shall be free.' An' Sis Coffee wuz right dar, but she did'n' heer it, 'cause her heart hain't right!"

Sam saw that the speaker was his wife. He slipped off behind a clump of bushes. Other negroes took the steps and testified. Some had heard voices, others had failed to hear or see anything, and believed it was because their hearts were not right.

Presently a great crowd of men was seen approaching from towards Leesburg. It passed near enough to Sam for him to see stretched upon a cot, borne by four strong men, the Reverend Ranson, clothed in a white nightgown. Everybody got quiet as the procession moved into the church. The black flock clothed in many colors followed. Mammy Cole caused considerable comment by going to her accustomed place in the amen corner. The other regulars came forward and welcomed her back. The cot holding its precious burden rested upon the rostrum. A low mumbling chant, lead by Deacon Berry, was begun. The shuffling of feet added momentum to the words:

"In my heart,
In my heart,
There's a little wheel a-turnin'
In my heart."

The song was finally cut short by the dark figure, clothed in spotless white, rising from the cot and, with closed eyes, moving slowly towards the front of the pulpit. At the same

time a tall mulatto, recognized by a few as Rags Cole, came hurrying down the aisle. He spoke to Deacon Berry in a hoarse whisper, audible all over the church:

"Sheriff Mufry, frum Charleston, is outside, an' sez he gwine have dat sleepin' nigger, dead or 'live."

Reverend Ranson opened one eye and saw Rags. That was enough. With a bound he passed head foremost through the open window. Some of the women, among them Mrs. Wyndott, began to scream. Rags mounted the rostrum and with a sweep of the arm brought silence.

"Ladies and gent'emens," he began, "mos' ob you know me. I am Mammy Cole's Rags, who's been livin' in Charleston fo' ten year. I know's dis yer sleepin' nigger. He's a disgrace to the culled race. He's done bin in jail fo' or five times, an' he's stole money frum mos' ebery 'onest nigger in dat town; now he's cum up here flimflammin' you all. Hain't I right? He done 'ticed Mr. Wyndott's Mandy frum him, an' hain't he eatin' your fried chicken widout payin' fo' it? Why fo' he take so much collection in his sleep? 'Cause he gwine carry it off fo' de summer an' play craps wid it."

Sam Wyndott, noticed by only a few people, had placed himself beside the speaker during the excitement. His wife stared at him with imploring eyes.

"Nigger woman," Sam demanded, "git yo'self up out o' dat an' le's go home. I'll teach you to go scamperin' 'roun' here wid a strange nigger when de grass is eatin' de cotton up."

Meekly Mandy picked up her little handbag and followed her lord to the door. Outside she ventured to take his arm.

"Loosen me, woman," demanded Sam. "You's done poluted yo'sef wid dat sleepin' nigger. Now you's gona unpolute yo'sef by hoein' de grass out o' my cotton 'fo' you starts any fomality wid dis chile."

Mandy walked home in silence; her master strutted as though he owned the world. When he spoke, it was to himself, though he took care that his helpmeet was close enough to hear what he said. Such expressions as, "The ideer of a woman leavin' her 'spectable home to go rasticatin' 'roun' de country wif a good fo' nothin' nigger lac dat," slipped from his lips at every few paces.

"Now, nigger, git yo'sef to bed, so's you'll be able to do sum work to-mor'," were his orders as soon as they entered the house.

"I specs I better count my money fust," said Mandy, pulling a roll of bills as large as a stove pipe from her hand-bag. "You see sum nigger might take a notion to carry it off while I'm sleepin'."

"Good Lawd, Mandy, whar you git all dat greenback?"

"It's de collections dat Brudder Ranson's been takin' up, but since he's gone I spec it's mine now."

"Sho' it's ourn, Mandy; I knowed all de time you wuz the best gal in de lan'," and he slipped his arm around her. "Come on, hunny, an' le's go over to see if Mammy Cole an' Rags won't hoe fo' us to-mor', while we goes to Leesburg an' buys you all a melodeon."

The Hermit Thrush

E. W. G. HUFFMAN

I

One April day I chanced to hear
A hermit thrush beside the road,
And from its mystic throat there flowed
Voluptuous chords, so far, so near.
The naked trees a moment ceased
Their murmurings. The bird, well pleased,
Sang on, enraptured by the day,
Which it perhaps mistook for May.

The daisies flocked the woodland path,
Complaining brooks forgot their woe,
While here and there green shrubs did grow,
And no one cared to dream of death.
Swamp angel, oh, my little thrush!
Sweet harbinger! Drear winter's hush
Will vanish soon with thee to sing
Thy wondrous summer christening!

II

Alone thou dwellest in solemn peace,
And seldom loiter by the way,
As though thou wert a castaway,
And dare not ask for thy release.
But nay, thy courtly dress and fair
Displayal of thy charms one dare
Not misinterpret—thou art king
Of all the sylvan fays that sing.

Polite and modest, loathe to roam,
A solitary ruralist ;
By harsh societies dismissed,
But far the proudest bird of home.
Still never idle is thy life,
E'en though thou shun'st the daily strife ;
Remaining obscure in thy cove,
Unstinted, happy with thy love.

III

Like ancient monks bowed low in prayer,
With reverential piety,
Belittling notoriety,
For some secluded forest lair.
Desirous not of glory, gain,
Content to chant thy occult strain—
A voice of woodland mysteries,
Replete with sacred litanies.

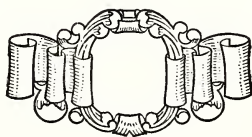
Serene, ethereal, evening hymn
Poured forth from earth's most heavenly voice,
I could not hear and not rejoice :
Each syllable addressed to Him.
Pure, liquid, luscious notes supreme,
A flute-like melody of dream,
Compared with such, the songs of men
Are insignificant and vain.

IV

A rhapsody for kings is thine ;
Thy coat, a costume for a queen ;
Thy home, a palace rare, I ween—
No marvel thou art called divine.

Ah, inmost inmate of the woods,
And lord of sinless solitudes,
Bereft of toil and free from care,
No monk e'er breathed a holier prayer.

Fair woodland nymph thy lay to me
Is what the instruments of old
Were to the kings and shepherds bold,
Blent with Egyptian minstrelsy.
And e'er when gloom would rule my heart,
And I am tempted to depart
The lanes of love, away I hie
To pray with thee, life's threnody.



The Call of the Carolina Hills

E. W. G. HUFFMAN

In a certain Tar Heel periodical this summer the following story was run on a bright sunshiny day when the editor's heart was light, and the office activities had been successfully disposed of during the morning hours. The headline was: "Bachelor in Quest of Love-Mate." The bank read: "—— ———, Bachelor, Runs Ad for a Plain, Neat, Good-Looking Maid or Widow." The story follows in detail:

"In to-day's mail the editorial department received an ad of more or less interest to the members of the finer fairer sex. If we have interpreted it correctly we have an old bachelor advertising for a wife that would suit his bacheloristic demands. It reads in part: "To any good-looking, plain, neat maid or widow—good character, some means like to have few letters—good-looking bachelor, age 47, medium description. County Home \$5,000." Just precisely what he means we are unable to comprehend, so we leave the correct interpretation to those who are more personally interested.

"Usually, \$5,000 will bring a reply at least, and in many cases will purchase what he has in mind. Perhaps, had he sent us a photographic exhibition of himself in order that the innumerable members of the fairer sex may have an opportunity to peruse his corporal qualities, a voluminous bunch of letters would have flocked to his destination, and would apparently make it a difficult matter to decide which one to select as his future love-mate.

"To those who are interested, we suggest that they send the bachelor a letter. For further details, we refer our readers to our classified ad department."

It so happened that the writer of this article was fortunate enough to accidentally meet this old bachelor some time later, while roaming in the hills, and have quite a chat with him. As the conversation progressed, and the unfortunate, solitary man became amiable, he unfolded to me the history and phenomenal secret of his life.

The story follows as related to me near the climax of our conversation:

"But why did you remain a bachelor?" I queried.

"Many people have asked me that very same question," he replied simply, "and to them all I gave no reply. However, to you, I will tell my tale of woe—of love—of life.

"Upon completion of college, contrary to a very dear friend's wishes and requests, I returned to my native hills of Carolina. This friend, to whom I have just alluded, was named Fay Childhood; youth, boyhood, girlhood, school days, manhood and womanhood we had spent together. In fact, we had lived together. Our fathers' plantations adjoined.

"We both left for college the same year, the same week. She went North; I came South. Our love, we thought, was final, inseparable. Holidays we spent together at home. Love increased and continued to be a continuous hour of ecstasy during the first three years of our collegiate careers. The fourth year, however, proved fatal. Fay returned to her home people a changed girl. She detested farm life. She longed for the cities, and for all that was daring and apparently stylish. After so long a time, she convinced her father to sell his plantation, to move North, which he did, she being the only child.

"Before she left, she asked me to come to her likewise; but I refused. Why did I refuse, you ask? Simply this: the Fay I once loved had changed. These hills, that I have always loved and always will, have never changed and never will. Inanimate though they be, they call. Naked, yet they are clothed. Rocky—each rock is but a jewel in my sight.

"While in school, I dreamed my dreams of love and these dear old hills. I saw Fay there with me, happy, content, and dreaming in her happiness. And, too, the ways of the North are not the ways of the South; neither are the ways of the East and West the ways of the South. She has her own. Any one who deviates from her ways is not a Southerner.

"Yes, perhaps, you, too, my young friend, have called me a fool during this extended discourse, and maybe I am. I will not deny that possibility. I never have.

"Years and years have passed since I made this decision. Yet, were I to do it again, I would render the same inevitable verdict. There is a fascination about the hills of Carolina which time can not dispel. There is a fascination about Fay that death can not overcome. Yet, where ideals of lovers do not blend, union is not advised. These hills and mine blend."

At this juncture he paused, smiled slightly. For the first time I noticed that his hairs were still black and untinted with grey. He was still young. He arose quietly, went to a large bookcase in the corner of his library, and brought back with him four neatly bound volumes of considerable size.

"These are mine," he remarked quietly.

"Great heavens!—what—you the famous author?" I literally screamed.

"I suppose so," he added. "To you, yes; to most others, no. Few know me as I am, yet millions know me through my books—so they say."

"You wrote '————'?"

"Yes."

"And '————' and '————'?" I continued.

"Yes, all of those with the same name."

"For heaven's sake, why did you tell me all of that history of your life—me, a mere reporter?"

"Well," he remarked good-naturedly, "I was studying human nature. The ad I sent was an utter fake. I am writing a humorous novel, and desired some foolish letters, so I sent the ad as though I were a fool," here he enjoyed a long laugh. I participated only at intervals, for I was gasping for my breath all the while.

"Fay, too, is still single. Perhaps, some day, the call of the Carolina hills will predominate, and she will again come into her own. When that day arrives, and not before, I will let the public know who I am in truth."

This concluded our conversation. I had nothing more to say. Parting hurriedly, for I felt that I was under the wrong roof, he extended to me a most amiable invitation to return.

As I journeyed home, the thought that I had met and talked with one of the greatest novelists and poets of the day predominated in my mind, and since that time I have often wondered if Fay has returned.

Shall I tell you, gentle reader, his name? No, I can not. Promises by friends should never be broken.

Finally, this story is a true story.

Carolina Athletes—In War and Peace

P. HETTMAN

The most remarkable thing about Carolina's varsity football team this year is that every man has been engaged in the service of his country. This article attempts to give a brief account of the services rendered to the nation by the football men of Carolina, who are still defending the Carolina spirit, and who, just as they served their alma mater in time of war, are still willing to make the greatest sacrifices to perpetuate her honor and glory.

"Coach" Campbell entered the Plattsburg Training Camp, April 23, 1917. On August 5, 1917, "Coach" was awarded a captaincy, and assumed command in the 76th Division at Camp Devens as a machine-gun trainer.

Two months later Campbell joined the famous 3rd Division in France. It is a common report that Captain Campbell exerted all kinds of strategy to get in the front line trenches, but his capacity as an instructor resulted in a continuance of his duty as a machine-gun trainer. His ability as a born leader of men had already been demonstrated, when Carolina won the Great Southern Football Classic at Richmond in 1916.

Graham Ramsey went to the First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, May 10, 1917, and received his commission as second lieutenant in August. His first command was over the 371st Infantry at Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C., where, after four months of efficient service, he was promoted to first lieutenant.

Ramsey's first real fighting took place in the Verdun sector, April, 1918. From there he joined in the great Champagne offensive, where his army career ended, because of a leg wound received on September 28, 1918.

For extraordinary heroism in action, since Ramsey continued to lead his men in battle while suffering from a painful leg wound, he was awarded the Croix de Guerre.

Coach Ramsey remained in the hospital in France for three months. Returning to the United States, he landed at Camp Lee, Virginia, February 22, 1919. Immediately upon receiving his discharge he returned to the University to begin spring football practice.

Roy Homewood joined the army, August 22, 1917, at the Second Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia. In November, 1917, Homewood received a commission as second lieutenant, and was consigned to the 84th Field Artillery stationed in California.

Homewood's record is cherished by Carolina fans, because he was a member of the Carolina varsity for four years. In his last year of football, Homewood was awarded the title of All-Southern End.

"Nemo" Coleman, full-back and captain of the team, left the University, May 13, 1917, to enter the First Officers' Training Camp at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia. After winning his commission as second lieutenant, "Nemo" was transferred to Camp Jackson to assume his command over the 322nd Infantry. As a result of two months' efficient service at Camp Jackson, Coleman was promoted to first lieutenant.

"Nemo" landed in France, September 12, 1918, and immediately entered the offensive in the Meuse-Argonne sector.

Coleman played half-back with the Camp Jackson football squad in 1917. While in France, "Nemo" represented the

81st Division eleven as full-back, and made quite a record on the "gridiron of France." He was discharged from service July 11, 1918.

R. A. Spaugh, right half, was among the University contingent who went to Plattsburg Junior Camp in June, 1918. Spaugh was later transferred to Camp Zachary Taylor, where he received his commission as second lieutenant. Spaugh remained at Zachary Taylor in command of the Field Artillery, C. O. T. S.

In 1916, Spaugh played full-back on the Freshman team.

"Doc" Johnson, quarter, left the University, May 13, 1917, and entered the army as a private, Camp Sevier, Greenville, S. C. Here he joined the 113th Field Artillery, and landed in France with this outfit August 1, 1918.

"Doc" was engaged in the battles around Toul, Verdun, St. Mihiel, and the Argonne sector, and as a reward for courageous action was promoted to sergeant. Later Johnson entered the Saumer Artillery School, and has received a commission in reserve as second lieutenant.

"Doc" substituted as quarter in the Virginia game, Thanksgiving, 1916.

W. A. Blount, center, entered Plattsburg, July, 1918, where he was awarded a commission as second lieutenant. He assumed his command in New York City over an infantry detachment (unassigned).

Blount played center on the Freshman team in 1916.

G. A. Barden, left guard, enlisted in the navy, June 13, 1917, at the Charleston Naval Training School. Barden remained in Charleston until he was discharged from the navy February 7, 1919.

While in Charleston, Barden played football with the Charleston Naval Training Camp eleven. This team was the champion squad of the fifth naval district, and had the distinction of winning three silver cups during the season. Barden played guard on the Freshman team in 1915; in 1916 he made his letter on the varsity playing the same position.

B. C. Harrell, left tackle, volunteered for service in the United States Army three times, but was rejected because of a slight physical disability. In October, 1917, while principal of the Shelby Graded Schools, he was drafted and sent to Camp Jackson. Here he served on the Medical Corps for three months. Harrell was then transferred to Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C., being attached to General Hospital 42. He was discharged from the service August 12, 1919.

Harrell played left guard on the varsity in 1916, and has the distinction of being one of the two men that played in every game of the year. (The other player was Graham Ramsey.)

Bill Grimes, right guard, joined the army as a private in the 113th Field Artillery, Camp Sevier, Greenville, S. C., on May 13, 1917. Immediately upon arrival in France, Grimes was promoted to telephone sergeant. Grimes and Johnson both joined the same outfit, and remained together until the end of the war. For nine months Grimes was in active service in the Argonne, St. Mihiel, and Toul sectors.

Bill played right guard on the varsity in 1915 and 1916.

F. C. Cochran, right end, went to Plattsburg, July 5, 1918. On September 7, 1918, he received his commission as second lieutenant, and was transferred to Camp Grant, Illinois, Depot Brigade. Cochran received his discharge from service December 12, 1918.

Cochran received his first experience in college football in 1917. In that year he played right end on the Freshman team.

W. G. Pritchard, right tackle, joined the navy at Hampton Roads, Va., May 12, 1917. After serving a year as a second-class seaman, he was sent to the Naval Officers' Training School, where he received the rank of ensign. Pritchard then became a member of the Atlantic Fleet squadron, and during the war performed patrol duty in the vicinity of the Gulf of Mexico. He was released from the service February, 1919.

Pritchard played left tackle on the Freshman team in 1916.

Hugh Dortch, substitute right tackle, and the first man from University to enlist in the army, joined the 2nd Regiment, North Carolina National Guard in April, 1917. This regiment was sent to Camp Sevier, and became the 119th Infantry. Hugh went to Belgium with the machine gun company, where he first engaged in action with the British Army. The 119th Infantry was part of the 30th Division, which broke the Hindenburg line September 29, 1919.

Major John Hall Manning, who played football for Carolina in 1910, and Lieutenant Hargrove Bellamy, who played on the 1916 team, were members of this famous outfit. Dortch, as a recognition of his loyal service in the army, was promoted to platoon sergeant of the machine gun company.

In 1915, Dortch was left tackle on the Freshman team.

J. K. Proctor, left end, went on May 14, 1917, to the First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia. Proctor was commissioned a second lieutenant on August 15, 1917, and three days after receiving his commission he sailed for France. Proctor was a member of the 81st Division, which saw actual fighting in the front line trenches for over a year.

E. W. Tenney, half-back, joined the 113th Field Artillery, Camp Sevier, in April, 1917. In June, 1917, Tenney landed at Le Havre, France, but it was not until September 12th that Tenney engaged in his first real battle at St. Mihiel. Tenney was a member of a scouting party under the famous Captain Ben Lacy, at which time they captured four machine guns from the Germans, thus defeating the Huns with their own weapons.

Tenney was gassed while in service. When discharged, he had attained the rank of sergeant.

R. B. Robbins, guard, joined the navy in June, 1918. He was sent to the Pelham Bay Naval Training Station, at which place he was made a petty officer. After seven months' service in the navy, Robbins was released on December 18, 1918.

Before coming to the University, Robbins played guard two years on the Augusta Military Academy squad. In 1916 he held the position of guard on the Carolina Freshman reserve team.

F. D. Bell, substitute center, left the Hill, November, 1917, to join the Aero Squadron. Bell received his first instruction at Kelley Field, Texas. Then he went to Morris-town, where he was enrolled with the 482nd Aero Squadron.

Bell left for France, March 4, 1918, where he performed valiant service in the vicinity of Toul, Nancy, and Colombe "Les Belles." He was released from the service in March, 1919, after having served one year and three months overseas.

The crusade for democracy has been finished, but the old fight still goes on. The battle is an everlasting one. As civilization marches on, the field for service becomes an ever-increasing one, and Carolina must continually gird her loins in order that she might continue her mission.

Every one who is a true Carolina man will admire the record of her football men. But even greater than this record is their character, and their love for fair dealing and clean sportsmanship will forever be an inspiration to those who follow in their wake.

An Excerpt from the Song

E. W. G. HUFFMAN

O holy, holy, holy! hyaline,
 Ye men have homes and I have mine:
 I dwell afar from cities' din
 To shun the lusty world of sin.
 God sends the brooks to hum for me
 Its silver-tuned soft melody.
 He gives me fragrant flowers each day,
 A garden green where I may play.
 There blows the winds of Lebanon;
 Deep-bedded vaults of priceless stone.
 The snow-clad heights of Mitchell's peaks,
 And warmth from gulfs and southern creeks.
 I have four walls: the east and west,
 The north and south; a place to rest:
 The earth; my roof the azure skies,
 The moon, the stars,—a thousand eyes;
 While kingdoms won I everywhere
 All decked with floral beauties rare.
 Pan's fairies haunt my secret cells,
 And softly plink their lullabells,
 Evoking nymphs and naiads sweet,
 Who gracefully with willing feet
 Dance lightly on the lips of flowers,
 And steal their honey, dust their bowers,
 And spread sweet incense to the sea,
 These kingdoms all belong to me. . . .

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Lines on an Evening Walk

E. W. G. HUFFMAN

For it is night and stillness reigns supreme ;
Tired nature nods while toil of day is
Long forgot. The plowman sleeps a calm, sweet sleep
Of peace ; the dozing herds browse softly in
Their stalls. The hours roll on. A thrush cries out
In a wild dream, a thrilled ecstatic song ;
Wakes, stirs, then sleeps again. The hornèd moon,
So mystic, wan, steals silently across
The sky and gazes sadly in a world,
Dew-kissed, sleep-blissed—of late bereft of care.
The cocks crow loud. The lone, low tinkle of
The cattle on the hills softly descends
At intervals. The honeysuckle, corn,
And herbs innumerable waft in the winds.
The slumberous streams sleep on ; the katydid,
The locust, and, at times, the cricket, sing
In harmony. The poet, too rapturous
To rest, has wandered far to drink
The glories of the night and dream his dreams.

The frogs have ceased their harsh monotony
Of song. An old man past three score and ten,
Forgetful of the day, with mind 'most lost,
And greatly ill at ease, with faltering step
And cane addressed the passer-by in faint
And mumbling dialect and journeyed on.
Moonbeams and shadows blue, danced on the old
Catawba, which, it seemed, did play on silver harps
A sweeter, richer melody of song
Hithertofore unheard, unpraised.

The poet,
E'en as a thief, waylaid and stole the flowers
Of Pan that strewed his path. He sipped
The honey from the cells and then did drain
The nectar cup, and spread a delicate
Perfume abroad. A picket bee returned
Well laden to its hive and waked with joy
The neighboring inmates; quarreled; and slept once more.
A lone dog barked; the moon descended in
The western skies and left a large halo
Of beauty rare. Cool zephyrs that perhaps
Had kissed the ocean waves and mountain tops,
Perchance been bathed in summer clouds e'er fanned
The writer's cheeks. Time sped away towards dawn.
All nature slept save insects here and there
That chirped continuously. The poet soon joined
The happy throng of those that slept, and left
The world to nature and himself to God.

His Soul Quest

C. J. PARKER, JR.

I

There is an old story, now almost tradition, which tells of a red-headed and fiery-spirited Afghan, who in his boyhood days was removed from his own war-like race into the interior remoteness of Indo-China. During his earlier years he chanced upon a party of British adventurers engaged in the exploration of that portion of Central Asia. The white men were attracted by this unusual and striking native, and employed him as a guide; conferring upon him the honorary and highly satisfying title of "Mike." But christened, though he was, with this good old Irish name, he was not long to remain so—leave that to the jocular old pack-train sergeant; him with the voice of voluminous bass, which always reminded one of the rumbling sea or of the distant thunder. Just to hear him roar, "Moike, B'gad Moike," and the natives would stop in fear, and gaze apprehensively at the sky; while the little, lithe Afghan would slip softly up, and, chattering glibly, would receive his orders, and glide softly away to their execution.

It was thus that "Moike, B'gad Moike" became a celebrity, and was known even to the extremes of that indefinite portion of the earth geographically described as Indo-China. And strange not at all that, several years later, when the explorers, finding the country not so rich as they had expected, departed, and with them Mike. That is, as far as Shanghai, for there he fell a victim to the subtle charms of the fair women of the East, and returned shortly to his native hills, with a beauti-

ful, yellow-skinned, narrow-eyed Chinese as his bride. A very short time afterward he was crowned "Moike B'gad" the Great, ruler, sole potentate of the royal province of Nyar-Wymai.

But now the lapse of tradition, and, bridging the chasm, we are thrown into the present. Encountering again the name and family founded by the fiery-haired Afghan; but, touched by time and Indo-Oriental environment, both name and appearance are altered, and we meet Maika Bijad IX, a person of strictly Oriental appearance and manner, but, for all of that, prince, heir apparent to the throne of Nyar-Wymai.

Now this Maika Bijad IX had been born with a longing in his heart, an insatiable desire for adventure, and it was his dearest ambition to penetrate the mystery of the great beyond. He was through heredity a meddler, and delighted in encountering the seemingly insurmountable. His footsoles itched ever for the open road, and he rested not unless able to defy successfully the laws of man and nature. No small wonder that the confines of Indo became too small for this embryo superman, and he set out, manning masterfully a great floating log, drifting swiftly with the treacherous and uncertain currents of the great river, augmented now by the rushing spring freshets.

Two days, and the log grounded upon the black mire of the multi-mouthed river. Maika stepped forth, facing the magnificent, white-columned sanctuary of the mighty god Buddha; and, caring not for the laws of the great sitting god, he strode boldly in and demanded his fate. The black, withered priest, obedient always, threw back the heavy silken drapings, disclosing the enormous sphere of crystal wherein the son of Indo might see for himself the diverging threads of his destiny.

II

Seven-thirty, and 'Frisco sets out to work. Boulevard and alley alike become one surging mass of humanity, struggling toward a repetition of yesterday—for the bread that is to be the sustenance of to-morrow. All a mighty mystery, a kaleidoscopic vision floating swiftly before the eyes of the bewildered Oriental. Maika Bijad, Prince of Nyar-Wymai, stopped—was jostled, and shoved on—insignificant among the bustling crowds of the Great Democracy. With difficulty he extricated himself from the hostile mob, and made his way into a little white-tiled eating place kept by two persons of unmistakable Oriental lineage. He spoke, in desperation deigning to notice one of the despised bourgeois. No avail; the vernacular of the Indo clearly was unintelligible to the Anglicized Chinese of Quay Street. The language of signs, sole survivor of the metamorphosis at Babel, he brought into play, and secured thereby his morning meal. Bewildered, he glanced about, and, wandering aimlessly into a secluded corner, seated himself.

It was no long time until his head drooped forward, and he fell into a hazy reverie, a fleeting review of the unbelievable occurrences of the past fortnight. . . . The wondrous scene, deep in the clear depths of the crystal. . . . A Chinese seaport, Nankin perhaps, or Shanghai. . . . The great waters, and the floating palace. . . . A far, strange land, covered with low spiny bushes, and abounding in hairless dogs. . . . And the interpretations of the old priest, those ominous words, that, in a few transitory moments, had thrown a dam across the channels of his old and normal life, and diverted his very purports and intentions into courses new and unknown. "The dog without hair, you must capture one, tame it, be kind to it, and care for it until death. It is to be the champion of your soul, its protector throughout the hereafter. You, my son, are in a

position of grave danger, for should death overtake you ere you accomplish this quest, all is lost, irretrievably, for you pass to the black demons of the river. Go at once, cross the great water, and seek the future harbinger of your soul."

Coming out of his reverie, Maika threw a silver coin into the outstretched palm and strode out, making rapidly toward the south. He rounded a corner and stopped suddenly, rubbing his eyes in amazement. Before him, with doors thrown invitingly open, and with its floor covered with soft, clean straw, stood a gigantic four-wheeled jinrikisha. A great red box, decorated with a black cross in a white circle, and bearing a cryptic inscription, which, to one acquainted with the lingo of the yards, would read "Santa Fe."

Maika climbed gratefully in, and, sinking into a corner, fell into the deep and restful sleep of one long weary. Nor did he know when, a few hours later, the doors were closed, and his improvised bed was coupled in with a long train of others, and started upon its long and tedious journey inland.

III

A harsh grating, and a sudden jarring stop, awoke the voyager from his slumbers. He sat up, and glancing about him gave an involuntary gasp. The car, save for a narrow shaft of light that filtered its way through a rift in the tightly closed door, was pitch dark! He sprang to his feet, and, collecting his scattered wits, vainly attempted to force open the door; but it was hopeless. A cold sweat broke upon his forehead as he realized that he was a prisoner in this strange and unseemly conveyance.

A deep and mortal fear seized his soul, and in desperation he pounded furiously upon the unyielding wood. The sound of footsteps outside the car, and some one spoke in a rough interrogatory voice. Maika, not comprehending, answered with an equally incomprehensible plea for liberation. The

door, under pressure from outside, slid open, and the trembling, thoroughly cowed son of Indo fell forth.

"A Chink, b'dam; ye blithering yillow divil, git tuhhell-away from heah." The rough and strident voice grated hard upon the sensitive ears of the Oriental, and a vicious kick augmented further the invitation to move on.

Maika, with the fear of man in his soul, scuttled off to haven in the deep red ditch that lined the yards. He flung himself prone upon the bottom, and, burrowing his head beneath his arms, poured forth the tears of his mixed emotions. So it was that Maika Bijad IX, royal personage, heir apparent to the throne of Nyar-Wymai, heralded not by the advance of courtiers, nor by the fanfare of trumpets—but unsung and unknown—came into the great river metropolis known colloquially as "Saint Looey."

For several hours he lay, still immobile, till the gnawing pangs in his middle prompted him to go forth in search of forage. He ventured out, and soon located another little white-tiled establishment similar to the one in Quay Street; and, directing his steps toward it, he spied directly in his path a lean, hungry-appearing dog of the hairless variety! As a bubble his troubles vanished—for was not before him in the reality of flesh and blood the object of his search?

His old flaunting courage returned. A pagan yell, and a mighty leap, and he was after his quarry; but the dog, inspired suddenly with a gripping, holy terror, tucked his tail between his legs and fled, leading the race, Maika a close and ever-gaining second. St. Louis stopped, gasped, and watched, events transpiring too rapidly for comment.

Skidding, swerving, avoiding miraculously the clutch of would-be detainers, the race continued. The Oriental, approaching rapidly his vantage point, was even now bending low, ready to seize his prey, when, swish, the outstretched hand of the rushing Maika clawed empty air, and his own

progress was suddenly and sharply checked. He glanced upward and beheld the owner of the hand that was slowly throttling him; that same deft hand that had inveigled the luckless canine into his net, and he found himself in the hands of the law!

IV

The pound at St. Louis does not resemble the great and much more stately limestone structure that stood just across the way. This remarkable edifice, some time vulgarly referred to as a "jail," was adorned at the head of its high marble steps with the statue of a beautiful woman upholding a pair of balances, referred to usually by the local wags as "Mis' Justice"; and indeed it has happened that men after once entering its frowning portals have strode forth again, free, save for the musty odor occasioned by the murky dampness of the place. But not so the pound of St. Louis! Pity the canine so luckless as to pass once through its rusty gratings—for him all hope is lost. His respite is brief. He knows but briefly the asphyxiating joys of illuminating gas, and then, going the way of numerous predecessors, he passes into the open court, en route to the incinerator.

So it all happened that the little, lithe, hairless participant, and winner in the race of yesterday, lay stark and stiff with a heap of similar forms upon the little push cart, midway between the gas room and incinerator, left there by Radien, keeper of the pound, as he rushed off, swearing, in answer to the jangling summons of the 'phone bell.

"H'lo, H'lo; yes, Radien, Radien, keeper'pound. . . .
 Yes, who? . . . Several. . . . Divil of a hurry
 now, stiff cart stalled ha'way. . . . Chink? No, can't
 stop now. . . . Yes. W-H-A-T? . . . Gwan with
 yer kiddin', I'm a busy man. . . . Naw? . . .

Graashus, goshallding, don't; aw, jedge, have a heart.
. . . H'lo, H'lo, central; H'lo, dammit; H'lo——

“Well, I'll be dumbfuzzled, a snithering, greasy Chink—lost his soul, an' the divil's to pay—a naked dog that's done sniffed out, an' now this Chink, an' a haffa day's worth goes a-gallapopoosa. Well, an' they calls this a age of inlightment an' civlizashun!”

The rusty grating opened upon its rustier hinges, and Maika, accompanied by a towering and smiling officer, entered. Radien, too angry by far for words, pointed mutely toward the open court, and sank limply into a chair.

The officer, speaking encouragingly, accompanied Maika to the carrion, and assisted him in dumping the pathetic little load, and in scattering the bodies into the semblance of a circle. With a hearty word of encouragement, and a vigorous slap upon the back he made his departure, leaving Maika, silhouetted sharply against the setting sun, as he squatted Oriental fashion within the circle of stark, cold little forms, vainly endeavoring to select the one that was to be the future harbinger of his soul. For he was growing weary, tired of this land of miracles and strangers, and he longed for his native hills. He pictured himself, bearing triumphantly the object of his quest, receiving the confirmation of the old priest; even forgot himself so far as to dream of the distant future, when he, as King of Nyar-Wymai, would, at the annual River Fête, relate to his awe-stricken subjects, the tale of how he in his younger days had gone alone into the wondrous lands across the sea, and single-handed had defied the angry, hostile natives, and, overcoming all obstacles, had accomplished successfully his soul quest.

Rebellion

P. E. GREENE

I

Sick of all mirth and her mask of smiles,
Driven and hurt by the world's keen whips;
Hunger and ache for the miles and miles
Of rolling woods with their shady dips,
Luring and far to the high-topped hills,
Kissing the clouds in an April sky;
Longing again for the thrush's thrices,
And the whirr of the partridge going by.

II

Oh, well, 'tis the same in this of lies!
Tho' prodded and forked at another's will,
Know that forever thy soul will still
Follow its course, for all its cries
Of *weary—a-weary—weary*.

III

See! ever and ever the moon goes round,
Shackled and bound in her lord's great soul;
And ever and ever the sun is found
Racing the skies to his fleeing goal.
Dawnlight or dusk and the stars swing on
Circling a center they can not flee;
And ever the fierce winds to their zone,
Driven by that which will never be.
Echo and word and sign and rod
Time and the Void and babe unborn
Cry out for peace, but far and worn
Answers the Voice of Him called God,
Weary—a-weary—weary.

The World Unrest

C. T. LEONARD

As the clear and stirring notes of the bugle called the youth of America to arms back in 1917, to crush the hosts of imperialism, another voice summons every man now upon the campus of the American institution of learning. This is the appeal of Justice for men strong in body, mind, and morals to aid in bringing to an end the chaos of the present social, political, and industrial world. Prussianism has been defeated by Allied armies. No longer do the muddy expanses of Flanders' blood-stained fields reëcho with the thunder of giant pieces of artillery hurling destruction upon Humanity. The battlefields of northern France are being stripped of the togs of Mars, and being dressed in the garb of a new civilization. Yet the world is far from a state of wholesome peace. The end of the world-war marked the beginning of a new war which now has Mankind in its throes. All over the world, men and women are struggling for certain political, social, and industrial theories. The forces of Labor are arrayed against the iron-clad strength of Capital. Bolshevism is spreading its deadly poison of hatred of all that is good in government, which gives every man his freedom and right to live peacefully. Like a spark fanned by the wind, this great unrest has grown from a mere insignificant affair into a very great thing. With every day the fire spreads itself. Many people have laid down their lives for a principle which they hold as their own. Thousands are starving for want of the necessities of existence which they are unable to secure as a result of the prevailing unrest. So threatening and critical has the situation become that na-

tional legislation and armed forces are being called in as aids to bring about a peaceful settlement of affairs. Yet all these means seem to have only temporary power of settling matters. A more vital and fundamental method of bringing peace and tranquility out of the chaos and storm is the only solution to the problem. Then we wonder what form this method is to take, but there is no doubt as to the part which must be played by the college man in this process of readjustment which is now taking place.

As stated above, national legislation and arms have failed to bring permanent peace to the world of unrest. Labor and Capital have attempted to settle their disputes, but theirs has only been a short-lived period of agreement. There seems to be a danger of Bolshevism spreading itself among the uneducated people of the world. All of these conditions seem to point a finger of warning toward one object, and that is an educational system which will give every man, no matter how humble, an opportunity to have an understanding of the fundamental principles of government and relationship to his fellow-man. The only efficient remedy for any ill is one which strikes at the very root of the disease. The remedy for the present world-sickness is to give every man the chance to learn the whys and wherefores of the political and industrial fields of activity. Unless this is done, we need not hope for peace and prosperity in the industrial world. The agents of Bolshevism are going among the uneducated, and preaching a gospel of anarchy which will strike at the very heart of American Democracy unless it is checked. The working people are being led blindly by labor agitators who pose as their friends, but are really using them as a means toward their own selfish ends. As long as these unfortunate people are kept in darkness, there will always be this lurking danger of industrial warfare and ruin for our government. If we do not teach them the fundamentals of freedom under demo-

cratic government, we may have just cause to fear for the safety and future of our dear old country. The great need of America and the world is trained leaders to guide these people out of the darkness of ignorance and misunderstanding into the light of reason and knowledge. And these leaders must come from the colleges and universities of America and the world.

Every man upon Carolina's campus should realize what is his duty, and think of the best means of preparing himself for the task. As the knights of Arthur's Round Table girded themselves with armor and went forth to right all wrongs, college men should prepare themselves for the task of saving a world of human misunderstanding. As the campus life is spent, may every minute be used in preparation for a noble mission. Every hour should be so spent as to make each one fit, physically, morally, and intellectually. Problems of social and political natures should be thoroughly settled by student publications and organizations. Every bit of effort exerted will prepare every man to better meet the situations of to-morrow. Unless one makes the most of his life on the campus, he will not make as much of the life in the great world of business. He will be less adequately prepared to hit the hard realities of to-morrow. Campus life is not a stepping-stone to Life, but is Life itself. As we live this life, so will we conduct ourselves after these walls of learning are left behind. Therefore, every minute should be spent in facing the problems of campus life frankly and unafraid; for these problems are similar to those which are staring the statesmen and leaders of public thought in the face to-day. May we leave these old walls eager and ready to help Mother Earth and her children to get back on their feet, and again enjoy Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness.

Song

P. E. GREENE

Over the top! Over the top!
Like hell with yer bayonets rushin'!
Over the top! Over the top!
An' charge through the mud an' blood splushin'!
A groin lunge! a butt stroke!
A gut cut! an' they fall—
Oh, it's each un for 'isself,
An' the devil for us all.

CHORUS:

An' rowdy O, rowdy O!
Sleepin' lie the bodies O!
Las' taps soon to be blowin'!
Rowdy O, an' rowdy O!
There above my body O!
Green grass soon to be growin'.

Over the top! Over the top!
An', Son, don't think o' yer mother!
Over the top! Over the top!
To-night an' never another!
Yer hand up! yer foot on!
Withdraw!—an' how they call—
Oh, it's each un for 'isself,
An' the devil for us all.

CHORUS:

An' rowdy O, rowdy O!
Sewin' in the bodies O!
No reveille to be blowin'!
Rowdy O, an' rowdy O!
Where they plant yer buddies O!
Green grass soon to be growin'.

Are We Becoming Automaton?

T. C. TAYLOR

The question of individual freedom is perhaps paramount in the minds of the American people to-day. We have resolved to settle with ourselves once and for all time the questions of how far we are willing to let the other fellow encroach on our "rights," the same being guaranteed by the constitution. What has brought about this attitude on the part of the people? Are we actually doing the Goose Step, and becoming automatons in the hands of a crowd who would regulate, restrain, and prohibit everything that man regards as a pleasure?

The answer is: We are. We, as a people, are losing the rights that are justly ours—rights that no majority has the right to take away—rights that are as inherent as life itself. We are trying to make people good by throwing around them the supposedly protecting meshes of some "good" law. We would stop drunkenness by enacting national prohibition, but is that, after all, the best way to stop drunkenness? Is it? In other words, can we keep away from temptation by removing just one object of temptation? Which is the better, that I should win a great moral victory and keep away from liquor, or that the liquor should be taken away from me in the same way that we would take a poisonous object from a little child? It's a serious question. On one hand, we have the reformer, who, like the orthodox Mohammedan, thinks that he is right, and, since there can be but one right, every one else is wrong. On the other hand, we have that great mass of American people who think that they are thoroughly capable of steering their own course without any outside as-

sistance in the way of reforms and prohibition. And those who think are bound to see the eternal correctness of his contention. Now, don't misunderstand me. I'm not for one instant arguing that prohibition, properly arrived at, is not a good thing. Liquor is undoubtedly a curse to mankind, but in some way some sort of curses seem to be necessary. We are men, and being men are supposed to be capable of managing our own lives without the assistance of some Pussy-foot who insists that prohibition is the universal panacea for all the evils men fall heir to. If we are going to pretend to be men, then let's be men, and if I am to stop drinking then let ME do the stopping. If I stop voluntarily it's a moral victory as big as all creation, but let some one else stop me and it's only covering fires that will smolder indefinitely and some day break out with more energy than ever before. So with the dance halls that the ministers of Asheville and Charlotte have lately flayed in such uncompromising fashion. They are beginning at the wrong end. A snake has never yet been killed by merely slapping him gently on the tail. He is only stirred to greater activity. Take away legitimate dance halls, and you invite halls that are in no sense of the word legitimate. From decent places supervised by reputable people you have the place that is in hiding; the place of doubtful reputation; a menace to the community. People are PEOPLE, and you can't get away from that fact. If these well-meaning ministers would only remember that when preaching a great reform their efforts might not be such a dismal failure. You are yourself, and if you wish to do a thing that does not concern any one else but yourself, you have that right. It's your own business.

Now, what is the danger that lurks in all this propaganda for prohibition, for regulation, for restriction? It is a law of nature that the natural state of a body is a state of rest. If you throw a rock into the air it will fall; or, if a pendulum

is started to swinging it will move far out of its natural position and swing back and forth until a state of complete rest is reached. The same law of physics holds true in the case under consideration. We know that the pendulum of human growth and development and civilization swings very slowly, but we know it swings and that it obeys the general law. The only question is how far we can push this individual pendulum out into space until it shall gain the upper hand and start back. Shall we abolish tobacco, make people go to church on Sundays, and devise a code of laws that will make mere machines out of men by prescribing what they shall do and what they shall not do? What value has moral character if there is no temptations to resist, or of a backbone if we are to be sissy mollicoddles of men? The weak must be weeded out by some process if we are to remain intact as a nation, and by the same process the strong must prevail. Machine-made men can not stand on their own feet, and nations are made up of men. When shall we learn this lesson?

THE MAGAZINE

University of North Carolina

THE MAGAZINE, University of North Carolina, is published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies. Its object is to gather together what is best in the literary life of the students and give expression to it.

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Editorials



THE MAGAZINE wishes to be popular, but it does not wish to be popular at the expense of losing the very thing for which it was created—to provide a medium through which the literary life of the University might be expressed. THE MAGAZINE has its place on the campus to-day as never before, for with the coming of the *Tar Baby* it is now relieved of a function that it has attempted to perform for many years, that of attempting to be funny.

The one idea of THE MAGAZINE board this year is to put out a literary production, and to do this it needs “your”

help. The life of THE MAGAZINE depends upon "you," for to live it must have contributions, and contributions must come from the student body at large, and not from just a few individuals who are especially interested in literary work. We want every man "especially" interested; so write something and make THE MAGAZINE your own magazine.

Now men, when you enter the library, remember that there is some one in there who may want to study. That is not a place to carry on a conversation. If you have to talk, go outside. A young lady from N. C. College gave a very just criticism of our library system. She said, "You are not quiet enough."

Another thing. All those daily newspapers and magazines have to be bound for future use in the library. Won't you feel tough when you pick up a bound copy of the *Greensboro News* or the *American Magazine* next year and find that half of the piece which you wanted to read is gone? Some thoughtless fellow cut it out for his own personal use. Again, those marks in the magazines are not the marks of gentlemen. Let's remember always that there is some one else in the world besides ourselves. This is just a little reminder, for we all know that no true Carolina man would do anything which has been mentioned in the above, if he gave it a single minute's thought. The library is ours; will we make it the very best for all concerned, or are we selfish in regard to our brother?

C. W. PHILLIPS.

"HEYO"

One of the best indications of the true Carolina man is in his form of salutation. However strange this may seem at first thought, if you will only think it over, you will very likely come to the same conclusion.

The "Heyo, gentlemen" is distinctly a characteristic of the Carolina man. When the new man comes to the campus he greets you with "Howdy you do," or some other such greeting, all of which is in perfect accordance with social etiquette. But watch him after a few months on the campus. The intangible Carolina spirit, instilled in him from the time he sets foot on the Hill, is beginning to express itself through the medium of the salutation, "Heyo."

Like the term "kalos," the old Greeks used for all that was to them fine and gentlemanly, there is more meaning crammed into "Heyo" than can well be expressed. If an Athenian had the fine qualities of high ideals that we loved so much in Dr. Graham, he was "kalos." In short, "kalos" was a symbol for high ideals, noble aspirations, and clean living to the Athenians. And so, on the Carolina campus, the word "Heyo," insignificant as it may seem and unconsciously as it may be used, is but the expression of the fine qualities of the Carolina gentleman.

W. R. BERRYHILL.

DOES THIS MEAN YOU?

You are an average Carolina man. You probably part your hair nearer the middle than "any assigned quantity, however small"; and not only that, but the chances are that in the run of an average day you sing "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles" at least fourteen times. But these things, interesting though they may be, are not the subject of this article. They are merely put there to attract your attention. So just read on.

Being a Carolina man, you are probably addicted to the habit of thinking some at specified times, and under certain conditions. The chances are, in fact, that you think more than most men of your age and worldly experience, but this

should not be considered as complimentary. Now, here comes the question: Did you ever stop to think and weigh and measure honestly just what you are getting out of your stay at the University? What are you doing here, anyway? Did it ever occur to you that you are not getting your money's worth?

Here's a man. You know him and I know him. He aims at a "4" on 1-2 Math. He longs to see the day when he shall have passed enough courses to get his diploma, whether he really knows anything about the courses or not. That's entirely immaterial; the big thing is that everlasting "sheep-skin." A "grat" is a blessing sent from on high, and is to be regarded as such. The thought that he is being cheated out of something that justly belongs to him has never entered his mind. The University is just some great big vague institution that is going to force down on his rebellious disposition a foundation for worldly success. Everything must come from without. He takes learning merely because of much exposure to it.

Now, you know and I know that this is an entirely wrong conception of what the University can and should do for a man. Nothing can be more certain than the fact that a man can not get more out of a thing, let it be whatever it may, than he puts into it. Something for nothing has always been impossible, and in this day it takes a pretty big something to get even a medium-sized nothing. No man nor institution can force an education upon you, and by an education I don't simply mean the procuring of a diploma. An education is an individual matter, and in its completeness should stretch over and beyond the requirements for graduation in a thousand different ways. The University can give you nothing; it can merely provide the opportunity for you to do the most work in the shortest time. The University is a workshop—an ideal, and in many ways a delightful work-

shop, to be sure—but it is a workshop, and we are the workers. We strive to erect a structure which we call an education. It is not that, properly speaking; it is only the beginning of an education. Experienced *builders* are here to direct us in our task, but the work must remain forever ours. The structure we build is our structure, and it must of necessity serve as a foundation for all the other things that are to come after. Does it not stand us in hand, then, to do our best while we are at it?

T. C. TAYLOR.

The Idealism of the Average College Student

T. C. TAYLOR

College men in general might be considered as one great family. They have so many things in common that any line of division or distinction of classes or groups is impossible. Some one has said that the only true Aristocracy is the Aristocracy of the Educated. If we could assume that the colleges turn out an educated product with a fair degree of uniformity, then the Diploma would entitle one to entrance into this Aristocracy. Unfortunately, however, not all college men are educated, and all educated men are not graduates of colleges. Great erudition may be accompanied with only a fair degree of intelligence, and the opposite of this is also true.

However, there is one thing that all college men can lay a common hold. A staunch idealism, which looks forever up, and not down, seems to be the common heritage of those who seek the higher learning. Whether it is a prerequisite to such thought and study, or whether it is developed by the colleges themselves, it is hard to say. "Colleges," says Emerson, "have their indispensable office—to teach elements—but they can only highly serve us when they aim not to drill, but to create; when they gather from far every ray of various genius to their hospitable walls, and by the concentrated fires set the hearts of their youth on flame." Yesterday the tale of a wrong committed in another quarter of the globe nearly left the colleges desolated; to-day the ideal of higher service to humanity through increased knowledge and capacity for leadership floods the institutions of the land with a swarm of serious-minded young men. They

are thoroughly, even fiercely, democratic. To know truth; to tear aside the veil that obscures shams so that they often pass for realities; to place their finger on the naked soul of humanity, and share its joys and griefs, and in some way make its common lot better—these are some of the things that lead men from the outer darkness into the light; and, by their confined and pent-up effort, we may hope that the world will ultimately be made a better place to live in.

A Freshman's Story

W. J. A.

Most boys plan for years ahead every detail of the beginning of their college career, and know things as they are going to be in all minuteness. They have inquired into every feature of Chapel Hill; can converse knowingly upon the possibilities of Swain Hall; and, I dare say, know a bit about the standing of some fraternities.

This interest and information is where the average boy had the better of me. I came here on October the 1st, 1919, with everything to learn that was learnable. Not that I was not excited over the idea of coming to the University of North Carolina, but because I came more or less suddenly and had no time to plan everything out. All my life I had wanted to go to West Point, but this summer I found that the army was content to ramble along without me, so I immediately diverted all my attentions to the "next in standing," the University of North Carolina.

I came here under complications. First of all was a sad lack of units, and, for that reason, on the morning of the 2d of October, I was standing in the hall of the Alumni Building, with all the horrible tortures of entrance examinations running through my mind, and trying to get reason out of a lot of abbreviations called a schedule, when an old student came up to me and asked, so sincerely, if he could help me out in any way. Nor was he the only one who wanted to be of assistance, but it was this Junior, as I now know him to be, who really helped me. Then my first impression was that of cordiality on the part of the old students. I suppose this fact impressed me more because I had last

attended school in New York, where, with all due respect to the "busy North," they do not bother themselves to any great extent in kindnesses to a "slow Southerner." It was when that Junior wanted to help me that the thing which Dr. Chase says, "makes a Carolina man," struck me. I felt then the Carolina spirit. The brotherhood and willingness to help a Freshman, shown by that old student, made me say to myself, "He really wants to help me. He has an actual interest in me because I am trying to become part of the body of students which go to make up *his* University of North Carolina."

That Carolina spirit which I am now so proud to possess will never die. Even though I fail on the entrance examination I am about to take, I will always be a Carolina man at heart.

Another thing I noticed particularly was the faculty. One day I saw a group of four professors coming up the walk behind the Alumni building. They were laughing and talking in merry voices of a certain ball game; ignoring absolutely the almighty dignity, not expected, but commonly seen among the Doctors of the Robe. If my comparison will be excused again, I could not refrain from trying to imagine some of the Northern professors on their way to class in so apparently gleeful mood, but I could not conceive of such delightful disregard of dignity by any professor other than a "Carolina man."

There are many other instances I could tell wherein a Freshman was made to love *his* University of North Carolina; but even if the Junior had not wanted to help and the professors looked down upon me with all the haughtiness of a third-term president, I would still have learned to love this old University, as the thousands before me have loved her and as the future generations will love her.

May God and the men of North Carolina preserve her—our University.

Carolina—Fall 1919

JOHN S. TERRY

With mighty yearnings stirs the heart of Carolina, stirs the
heart of our *Alma Mater*,
For strong young men with eager, joyful faces, full of pride
and power,
Virile, victorious youths return to her
Out of a restless world, weary, war-worn, restless, torn by
Russian Bolshevik—
Torn by American Republicans (politicians
Who kill the good and mighty impulses, selfish,
Ambitious for self and party, unheeding humanity's heart,
Racking Wilson, the lover of men, the idealist, world
builder).
And during the first nights the students are wild, rowdy,
reckless
Pistols bark out on the roadway!
But this is given over. Men live and move by old South bell,
Sonorous, strong-voiced, calling you to duty and pleasure.
"What will they do, these youthful ones?"
"What do they as they walk to and fro on the campus?" asks
Carolina.
O Alma Mater, even as in ages past,
Each has his different story.
Some will sit at Wisdom's feet, and learn the mysteries of
earth and nature.
Some will sit by soda fountains, and learn the sweet joy of
drinks at Pat's.
Into the hearts of some will sink
The beauty of this quiet spot, the calm of lovely spaces,
The majesty of age-old trees.

Some will live the Parson's creed, and get in harmony with
their universe.

Some will slip into easy chairs before victrolas, sibilant,
soothing—

Will boot some frats, and, if unchosen by mystic brotherhoods,
Will break their hearts.

The one will lazy around, squander his time, so freely given,
In boisterous bull sessions. Coach Campbell will make foot-
ball stars of some.

The Pickwick, in its cavernous maw, will
Digest thousands of precious hours.

Some will sit in labs and search out nature's secrets (some
will only scratch them out).

Some will feel the spell of Piney Prospect,
So full of memories—will look unto the hills,
Will feel the joy of comradeship with the everlasting hills,
The path-strewn woods,
The small stream, slowly moving onward.

Some, after nightfall, will move their fingers gently over
Stringed instruments, spreading joy to the campus air.
Some will digest thoughts that, developing, will revolutionize
the minds of men.

Some will only digest Swain Hall beans——

But enough, O Alma Mater,
Away with chaffing, you know and love them all,
The living, loving, virile young men.

And something of your beauty will sink into their souls:
The beauty of the stars on clear nights (they
Seem so near in Chapel Hill),

The joy of companionship, the quietness of the soul
That comes from pure joy, the joy of men, swapping their
fun and quick jest;

They joy in glorious living, as they absorb your glorious
spirit—

The spirit of Carolina.

Their love for you is proved, they swarm back to you,
The students of former years.
Your heart yearns mightily for them,
As it does for them that we miss so,
Those who died gallantly true.
But bright is your face as the faces
Of those you so eagerly welcome.
If those who are gone were just with us,
Perfect would be our great happiness.

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When we have said that we have said it all, because they
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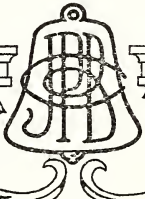
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The
MAGAZINE

University of North Carolina



HOLIDAY NUMBER

December, 1919

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12:40 P. M.

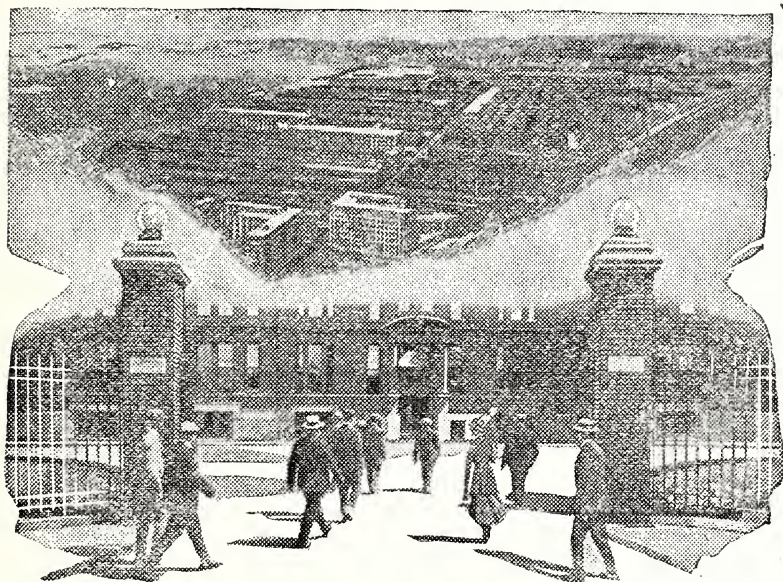
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THE MAGAZINE

University of North Carolina
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

OLD SERIES VOL. 50

NUMBER 2

NEW SERIES VOL. 37

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Christmas

The stars in the distance have begun to take on a brighter light. The moon beams down from on high, as if inspired with new life. The crowing of the cock is heard in the early part of the night. The nights continue to grow longer, and the air is filled with a cutting coldness that stimulates the depth of the most lowly soul to thoughts of greater life, of purer living. Childrens eyes begin to sparkle with new life, and their imagination extends to the uppermost height of things longed for, and desires to be satisfied. They think of only one thing, and experience only the joy that comes with its fulfillment. The snow in all its whiteness covers everything like an infinite white sheet, and sparkles in the light of the new moon. Bells begin to ring out their merry chimes, sending joy to every heart. College students sit around the glowing fire and talk of the happiness and joys that come with college life. Every soul, no matter how small or large, is at peace with the world, ... for 'tis Christmas Thank God for such a glorious day.

THE MAGAZINE

University of North Carolina
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

OLD SERIES VOL. 50

NUMBER 2

NEW SERIES VOL. 37

December

P. E. GREEN

A rain of falling leaves,
And swallows in the sky.
Among the pond-shore sedge
The herons lonely cry.
The sun, bleary-eyed and old,
Slips shivering down the west;
And by the old mill house
The poplars ill at rest.

High cutting thru' the gloom,
The wild geese shrilly call;
And in the pasture lot
The cedars dark and tall.
Silence; then sparkling stars,
A frozen moon uphurled—
And Autumn in her arms
Enfolds her drowsy world.

The Other Side

C. J. PARKER

This is of necessity a story of long ago. It is a story of the Hudson Ferries, and of the days when people crossed the river on these ugly, distortionate hulks; for now, since the advent of the Tubes, no one any longer patronizes them, or at least no one deigns to admit it. But nevertheless they still ply, these faithful old river horses of Manhattan, and still may their deep-throated sirens, and jangling bells be heard, in welcome variation, above the perpetual din of the Metropolis.

It was Christmas; and the day was cold, bitterly cold. The spray from the churning paddles of the faithful ferries froze almost instantly to their already crystal sides. and the irregular, druid-like icicles gave to them the appearance of enormous frosty phantoms, battling ceaselessly in the icy waters.

But inside all was warm; the swarming crowds from Jersey, clustered about the steaming heaters, partaking fully of the life-giving heat, before facing, as soon they must, the biting cold of lower Manhattan. The inevitable bootblack, a mere wisp of a Spaniard, worked feverishly, making capital of one of the few really good days of the year. The spirit of Yuletide was in the air, and every one would be *chic* before getting off into the city.

The last customer moved off, and the little Spaniard glanced up, expectantly. A smile lit his features, as a young lady left her seat approaching the stand. A slight nod of recognition, and he set about his task; but his thoughts were

far away. He recalled the day last July when he had first seen the lady, and how, every day since, she crossed from Jersey to the city, always on his ferry, and how twice a week regularly he had been accorded the privilege of shining her immaculate boots. And as his reward, he had always received the silver coin and the engaging smile.

So to him she was "his lady," more beautiful than any queen, more dear than any jewel. She was the one bright spot in all the sordidness of his daily routine. The cloth popped loudly—the task was done.

The lady opened her purse, and, smiling proffered him a half-dollar, for it was Christmas, and the spirit of giving had permeated even into the lowly ranks of the proletariat. With a hurt expression the youth declined, and, glancing wistfully into her eyes, he stammered, "Laydee, I lova you. see I giva thee rosa," and hesitatingly he drew from under the stand a single American Beauty, and handed it to her.

She smiled, not wishing to accept the gift, and then some heartless bystander laughed. The color rushed to her face, and, as an infuriated tigress, she spat at him, "You impertinent little imp, how dare you insult *me*?" and brushing him aside she crossed the salon in all the hauteur of one deeply injured.

The little Spaniard stood dazed and immobile, until a man mounting the stand impatiently rasped, "Aw forget it, kid; there's a-plenty more, the wuolds full uv them kine." But the boy was hurt deeply—made sad on this joyous Yuletide by the unkind cut of one whom he worshiped. The ferry wallowed into its slip, and, with the bustling crowds, he slipped off, and made his way slowly up the thoroughfare.

He paused before the window of a gaudy little shop, bearing the three gilt balls, symbolical since the days of the Medici, and entered. Shortly he passed out, minus his overcoat, but it was noticeable that the pocket of his threadbare

coat sagged under the contained weight. He walked slowly toward the Village,* passing tenements and little shops, noting everywhere the evidenced joy of the season—the pent-up anticipation of the whole year released on this one day of realization. His soul revolted within him, and a black despondency came over him. Why was he so miserable among all this festivity? He stepped into a darkened doorway.

Fascinating article, this neat mechanism of nickel and steel, yet wicked in all its purports. The cold gleaming automatic quivered with the hand of the Spaniard.

“Uno, dos, tr——,” he counted, and hesitated, hesitated upon the brink of the greatest adventure. His eyes were closed, and he grasped tighter the butt of the automatic—the firm-set lines of his features showed too plainly the embodied determination—but, he allowed the gun to fall to his side!

A limousine drew up through the flying snow, and a young lady, without the aid of a chauffeur, opened the door and sprang out, rushing through the white flurry into the hallway. A passer-by sneered, “Annuther rich dame, cum out tuh payrade hur purty rags afore use pore dam fools. Setul-munt wurkurs they calls ’em, but evrybody they ever wurks for is themselfs.” The chauffeur heard and smiled knowingly, for how true were these remarks of the inelect!

“Why, hello, what’s this; you poor dear, and you must be so cold.” She stepped closer to the dazed and half-frozen Spaniard, whom she had encountered in the passage.

“And can’t you speak; you——. O—o—oh, and you would do *that*? Come, let me have it.” She advanced and grasped the piece, the youth dazedly resisting.

“No, no, senorita; no——,” he muttered.

*Greenwich Village, in the proximity of Washington Square.

"But you must; come, let me have it. I will return it." Reluctantly he surrendered the gun, and with a sigh of relief she dropped it into her bag.

"Now, come with me; we shall go where it's warm," and she conducted the shivering form to the car. The chauffeur opened the door and admitted them. His great coat collar hid the smile that lurked upon his features, and the din of the city drowned the sound as he muttered cynically, "Another."

The poor frozen form sank upon the luxurious cushions, and gazed about, bewildered. The warmth brought back the life to his body, and the reason to his mind. He would have sought solace in death, and found it in living! The lady placed her fur coat about his shoulders, and he glanced up at her, and beheld her beautiful, so beautiful. She spoke to him, and he answered, and he forgot the automatic in her bag, and the heartless woman of the ferries.

The car rolled up before a handsome mansion, and the Spaniard, scarcely comprehending, followed the lady into the house. Dazzling, the grandiosity of Christmas in the realm of the wealthy. Mutely he stared, until prompted by the lady he followed her into the rear of the mansion. A servant came in response to her summons, and soon the lad was fitted out with warm clothes, and was sitting down to a table loaded with strange and delicious dishes.

He smiled, and chatted affably in his funny broken English. He no longer resembled even that despondent soul who had only a few hours before attempted self-destruction. The lady sat near, and talked with him, answering his questions, and doing much to drive away the last vestige of mad impulse. But he must go, and the lady rising took the automatic from her bag. At the sight of it the Spaniard shuddered.

"Here, I promised to return it, you remember," she said.

"No, no, laydee; you keepa eet, keepa eet——," he stammered, and fled.

Back across town he wended his way, full of the joy of living, carrying before him the conscious memory of his heaven-sent angel. He had run off without thanking her, but, choked with emotion as he was, she would understand. Anyway he would go back to the ferries, and make his way, and some day perhaps become a great man, then he could thank her; thank her for this great gift of happiness at Yuletide, and perhaps—— He took a deep breath; how well he felt—how good it was to be alive on this Christmas Day. The whole world was happy, and he the happiest in it.

And the lady, the good Samaritan of the morning, was happy; but was it because that this morning she had befriended the little Spaniard, and had sent him away with a brighter outlook on life? No, that was merely an incident to be related at a few select gatherings, and then forgotten—insignificant in the order of the day. She was happy because she was with Him, just returned from a tour of Europe, and it was nearing midnight. The old Ritzmore Grill to-night shone at its best, in compliment perhaps to the company, for it was a very exclusive affair.

He leaned across the table and, with a humorous expression, inquired, "So you really saved the poor fellow's life?"

"Well, perhaps; all he needed was just a little sympathy." And lapsing into tongue of the elect she continued, "*C'etait rien, le pauvre diable, et, d'ailleurs, il faut qu'on s'amuse,*" she paused, laughing lightly.

"The next? Certainly," and, gliding easily into his embrace, whirled madly into the dance.

The Song of the City

JOHN GILLIAM PROCTOR

The big city's light is gleaming bright
Amid the noise and din.
The crush and rush fills the night,
And covers the city's sin.

Everywhere as I tramp I hear
A buzzing, seething sound ;
The clang and dang fills the air
With noises all around.

People pass in a surging mass,
Yet never a one know I ;
They hurry and scurry, high and low class,
As they pass each other by.

The rich thrive, the poor strive ;
One great, the other small ;
But they shirk and work and keep alive,
While the city shelters them all.

Every soul is mad for gold,
As they tramp the busy street ;
By luck and pluck they seek to mold
A pathway for their feet.

A busy throng they move along,
Each with his own desires;
By hook and crook, right or wrong,
They grovel in the mire.

Some get fame and others shame,
Within the city's strife.
They grab and stab, but must we blame
This their knowledge of life.

For city's charm and city's harm
To them is filled with lures,
And the maddening throng will move along
As long as time endures.



Other Judases*

P. E. GREEN

Dusk was creeping over Brush Hollow as old Samuel Baxter climbed painfully up the slope toward his cabin, situated a few hundred yards back from the creek. Although it was past the middle of April, the last touch of winter had not left the mountains. There was a slow chill in the air that made the old man quicken his steps towards the light shining from the door. He carried a bundle of willow withes under one arm and a hatchet in his hand. As he neared the dwelling, a woman came out on the porch and called softly through the gloom:

“Samu’l! Samu’l, air ye a-comin’ to supper?”

As he entered the room, his wife rose quickly and took the supper from the coals. Her thin, wrinkled face was stained with signs of recent weeping.

The inside of the building was like that of most mountain homes among the poorest class in western North Carolina. There was but one room. In the center was the eating table, made of rough planks and without a covering. In the back part of the room were two low, rude beds, one in each corner. Here and there on nails driven into the logs hung whatever extra clothing the family possessed. Long strings of pepper, popcorn, and beans dangled from the sooty rafters, and next to the huge fireplace were several unfinished willow baskets.

The old couple sat down to their supper of cornbread, sorghum molasses, and white Yankee beans in silence. The old man ate heartily; his wife scarcely tasted anything, but

*Winner of the five dollars in gold offered by THE MAGAZINE for best short story for this issue.

now and then wiped away a tear that had begun to slide down her cheek. She kept gazing on the vacant place at her right, where a chair and plate had been placed for another person.

While they were eating, the song of the first whippoorwill drifted down from the nearby mountain side. Old Baxter laid down his knife and moved uneasily from the table. His wife burst out sobbing.

"Samu'l, d'ye remember how she loved to set o' evenin's an' heah 'em sing?" and her thin body shook with uncontrollable grief.

Her husband dropped into his chair with an oath.

"Ol' woman, they ain't nary bit o' use a-doin' that-a-way. What I'm thinkin' on is whethere we-uns'll eveh see har er hide o' that thar young Nort'ner agin," and an evil look came into his eyes. "I jest wanta git one single, solitary crack at 'im wi' ol' Bully," he added, glancing up at a long rifle that hung above the door. "He caused me to lose all o' my money an' ruint——"

He did not finish the sentence, but fell to cursing violently. Up and down the room he strode, pouring forth a roar of profanity, while the old woman cowered in her seat. She had seen him act in such a way as this two days before, when he had first caught sight of the neighbors digging the grave in the garden. He had stayed on the mountains all of that night. But his rage was of shorter duration this time, and soon he slumped back into his chair and gazed silently at the floor, as one might do in the depths of despair.

After he had begun working on a basket, she took the old Bible from the shelf—it had been her only consolation for the last few days; but he turned upon her fiercely:

"Sally, put up that thar d—d book. They ain't nary God—leastways they ain't nary one fer we-uns. Ef they wuz, He wouldn't 'a' let that thar Nort'ner 'a' been borned to

come heah an' cause us to lose our hard-earned money an' disgrace us. An' He wouldn't let people pass laws agin an honest man's makin' likker, an' robbin' him uv his livin', nuther. What's left fer us but the pore-house, I'd like to know! I'm too old to make baskets fer a livin'."

Little Joe suddenly set up a loud barking outside, and some one knocked at the door. As this was an undue formality in that section, the old basket-maker took down his gun. When he opened the door, a stranger stepped back from the light. He was a tall man with a dark beard. He wore a plug hat pulled down over his face and a scarf tied loosely about his neck. In a deep, pleasant voice he explained that he had become lost while fishing up Brush Creek and wanted some one to show him down to Shelton Laurel. Old Baxter got his hat and went with him.

The moon was shining clearly as they set out. Not a breath of air was stirring. They had proceeded nearly a mile before either of them spoke; then the stranger merely commented on the beauty of the night. The mountaineer made no reply to what he said; for he was engaged in watching every movement of his unknown companion. There was something about him that reminded him of the young engineer who used to hang around the cabin, talking to his daughter. More than once his hand trembled on the stock of his rifle.

"Stranger," he suddenly inquired, "hev ye eveh been in Brush Hollow afore?"

"No, never before," was the quick answer.

They had now reached a place where the path grew broader, and far down the valley could be seen the lights of Shelton Laurel.

"I think I can find the way now," said the stranger. "But before I go, there is something I'd like to say to you," pull-

ing his hat down lower. "I have learned that there was a young man in this neighborhood a few months ago who did your family a great wrong. I——"

The old man grasped his arm in a grip of steel.

"Ef ye know wherebouts he is, you'd better tell."

"He's gone away—across the sea," nervously. "But he told me to give you this if I should ever see you. He regretted what he'd done and wanted to make amends to you." With that he drew a small bag from beneath his coat. "Here, he sent you this."

"No! No! I'll take nothin' but that thar d—d skunk's life, an' that thar I'm a-gonna have, ef——"

"But look you. It's enough to make you rich for life."

He ran his hand into the bag and took out a few pieces of gold. They glittered in the moonlight, and old Baxter gazed at them fascinated. The bag was pushed suddenly into his trembling hand, and the stranger disappeared down the mountain. In a ravine he stopped and took off his false beard, laughing sadly to himself.

Left alone, the basket-maker glanced suspiciously around at the gloomy shadows; he then began to examine his strange gift. Gold, he was rich! He ran his fingers through it with low chuckles of delight. Soon he hurried home with the bag clutched tightly in his hands.

When he drew near the house he heard some one talking in the garden. His first thought was of robbers. With his rifle cocked, he crept around the cabin. There, on her knees beside the newly-made grave, with her hands clasped and her pale face upturned in the moonlight, he found his wife. Like a dog that had been struck, he slunk into the house and went to bed with his gold.

Long after his wife had gone to sleep, he rose stealthily and counted his money. All the remainder of the night he dreamed of great bags of treasure into which he thrust his arms up to the elbows.

On the next morning his wife was unable to leave her bed. She was stricken with a sudden attack of rheumatism. But as she was accustomed to have these attacks, old Samuel thought nothing of it. After he had cooked himself something to eat, he slipped away without a word and went far up into the mountains, Little Joe following at his heels. Under a thick laurel bush he began counting his gold again. He arranged it in piles, laid it out in rows, chinked it together in his hands, and admired it in a hundred ways. All the time he laughed in a low, harsh voice.

"Hit's more'n I had in the ol' stockin'," he muttered. "The ol' woman mustn't know. She'll be up fer buyin' tombstone fer the grave. They ain't nary nuther cent goin' be spent that-a-way. Hit's enuff to lose all I had fer the doctor's bill an' the buryin'."

Little Joe lay by and eyed him questioningly.

Late in the afternoon, when the shadows had begun to creep up the valley, he clawed a hole in the ground and covered up the bag; then he strewed leaves over the place to hide the signs of fresh dirt.

His wife was still in bed when he reached the cabin, her face drawn and haggard with pain. He must have noticed it, for he asked her whether there was anything that he could do.

"Nothin', Samu'l," she answered, turning over with a groan.

He ate his supper alone; she wanted nothing.

That night he did not work at his baskets, but sat gazing moodily into the fire. Now and then a low moan from the back part of the room broke in upon his musings. At last he broke out roughly:

"Ain't ye a-gonna let a-body see eny peace a-tall! I never seed sich a-carryin' on. I've had jest sich pains a thousand times, an' I didn't cut up so."

Some time in the night his dreams of gold were interrupted by a feeble voice calling:

"Samu'l! Samu'l!"

"What d'ye want?"

"I must have a doctor, or—or——," her voice died away in a moan.

He got up quickly and struck a light.

"Now, Sally, they ain't nary bit o' use of a doctor. Ye'll be a lots better in the mornin'. An', besides, they ain't nary cent to pay 'im with."

"Yes, yes, I'd fergot."

He arose at dawn and went up the mountain to the laurel bush. Near night he returned. The cabin was cold and cheerless. As he entered old Sally called weakly:

"Samu'l, I must hev a doctor. I'll pay 'im somehow."

He was impatient.

"They ain't a cent o' money, I tell ye, Sally. An' he won't come, a-knowin' he won't git no pay. Ye'll be well in a leetle while. The spell in Janiwey wuz jest as bad, an' ye come aroun' all right."

While he was preparing supper, she asked for the Bible. Although he had forbade her reading it, the look on her face was so appealing that he could not refuse her. Propping her up in bed, he put the book in her hands and went back to his cooking.

It had always been her custom to read aloud. Her husband had never paid much attention to what she read. He was illiterate, and, besides, all his time had been taken up with adding to the slow-growing hoard in the old stocking. He had never felt the need of the gospel in his hard, miserly life. But the events of the last few days had upset him strangely. And when she began to read, he found himself unconsciously listening. She read several passages he had heard her read before, but they had never seemed so real as they did now.

The story of the babe in the manger and the shepherds and the angels on the hills brought back the Christmas night of long ago, when he, the youngest and bravest moonshiner on the mountains, had walked twelve miles to hear Sally Wilkins say a piece about this same babe and angels and shepherds. Then he thought of the Christmas when he and Sally ran away together and were married, and then of the Christmas when the baby was born. His reverie was broken into by: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven."

"What's it say thar, Sally?" he queried nervously.

"Hit sez as how a camel kin go through a needle's eye easier'n a rich man kin git into heaven. I tell ye, Samu'l, they's a many man that loves his money in this here worl' better'n anything else iz a-goin' to wish he'd a-never a-seen hit in tuther. God's got his fire an' brimstone savin' up fer 'em."

"Well, we-uns ain't rich, air we, Sally?" he burst out.

"No. An' hit's best that-a-way. The Lord will provide."

Every word of warning seemed meant for him. He felt that the wrath of God was hanging over him. The wind stirred among the trees. He shivered and laid on more fuel. In a low, halting voice she read of the last hours of the Master—the story of His agony in the garden, His betrayal by Judas, and the end on the cross. He listened breathlessly. The whole scene rose up before him as vividly as if he had been looking at it. He saw the tears of Jesus, the sleeping disciples, and, plainest of all, the figure of the traitor Judas as he stole along, leading the soldiers to the garden. He saw him a big, bearded, cruel man. And as he went before the soldiers, he clutched a bag of money in his hand, a hand big and knotty like his own. Thirty pieces of money! That was the number he had hid under the laurel bush. Judas,

the man before the soldiers, slowly merged into a man stumbling up the mountain side with a bag of gold! And he killed himself! He rose unsteadily to his feet. His wife's voice broke the stillness:

"Samu'l, I've been lyin' heah thinkin' thar may be other Judases in this worl' besides the one spoken uv in the Good Book. That thar Nort'ern man——"

With a cry, the old basket-maker stumbled into the night. Little Joe rose up from the path to follow, but he whirled upon him with a kick that sent him whimpering away into the darkness. Then he set off up the hollow like a madman.

The moon gave but a dim light through the fringe of a cloud that had begun to overspread the sky. A low rumble of thunder boomed in the west, and soon it began to rain. He paid no attention to the oncoming storm, but lashed on through the bushes without slackening his pace. A Judas! A Judas! He could not get away from it. The tree-toads began to sing.

"Judas! Judas! Judas!" they called mockingly.

It was raining hard now, and he was wet and cold. He sat down on a boulder exhausted. The lightning was flashing among the hemlocks, and the thunder shook the ground. Something warm touched his leg. Little Joe sprang upon him, licking his face and yelping for joy. Grasping a stone he struck him to earth and then fled until he could no longer hear the cries of the little dog. Suddenly with a blinding crash the lightning struck a tree directly in front of him. He fell upon the ground with a prayer, the first he had ever uttered in his long, fierce life. For many hours he lay without moving. When he arose stiffly to his feet, the storm had cleared away, and a thrush was singing in the dawn. He painfully clambered up the mountain to the laurel bush. Digging up his gold, he hurried home.

The door of the cabin was open, just as he had left it in his flight. The soft gray of the morning filled the room with a half-twilight. His wife was still sleeping, the Bible in her arms. With a sob in his throat, he bent over her:

“Sally, I’ve bin a Judas! I——”

As he moved the pillow, she sagged forward to the floor. She had been dead for many hours.

After a search that lasted several days, they found him at the foot of a precipice besides the creek. In one mangled hand he clasped a bag of gold. As they drew near the body, a little emaciated dog stood up on three legs and whined piteously.



The Robber House

W. L. BLYTHE

When Aunt Nancy, the Wilson family's old negro servant, entered the big living-room and drew her chair up in the corner near the large open fireplace, little Rachel, the youngest of the Wilson children, immediately jumped into her lap. All the other children ranged themselves around her and assumed an air of intense interest.

"Nannie," began the little girl, calling the old negress by the affectionate nickname that she had given her when she was a wee tot, "won't you tell us a tale before we go to bed?"

All the others at once besieged her with their pleadings and she, of course, could not hold out against them even if she had wanted to do so. Her tales of old ante-bellum days were the children's chief delight, and they listened to her wonderful accounts of ghostly adventures and hair-breadth escapes with the most eager attention. They would sit enraptured for hours at a time as she told of the happenings of those days "befo' de War," and it was hard to get them to bed when once "Nannie" got started on her lengthy reminiscences.

"Well," she began, bending over in her chair and taking a deep breath, as if she were preparing for a long and arduous discourse, "what does yo' want me to tell erbout?"

At once a dozen different subjects were presented by the impatient children.

"Tell us about the ghost that ran Reuben, or old Uncle Barney, or Wheeler's Cavalry, or Uncle Isaac Bratton's race with the pat'e'rollers, or——," and they stormed her with every one that they could remember ever having heard her tell.

"I been studyin' erbout de ol' days dis eben an' I happened to mind erbout de tale mah father told to us chillun when we wuz young an' lived on de ol' plantation. He uster set out in front er de do'step an' talk wid ol' Uncle Joe erbout de times when he wuz young an' reckless, an' I'd set an' listen to dem. Hit ain't lak hit uster be now, 'ca'se chillun in dem days dassen't speak when dere elders wuz talkin' less'n dey wuz called on. De ol' folks can't hardly git a word in edgeways now, do', fo' de chaps has de talkin' priv'iges to deyselves." And she would chuckle to herself and shake her head in such a manner that it highly amused the children.

"Ez I said, I'd set an' listen to dem, an' one day he told us dis tale erbout when he wuz driver fo' de Big House. He driv de big coach dat dey had den to ride in when dey went to preachin' er visitin', an' wuz sorter handy man 'roun' de house. De tale dat he wuz tellin' wuz erbout whut happened to him an' Kirk Allison when dey wuz goin' to Chapel Hill to bring Marse back home frum de college. Hit wuz de young Marster, Marse Dick, an' he uster go up dere to school. Dey'd take de big coach an' de hack to carry de trunks in, an' hit'd take er week to make de trip in.

"Hit wuz one spring day dat dey started out on er spring mornin' an' dey made good time fo' dem days, do' course dey couldn't travel den lak dey do now in dese her ortermobeels. Dey wuz drivin' John an' Pete, de big hosses date Marse had, to de coach, an' had er mule to de hack. Dey gut up 'bove Statesville de fust day an' stayed fo' de night an' den went on de nex' day. Dey had been gittin' 'long fine an' wuz pretty near to Chapel Hill, an' jes' lacked one day er gittin' dere when dey had to stop fo' de night. Er storm wuz comin' up an' dey had to stop fo' de night in er house dat dey seed ober in et patch er pines off a good piece frum de road. Dey didn't much lak de looks er de place, but de storm wuz pressin' dem so close dat dey had to stop some'eres right

away, an' so dey driv up an' axed ef dey could stay dere all night. Hit wuz er nigger house, but 'twuz one er dese here 'big niggers' dere, fo' a nigger man come out de house dat wuz dressed up, an' he 'peared to be a gentleman nigger, laks dey say dey has up dere in Washin'ton. He told dem to put up dere hosses an' come right in de house—dat dey wuz welcome to anything he had. An' so dey went to de barn an' put up de hosses an' fed 'em good an' went up to de house. But dey wuz still er little 'spicious an' so dey didn't take de harnesses off de hosses, but jes' turnt 'em in de stall wid dere harnesses tied up on dere back so's dey could hitch 'em up quick. When dey gut th'ough doin' dat dey went up to de house an' de man int'roduced dem to his folks as wayfarin' strangers an' dey all bid dem welcome, an' axed dem out to supper. Dey said dey had already et, an' so mah father an' Kirk wuz de only's ones to eat. Dey set down to de table an' started to eatin' by deyselves, an' wuz enjoyin' dere supper moughty well, as dey had driv all day an' wuz pretty tired an' hongry. Dey had some pie on de table, an' braid an' milk, an' diff'ent things lak dat, an' some kind er red, dark-lookin' meat dat dey didn't know whut hit wuz. Hit wuz toler'ble good tastin', do', an' dey wuz eatin' erway when mah father happened to see somethin' dat looked moughty quair. He looked closer an' wut yo' reckon he seed?"

"What was it?" exclaimed the children, their eyes wide open with wonder.

"He seed er man's finger nails in de meat!" answered the old daky. "Dey wuz hard an' pink lookin' an' sorter jagged aroun' de edges. Mah father stopped eatin' an' whispered to Kirk to look. He looked at it an' dey boaf stopped eatin' dat stuff right den. Dey et some er de pie er sumpin an' 'scused deyselves frum de table as quick as dey could.

"Dey didn't know whut to do dey wuz so scairt.

“Mah father whispered to Kirk, ‘Le’s git out er dis place an’ git out quick.’ Dat suited Kirk ’xactly, an’ so dey ’seused deyselves an’ went down to de barn. Dey wanted to study erbout whut to do. Dey told de people at de house dat dey wuz goin’ to see erbout de hosses ef dey wuz all right, but whut dey raily wanted to do wuz to git out er dere.

“Hit wuz er powerful stormy lookin’ night an’ dey jes’ didn’t know whut to do. Dey wuz scairt to leave fo’ fear dat dey would git los’ in dat dark wilderness dat dey didn’t know too much erbout. Yo’ see dey had took er nudder way frum dat dey had been takin’ ’ca’s e somebody had told dem it wuz lots clos’t’er dat way, an’ dat’s de reason dat dey didn’t know nothin’ erbout dat country. The sky wuz full er big, black-lookin’ clouds an’ hit looked lak hit would rain any minnit, an’ de roads wuzn’t very good neither. So dey messed ’roun’ de barn lak dey wuz workin’ wid de hosses, all de time studyin’ erbout whut to do. Dey at last ’cided to hitch up an’ tie dem in de barn so’s ef anything did happen to dem up dere at de house dey could git out er dere in er hurry. Den dey went up to de house. Mah father said to Uncle Joe when he wuz tellin’ us erbout hit, says he, ‘Joe, mah knees wuz shakin’ so dat de wind dat went th’ough dem wuz whistlin’ “Dixie.” I wuz so scairt dat I couldn’t walk straight.’

“Dey went in an’ de people told dem to go upstairs an’ dey would find er place to sleep at. Dey went up dere an’ went in de room an’ tipped ’roun’ lak dat dey’s ’spectin’ de floor to fall th’ough ef dey put dey weight on hit. Dere wuz two nice-lookin’ beds in de room all fixed up wid clean counte’pins on dem, an’ dey looked so nice dat mah father an’ Kirk began to fergit erbout bein’ scairt. Dey wuz so tired an’ dose beds looked so good to dem dey wuz jus’ erbout to strip off an’ jum pin when mah father ’membered erbout dem finger nails in de meat.

“‘Dey mought not er been a pusson’s nails,’ he said, ‘but den ergin dey mought, an’ I’s se goin’ to go sorter slow while I’s e ’roun’ dis place.’

“So dey didn’t strip off, but jes’ took off dere coats an’ had set down to take off dere shoes when mah father looked under de bed on de far side er de room—an’ whut yo’ reckon he seed under dere?”

The children had become so interested in following the old woman’s tale that they were almost afraid to speak for fear a ghost or some terrible goblin would pounce upon them if they broke the silence. They finally managed to whisper, “What was it?” and the old darky began again.

“He seed two *daid men* under dere,” she answered in terrible tones, rolling the whites of her eyes at the frightened children.

The children were “scairt to death” almost, and little Rachel put her arms around the old negress’ neck and cuddled up close.

“Did those dead men get your Daddy, Nannie,” she asked innocently.

“Lan’ sakes ’live,” returned Aunt Nancy, dey wuz daid. Dem people had kilt ’em an’ robbed ’em an’ dey didn’t hab time to git ’em out de house befo’ mah father an’ Kirk gut dere. Dey thought dat dey wuz ’live an’ wuz waitin’ till dey gut to sleep an’ den dey would come out an’ kill ’em. Mah father went ober to de bed an’ axed dem whut wuz dere bizness under dere, but dey didn’t say nothin’, an’ so he raised de kivers an’ looked under dere an’ den he seed some blood an’ dat made him know dat dey wuz daid. Dat sho’ scairt him, an’ him an’ Kirk whispered ’roun’ to each other dat dey’d better move deyselves frum dere.

“I bets dat bed ober dere is er trap dat’ll drap yo’ down in below dere on some knives er sumptin to kill yo’,” said

mah father to Kirk. Dey wouldn't tetch dat bed, but jes' put on dere shoes an' dere coats an' gut ready to leave dat place.

"Dey wuz on de secon' story es de house an' de people er de house wuz down below dem playin' on er orgin dat dey had, an' singin' an' carryin' on powerful. Dey wuz waitin' to git mah father an' Kirk when dey gut in bed an' fell th'ough dat trap to de pit place below. But dey didn't git dem darkies. No, chile, not dem! Dey 'uz too sharp fo' dem!

"'Look here, Kirk, we'se gut to clair out er dis place whil'se our hides ain't gut no holes in dem,' said mah father to Kirk. 'Yo' jump out er de window an' run fo' de barn an' onhitch dem hosses an' yo' jump in de hack, an' den clair yoself. I'll come a-hint yo' an' git in de coach, an' den I'll strike out an' ef dey takes out arter us hit'll jes' be me an' dem—me an' dem.' Dat's whut he said to him.

"So Kirk he gut ready an' put on his hat an' looked 'roun' er little lak he wuz scairt to leave mah father, an' den he shuck hands wid him an' told him dat dey would meet in Heben ef dey didn't agin on earth—which wuz moughty unlikely—an' den he went ober to de window an' jumped out. Mah father wuz watchin' so's he could jump too ef dey heared Kirk when he lit, but dey didn't as dey wuz raisin' so much fuss wid de orgin. Hit wuzn't er very big jump, fo' de house wuzn't very high, an' he didn't git hurt er bit (he wuz too scairt to git hurt, I reckon), an' he run to de barn an' onhitched de hosses an' gut ready to leave dat place er-pitchin' jes' as soon as mah father gut dere. De barn wuz erbout er quarter uv er mile frum de house an' hit wuz nex' to de Big Road. When he'd been gone er little while an' mah father thought dat he had time to be ready to go, mah father gut ready to make de jump. He picked up a cheer an' th'owed hit right fair in de middle er de bed, an'

dere wuz er big fuss an' de whole bottom er de bed fell out an' de cheer fell th'ough to some'eres below jes' lak mah father had told Kirk he thought hit'd do. De bed den come back in place jes' lak hit wuz befo' 'cept dat de bed clo'es had fell too. Dere wuz er terribul racket an' he heard dem runnin' 'roun' to where dat trap thing wuz fixed to drap people dat gut in de bed. Dey thought dey had him, but dey didn't hab dat daky. No, siree! He'd done jumped out dat window an' by de time dey foun' dat hit wuz er cheer 'stead er mah father er Kirk dey wuz er haf mile down de Big Road jes' er-pitchin'.

"De nex' day when dey told erbout whut happened to dem dey gethered up er crowd an' went in on dem, an' dey found dere wuz a whole lot er daid people in dat ol' pit below de trap. Dey had been missin' people whut wuz travelin', but dey didn't know whut become er dem till den."

"And did your Daddy and Kirk not get killed after all, Nannie?" asked the little tot.

"No, Honey; but dey sho' gut bad scairt," responded the old negro mammy.

Memory

GARLAND B. PORTER

Dear Memory, thou cherished gift of God, fond Retrospect
That 'tithes man to live in both the past and present,
Thou golden link that these two sweetly dost connect
Art dear alike to highest prince and lowest peasant.

Thou art the gift makes man the greater, higher yet
Of all God's creatures, but we oft must feel
That the lowly dog must see some game when he does fret
And whine in sleep, and give chase in some distant field.

We fain would say when we recall the gentle, gladsome scenes
Of sweet bygone years, that're neither bought nor sold,
The heart's the seat of thought, the brilliant brain
A mixer of tears, with the wise, gray Stagirite of old.

Never leave me, oh, thou wondrous cherished power,
Which enhances, heightens life's brief, solemn reign.
Oh, do not lose me of single, blessed hour
Of times gone by that nevermore will come again!

The Call of the Bells

A Yuletide Tale

EWART W. G. HUFFMAN

I

"I know not how the truth may be,
I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

It was Christmas Eve of the year 1842. The night was bitter cold. For four successive weeks snow had fallen almost continuously. Little, if any, had melted. At many places the snow had become so deep it was impossible to wade through without considerable effort. Deep drifts were numerous. James River had been frozen over for thirty-six days and heavy wagons had traversed it without a mishap. In fact, this had become a necessity. As yet no bridge had been constructed and the ferry had been laid by until the snow disappeared. Shenandoah Valley was sieged with the severest storm in its history. In fact, practically all the rivers that dotted Old Dominion were in a similar, yet milder condition. However, Richmond and its immediate vicinity suffered considerably more than the other portions of the State, due to the unfavorable and peculiar outlay of the mountain ranges.

On this particular occasion—or day of the year—four men had congregated in a celebrated barroom in Richmond for drink, cards, and rest. Alcoholic odors tainted the air in the dingy apartment. The hour was late and was fastly approaching midnight.

"Shall we play a game to-night or not, Ed?" queried one of the gentlemen, who was lazily lounging on one of the stools.

"Suits me," answered the gentleman questioned. "What do you say, fellows?"

Action was the response. The men grouped. Cards were dealt. Few words were spoken. From time to time occasional sums of money were produced from the losers' pockets and placed on the table with a slight movement of apparent uneasiness.

A casual observer could have detected without any difficulty whatever the man who was winning, by the manner in which he played. He was a man with unusual appearance: tall, slender, pale, haggard, and possessing eyes that required a second look. He looked too good for such a place. He reminded one of a man who had sowed his wild oats and who had just gathered in his harvest. His eyes and facial expression revealed the fact that he—whoever he was—was no common man.

"Well, boys," he began, "I promised my wife a Christmas present, and I won't be compelled to disappoint her after all, will I?"

"Maybe not," muttered one with a disagreeable grunt, as he placed his last coin on the table.

"Don't brag so soon," complained another.

"Just because you've put it over us to-night ain't no reason why you should taunt us with your victorious grin, is it?" finally remarked the remaining gentleman.

"As you wish, gentlemen; as you wish," the winner remarked good-naturedly and effectively. As he spoke he made a cigarette and lit it between phrases and proceeded to empty the bottle of whisky in one draught.

Christmas Eve lingered. She was dying.

The game continued.

Silence ensued. No one spoke except to inform the others how he would bid or renege. It seemed as though the prophecy of the first speaker was only too true. A few

minutes passed. The men rose. He had been successful, and in a friendly manner summoned his friends to the counter and ordered drinks for them all.

"Come, men, let's drink a toast to Beauty—the goddess Beauty," exclaimed the winner in a salutatory address, and raising his glass high he drained it easily in one swallow. They followed suit.

Another glass was portioned out to each by the liberal victor and toastmaster, who again cried out:

"Again, gentlemen, a toast to Love." One turn of his glass proved sufficient to completely empty its contents. The other men complied without any hesitancy.

Before they had finished drinking, another hearty toast was loudly proclaimed:

"And last, gentlemen—hic—ha! hich—a toast to Death—hic—whadda ya say, eh?" The glasses were immediately refilled by the bar-tender, and emptied for the third and final time.

Expressions of appreciation for his kindness were numerous and hearty. The leader, now too far out of his senses to fully enjoy their words, nodded weakly and went behind the bar. Securing his slouch hat, large black muffler, and a heavy overcoat from several hooks, he bade the gentleman a "Good night—hic—good night—a merry and sober Christmas—hich—I say," and plodded out.

II

The air was biting. Ten million stars were a-shine like jewels in the breast of the sky. Bitter north winds prowled greedily over the innumerable miles of the ghastly cloak, endeavoring to conquer both man and beast. But the man muttered a curse and journeyed on to his destination.

This man was Poe!

It was Christmas morn!

He walked slowly, wearily perhaps, or more likely, weak from dissipation. Twice he stumbled and fell helplessly into

a small ditch. Each mishap, when he had regained his feet, was followed by a volley of violent curses. Crossing a small stream he struck a better road and walked smoothly on for some time.

Suddenly in the distance the sound of bells—sleigh-bells—silver bells—Christmas bells—became audible. As though struck by a stray bullet, like the tale of the “picket off duty forever,” the man—the drunk man: Poe—paused, stopped. He listened intently.

“’Tis Christmas,” he muttered. “But the bells—the bells, how sweetly ‘they tingle in the icy air of night.’ ’Tis a melody seldom heard—never appreciated.”

Again the man was silent. The melody of the bells became louder, lingered in a monotone, then again died away.

Wildly the man—Poe—searched his pockets for pencil and notebook, but none were produced.

“Ah——,” he began speaking in rapturous and inspired tones, “how sweet. Too sweet.” He paused. Then like a madman he gasped: “Infancy—Manhood—Prime—Death.” His eyes sparkled. Twice his hands went to his face only to be replaced in the pockets of the big brown overcoat. As he did this, he gazed about. Across the road a light still flickered. It came from a beautiful colonial palace of the old Southern type. Upon perceiving this he broke into a hurried gait and approached the house. As he walked he muttered line after line, repeating, in order, it seemed, to prevent his forgetting. Unconsciously, the words, it seemed, came forth in rapid succession. Distinctly came the beautiful words:

“Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

In the icy air of night

While the stars that oversprinkle

All the heavens seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight——”

Here he broke off. "My God—'tis a jewel," he cried.

Walking rapidly he soon appeared at the mansion. Without knocking or without any hesitancy whatever he opened the door and walked in. No one was at home. He then immediately seated himself by a table in the room, grabbed a pen and composed the immortal melody, "The Bells."

An hour passed. Poe again came out in the open, empty-handed. He was still drunk and walked shakily. Just as he was closing the gate to the fence which enclosed the garden of the palacial home, Poe encountered roughly an old friend who accosted him suspiciously, upon seeing where he had been.

"Well, well," he began, "and what have you been doing in there at this time of the night, Ed? Ill?"

"None of your damned business," Poe replied, and started on.

"Maybe not," muttered his friend, showing signs of disappointment and curiosity.

He then turned again on his way. He smiled as he realized Poe was drunk, and plodded on as he heard Poe break the silence of the night by a continued series of vociferous curses.

The man's name was West.

The bells had ceased their song. The stars had disappeared. Snow soon began falling to usher in the holiest and sweetest festival of all: Christmastide.

In the wake of dawn, a drunk man staggered on and on until he reached his home. Anxious hearts awaited him. Love overlooked man's failings and administered its effective balm.

III

It was almost dawn when Dr. Atwell returned to his home Christmas morning from an urgent call to one of his patients who, for some time, had lain at the point of death.

The candle had burned low. The fire in the large open fireplace flickered faintly. As he entered hurriedly, he removed his overcoat and tossed it on a chair. Santa Claus had already visited his home. The stockings were filled. He mused. He thought of his youth and how his own children reminded him of his simple days of carefree bliss.

Drawing up a chair close to the fire, intending to warm himself thoroughly before retiring, he seated himself comfortably in a large leathered armchair. He reached for a book from the table to read. Without looking around he found the book and began reading and turning the pages slowly. Atwell was a man of literary taste and ability. He had had an exceptional college career. Reading was and had always been his favorite pastime.

After he had perused the pages sleepily for half an hour, he rose, placed the book on the table, yawned and started to leave the room. As he passed the lower end of the table, his eye became focused on several finely written, loose pages which were scattered spasmodically here and there. Thinking perhaps they were a message for him by his wife or another call, he picked them up and again reseated himself by the fire.

Atwell's surprise was absolute. At first he thought he was dreaming and brushed his face rudely with his hand to be certain he was awake. He read on spellbound. When he had finished reading it for the first time he examined the manuscripts closely for the author's name, but none was to be found. Feeling uneasy and suspecting some one might be near, he glanced cautiously around the room, but only darkness was discernible.

Lost in a reverie, he endeavored to solve the mystery. In his younger days he had written verse and some prose; however, nothing of such high caliber. He knew no man of ordinary talent could have possibly composed such a masterpiece.

Fully an hour passed. Atwell was still lost in meditation and admiration and astonishment. How could it have gotten there? If he had it published in his name, it would bring him lasting fame. But, no, he hurriedly abandoned such an idea. He would not steal. Perhaps some other author had already won his fame with it and he had never heard it or read it before.

He soon gave it up as hopeless—utterly hopeless. He awakened Mrs. Atwell, so great was his curiosity, but he discovered upon questioning her that she knew nothing of the poem either. He read it again and again. Held by its smooth-flowing metrical feet and magic rhythmic touches, he read it so often and so long that he believed he could almost repeat it from memory. He ransacked the innermost recesses of his mind, considered and exhausted every possible clue to the finding of the poem and its author—but the enigmatical manuscripts were still a mystery. Poe had written “The Bells” and left them carelessly to Fate.

Soon he became aware that several hours had lapsed since his arrival. He then carefully placed the poem and retired.

That night he dreamed that an angel had proclaimed him author of the poem.

IV

At 10 o'clock Christmas morning the Richmond Gentleman's Club, organized primarily for the sake of public charities, convened in their club rooms. Dr. Atwell was president. Perhaps the fact that he knew the conditions of the people who needed aid was instrumental in securing him this position. His daily visits to people of all classes, together with his scholarly achievements, thoroughly acquainted him with the township's charitable necessities. Therefore his advice was always solicited.

The usual business and financial transactions, including specific charitable appropriations, various speeches supple-

mented by explanations, were disposed of by noon. Immediately upon its adjournment Dr. Atwell requested that the gentlemen remain a few minutes longer, if possible, stating that he had a mystery that he could not solve.

They willingly waited. He stated the facts briefly. He told them of his visit to one of his patients. His return. Then the discovery of the poem and of the numerous inquiries that he had made. The interest was tense. Comments were numerous with compliments unreserved. Some drew near to scrutinize the handwriting. But no one could explain.

Then Dr. Atwell collected the manuscripts, which had been distributed to satisfy the curiosity of the inquisitive members, stating that he would give the poem to *The Literary Messenger* for immediate publication, with several explanatory details and notations. All nodded their approval of the suggestion.

Overcoats and other winter paraphernalia were brought in by the negro servants and the club members started to disperse.

Suddenly, like the wild, triumphant cry of a man who has secured a life pardon in the nick of time for a prisoner as he was being led to the gallows, came the loud and eager exclamation from one of the group:

"I've got it, gentlemen; I've got it," he cried enthusiastically.

The man's name was West.

The departing members once more returned.

"Got what?" several men quickly interrogated West.

"I know who wrote the poem," West replied, with an air of superiority.

"Who?" came the unanimous question.

"Poe," he answered.

"Poe?" queried one.

"Who, the bar-tender?" questioned another, with a note of disgust and utter disbelief.

"The very same," West reaffirmed.

"How?" said one.

"When?" asked another.

"Does Poe write poetry?" queried a third.

"Then tell us, West," remarked Dr. Atwell. "It is true that Poe writes poetry, but I never thought him capable of producing such a masterpiece."

"I don't know anything about the merits of the poem, but I have just reasons for believing Poe wrote this one," West declared.

"Be brief," said an impatient voice from the rear.

"What time, Dr. Atwell, did you leave home to make your call to one of your patients?" he asked the president.

"About eleven-thirty or twelve, I suppose," he reflected.

"When did you return?" he asked.

"Between one and two, I would judge," he answered, showing signs of retrospection.

"Unquestionably, then, Poe wrote it," West asserted positively. "This morning between 12:30 and 1:30 o'clock I passed along the road in front of your house. I had just reached the path adjoining your fence when I ran directly into Poe as he was closing your gate behind him. He was drunk. I asked him his business. He merely cursed and went on not heeding my question. Thinking that perhaps he had been sick and noticing a light in your front room, I journeyed on in the opposite direction."

"I don't understand," remarked Atwell.

"Neither do I," said another.

"Simply this," West said emphatically; "I mean to say that Poe deliberately went into Dr. Atwell's house—drunk—sat down at your table, wrote the poem, and left it there, as he was too drunk to know what he was doing."

"Sounds reasonable," assented one.

"Quite possible," agreed another.

"Why not investigate?" asked one of the men. "It's worth it, isn't it?"

"I should say it is," said Dr. Atwell. "Suppose we call to see him in person now. Who will go with me?"

Several volunteered. West was one of the number. The crowd finally dispersed.

To the barroom they went. Poe had just returned. In an admirable way Dr. Atwell presented him the poem for his perusal, asking him what he thought of it, and whether or not it was worthy of publication in the Northern periodicals. Excellent camouflage!

"My God," exclaimed Poe wildly, "why—where—this—where did you get this poem? I—I must have written it or dreamed about it last night or something of the kind."

"On my table in my room at home," Dr. Atwell remarked simply.

Poe hurriedly perused the lines. It was his, written in his own handwriting—yet—— But Dr. Atwell's statement did not exactly clear the situation to Poe. He only slightly remembered the contents of the poem. Unconsciously, Poe cursed aloud.

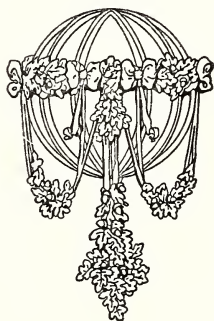
West, understanding his puzzled condition, hurriedly explained the night episode, and Poe immediately remembered.

Poe then kindly thanked the gentlemen, telling them that he had written it down in haste, and had taken advantage of Dr. Atwell's office because he was afraid he would forget it before he reached home. Poe also apologized for its crudities—as he thought. Finally he stated that he had risen early Christmas morning for some reason or other, but why he did not know. But now he understood. He came in quest of the lost poem.

Poe then treated the gentlemen to drink, expressing his appreciation of their kindness again. The visitors then departed.

Soon the poem was published with slight variations. Critics heralded it as the greatest poem of American talent. Thus Poe gave to the world as a Christmas gift—on Christmas morning, 1842—one of the finest and sweetest and most melodic specimens of poetic composition of all ages.

Who knows but that Poe, on that early Christmas morn, heard the angels singing and tuning their harps and lyres of gold to welcome the new-born Babe of Bethlehem?



"Le Vieil Omnibus"

P. E. GREEN

Her home is one lone dirty room,
 A chair, a bed its furniture,
 And four flights up. Perennial gloom
 Clings to its ceiling; yet I'm sure
 The lights that flash in her dull eyes
 Were gathered from far sweeter skies.

Each week she dons her ragged best,
 And goes to see the movie show,
 Forgetting poverty's unrest
 In fairy scenes that come and go.
 And stings of ancient hurts and sins
 Are lost among the violins.

All that her hungry heart desires
 Is hers—young love, a little child,
 Freedom and rest, and bright home fires.
 Her spirit leaps out in the wild,
 Sharp, roaring fight, the shots and bangs,
 And capers of the fierce mustangs.

Some day she'll meet the common fate;
 They'll let her worn-out body down
 And cover it, a thing of hate—
 No sorrowing friends, no flowerlet crown
 To speak of love,—unknowing that
 This one of scorn with kings had sat.

Once a Thief——

W. EDWIN MATTHEWS

Lefty Mike straightened up from his crouching run and dropped the iron ball he was carrying. It did not roll from him. It was chained to his left leg. To Lefty it was a habit, a necessary evil. He could scarce remember when that ball of constraining steel had not dragged along behind him. Now it had become an impediment to his flight, and through Lefty's mind there flowed a familiar fire. Lefty knew it was hate, but grinning craftily, and with eyes shifting constantly from space to space in the sheltering plot of shrubs, he drew a small file from his ill-assorted costume and set to work on his shackles. He scowled good-naturedly at the thought of his detested striped uniform lying quietly at the bottom of East River. Once he would have smiled, but remembrance of a certain man-handling from the warden set his lips in lines that could not smile.

Near the end of his task, the convict's brow became convulsed with impatience, sweat trickled down his closely shaven head, and with a sudden wrench Lefty Mike stood free. Curiously he essayed a free step. His left shot ahead with surprising velocity, and he limped. This worried Lefty; it increased the danger of detection, and now that life was so near he could take no chances. Lefty crept to the farthest shrub in the small park and looked with shortened vision down the great highway of art, beauty, life, and sin. To Lefty it was a road of sin and shame, but it spelled life to him in streaming letters. Some strange, untarnished nook of his memory held visions of a time long ago when this high-

way held sweet pleasure, and he and his club friends called it the Primrose Path; but that was long before Christopher Morley became Lefty Mike.

Lefty was once a leader, but that too was long before the Fates slipped him a joker. The joker was a ten-year term on the Island, and Lefty found Blackwell's Island the grimmest of jokes. He meant to regain his old dominance in the world he had once known. He would fight for a position in the old, old life of Christopher Morley.

With a final shifting glance from his beady eyes, Lefty Mike dissolved into the shrubbery, and Christopher Morley picked up the swinging stride of the Avenue. If any one noticed a slight limp in the walk of the man moving along the curb they probably thought some passing taxi had brushed him. A close observer might have told you that his clothes were a little out of date, but the Avenue has no time for observance of its drifters and their clothes. Does not one's valet attend to that?

Morley applied for positions. He became a devotee of the want ad columns of the *Herald* and the *Times*. Then quite suddenly Morley made a discovery. He had wondered why men agreed to employ him only to withdraw their offer when he walked back to the costumer. He found why in a Jew clothing store on one of the small veins that pour into the Avenue. As usual, he was employed, but when he started to deposit his coat and hat on the wall hook, the stocky little Jew started and exclaimed: “Vait! vait! You say nodings about der leemp. I vunce embloy a man who haf der leemp. Officer comb and close me op by der shop. You get oud!”

Morley got. He wandered back to his park in a sort of daze, crushed under the realization that the world had and would throw him cold. Morley loved companionship, and to him there now came memories of his pals on the Island: Grogan with his sardonic leer; Jerry, who had the dis-

tion of killing three cops with a balustrade wrenched from a raided resort; and "Little Maude," who convulsed the crowd with comic imitations of the warden. They all crowded into his heart and called strangely. Once Morley had memorized under pressure of the English Department, at Harvard, the famous soliloquy of Hamlet. Now he mumbled awkwardly through lips used to vituperation, "To be or not to be; whether it is noble i' the mind," here memory deserted him, and he continued, "To fight the damn world or go back to my pals?" His pals won.

Decision once made, opportunities always present themselves. In this instance, opportunity assumed the guise of a well-meaning but misdirected old man and a park policeman. The man sat down beside Morley, the policeman sauntered slowly by. Christopher Morley could not find it in his heart to extract the engraved timepiece that he felt was at the end of that twisted chain across the old man's vest, but Lefty Mike came to life, and the park policeman came on the run in response to the quavering cry of the old man; Lefty offered no resistance. This fact might have puzzled the policeman had he thought of it, but park policemen are not paid to think. So, Lefty again stood before a Judge.

This Judge was not unlike his prototype the country over. He expounded the principles of law in an efficiently mechanical manner that caused him to be considered a competent Judge. He dealt out the tragic lives of men according to this statute or that article, so his preëminence was undisputed. But of the heartaches and of the trembling hopes and fears that surged underneath each crime-creased face, he knew nothing. Assuming his voice of authority, he looked at Lefty and handed down his sentence:

"Christopher Morley, *alias* Lefty Mike, you were practically free, for your tracks were well covered. But you, like all of your class, gave up all the world had to offer you and

took a chance of being thrown again with your vile companions. You gave up the chance of a decent life with respected people as though it was of no more value than a bubble blown; but it never fails—‘Once a thief, always a thief.’ Three years to the regular sentence, Mr. Warden.”

Lefty Mike smiled and turned away. Happiness was written on his face. But the Judge saw neither the smile nor the lightened step. Perhaps he was thinking of the necklace which his daughter had that morning asked him to buy. Perhaps he was wondering how to keep the cook from leaving. Christopher Morley, *alias* Lefty Mike, was farthest from his thoughts.



Night Song

EWART W. G. HUFFMAN

I

"Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!"

'Tis night, the moon is high.

"Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!"

Comes this strange and hurried cry

From over the hills,

Sending its trills

To the common passer-by;

Who passes on and seldom hears

The beautiful notes its song reveres,

As it calls night's lullaby!

II

"Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!"

Hark! is't a bird that muttereth so?

"Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!"

Ever thus its call doth go,

As it mourns unseen

In the velvety green,

And the tired day's afterglow.

Stretching itself on a low lichen ledge

By a rocky ridge and a woodland hedge,

Sadly sings and wails in its woe.

III

“Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!”
Such weird, uncanny screams!
“Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!”
Like a sentry in his dreams,
Who thinks he dies,
And strangely cries:—
Then wakes in freed rapturous gleams;
In the deep gloam it sings and brings
A mystic call from a thousand things,
From a million stars and streams.

IV

“Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!”
Brown bird of misery.
“Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!”
The world sends back reply.
Queen of the night
(The dark, dreary night),
In song, make or flight
Yet thou art still a mystery.
Here in loneliness I strolled,
For wild, weird lays and tales untold
(But I heard thy song so bold),
And I could not pass thee by!

L'ENVOI

O here's to the song of the wild, weird bird,
“Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!”
With the strangest notes man ever heard:
“Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!”
Beautiful brown-colored bird;
Wonderful awe-filling bird.
“Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!”

Emilie Rose Knox

W. EDWIN MATTHEWS

There sometimes comes to mere men the clear lilt of the lark rising above the chatter and jangle of sparrows and lesser birds. Such was the song that Emilie Rose Knox translated from a singing soul to strains that surged from her violin that eventful night in Gerrard Hall. I can close my eyes and see her there, her violin tucked 'neath her chin, head tilted slightly back as though in reverie, and the smooth, rythmical rise and fall of her arm as she coaxed the bow across the strings. 'Twas a song—and a picture—that made lesser singers tremble with the things they felt and sit in awe before the expression of something greater than their small souls could contain.

She ran the scale of emotion and sounded every tone. And then, when the recital itself was over, and the crowd had gone outside, she came and stood in the doorway, an Angel or Goddess as you choose. From the frame of aged walls, this picture, this expression of the divine, came down to earth, and "Dear Old Pal of Mine" was *voiced*, was *sung* from the soul that lay within the violin.

Good-byes were said, but the spirit awakened by the singer lived, and I can close these eyes that discern only the material, and back to me there comes the Angel in the Doorway.

THE MAGAZINE

University of North Carolina

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

THE MAGAZINE, University of North Carolina, is published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies. Its object is to gather together what is best in the literary life of the students and give expression to it.

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Editorials



In the past few years the price of athletic equipment has advanced, as has everything else, over a hundred per cent, and to offset this advance there has been no addition whatever to the athletic fee. This means that athletics at the University must suffer as a result of lack of funds. In the past few years certain branches of athletics have suffered at the expense of large expenditures in other branches of athletics. This means, in its strictest sense, the giving of advantage to a few men, and neglecting another group at the expense of the former. This is a simple and obvious fact,

and one that is very unjust and undemocratic, for every man in the University is a member of the Athletic Association, all being assessed the same amount, and all should be given an equal opportunity in any branch of athletics that they see fit to go out for. To remedy this situation, to make athletics at the University what they should be, the student body should see to it that the athletic fee is increased; so as to assure every man of equal opportunity in any branch of athletics in which he wishes to take part.

LITERARY OPPORTUNITIES OF THE LITERARY SOCIETIES

When a man enters the University he is generally presented with two aspects of the literary societies. Some ardent anti-society man is apt to warn a Freshman friend of his to be on guard against the canvassers for Phi and Di candidates, and *not* to join a society. And the next night the canvasser comes along and is met with opposition solid as a stone wall. The canvasser represents the affirmative aspect, but he has almost a hopeless chance to win over a man who has been pumped full of the negative dope, and here is where that man is the loser. Aside from the chance they offer to develop one's speaking ability, the literary societies offer wonderful literary opportunities. THE MAGAZINE was founded by the Di and Phi, and is still supported mainly by them. Each year the whole staff of THE MAGAZINE comes from the two societies, one of them furnishing the editor-in-chief, and the other the business manager in alternate years. Two out of every three years the societies furnish the editor-in-chief of the college annual, the fraternities furnishing the editor-in-chief the third year. Many men of marked literary ability avoid the literary societies, probably running their chances of "making" a fraternity, thus losing the opportunities the societies offer. In the old days every student

was compelled to join one of the two societies, the Eastern men the Phi, and the Western men the Di. This custom is still observed, except that it is not compulsory, but to-day every full-rounded college man should go forth from Carolina a Phi or Di man. These societies are the very guardians of the spirit of the college. The cracked walls, the worn seats, the faded curtains of the society halls seem to breathe the essence of the old culture and refinement and chivalry. There is literary inspiration in the portraits of the great men on the walls, in the light itself that so softly plays over the old rooms. The spirit of all that is best in the college is found in the two society halls, and thus, I say, do the societies furnish the literary man both with inspiration and an outlet for his genius.

D. D. TOPPING.

ENDOWMENT CAMPAIGNS BOON TO EDUCATION

Confidence that the three endowment fund campaigns of their universities would not only bring in the needed money for increased teachers, salaries, and new equipment, but would mark a period of enlightenment of the public on the cause of education, has been expressed by the presidents of Harvard, Cornell, and Princeton at a reception and meeting of team workers held at the Harvard Club by the women's committee of the New York Harvard drive.

About five hundred people, mostly women interested in the endowment campaigns, heard Presidents Lowell, Hibben, and Schurman deliver their pleas for the teacher and the college, and heard the three different angles of the critical situation now facing endowed institutions of higher education. A feature of the messages was the sounding of the keynote of preparedness against Bolshevism, appealing for strong universities to combat the evils of radicalism with knowledge and sound teaching.

Eliot Wadsworth, chairman of the Harvard Fund, presided, and in introducing the speakers pointed out that through every crisis there is one guiding beacon that never dims, the beacon of education. The light of learning has always shined brightly, he declared, and must always, for, without the university, the country would not be where it is to-day; for we would be without doctors, lawyers, engineers, and all the leaders trained in the arts and sciences. He maintained that the low standard of pay set for teachers threatens the profession of teaching in its growth and its influence.

President Jacob Gould Schurman, of Cornell University, declared that in the past it has been the custom of wealthy alumni to contribute funds for buildings or to maintain scholarships for needy students. Nowadays, he said, the public is coming to realize that the soul of the university is its faculty. As the salary scale now stands, the faculties are being depleted, for hosts of young men with a real interest in learning are being literally "scared away" from teaching by the specter of starvation. In the future, unless the salary scale is changed, we shall have either a faculty of rich men only, or a faculty of men of mediocre ability. Radicalism, he pointed out, must be met by knowledge, and facts, and reason, and he maintained that the colleges are the country's greatest bulwark against Bolshevism and all that it means.

President John Grier Hibben, of Princeton, pointed out to the audience, as mothers and fathers, that the college takes over the training of the country's youth at the most critical stage in its growth, and that it is therefore necessary to have none but the very best standard of instruction. He predicted that the three campaigns of Harvard, Princeton, and Cornell would not only bring in the necessary money, but would mark a period of general enlightenment in the

cause of higher education. All that is needed to make all three drives a success, he said, is that the imagination of the public be awakened. He declared that the success of these first few campaigns would act as a tremendous stimulus for others which follow.

Would it not be proper and fitting for our University, which has outgrown its present equipment, to be the first of all Southern Universities to take this forward step, for the sake of education; for the sake of Carolina and the University that we love?

NEWSPAPERS AND THE CAROLINA MAN

Hard-earned victory always brings its pleasant sensations, and Carolina men are apt to have a feeling of pride because of our football victory. The average college student of somewhat an analytical bent realizes that victory is an outcome of many causes. It is a well-known fact that eleven men did not win the Thanksgiving game. The team itself would justly repudiate any attempts to make its members the sole heroes of the hour. What, then, was responsible for our victory?

The State, the alumni, and the University body can answer that question in clarion tones. The team can also tell you. And don't let anybody try to convince you that the Carolina spirit was not in that fight.

An efficient, well-oiled football machine can only be created by strenuous effort. To call such a team his team is a privilege for every Carolina student. And every privilege involves a like obligation. Carolina students bravely, cheerfully, nobly, met this obligation and victory was the result. But during every flush of victory we must hesitate, if our victories are really to mean something. We met this obligation. How are we meeting our other obligations?

The welfare of the State depends upon the quality of its citizenship. The privilege of attending a state university demands certain obligations. And Carolina students are not supporting that state obligation in the same thorough manner that they met their team obligation.

The necessity for clear thinking is more paramount to-day than ever before. The whole country is undergoing a reaction, and vital problems, which must be solved if this nation is to endure, are being thrust upon us. These problems are presented through our newspapers, and very few Carolina men read newspapers. Therein lies the rub.

There is a probability that many people will suffer this winter because of the coal strike. Many coal miners in this country belong to the foreign element, but they are allowed the privilege of American citizenship. Are they properly meeting American obligations which spring from this citizenship? As a college man, what opinion have you formed?

The coal strike is not the only problem that confronts us. Our troubles are as variegated as the colors of Jacob's coat, and they are all crying for solution. We can not dodge them. If they are not met now, they must of a necessity be met later.

Carolina men have shown that they know how to meet certain obligations. Citizenship duties are more vital than ever before, and the world is expecting the college man to meet these obligations. It is our heritage that we will not fail to shoulder our proper tasks. We will read newspapers!

PHILLIP HETTMAN.

TAKING INVENTORY

Do you realize, fellows, that one-third of our year's work is over? The Fall Term's advantages are gone. We have either failed or won. Whether the former or the latter, we

will do well to recount the actions, look back over our daily life for the last three months. Just wherein have we failed? Or where have we made a stride that has carried us over the "goal-line"?

But let's don't make the mistake, too often made, of becoming despondent over a "6" that we have made. In the words of Parson Moss, "Let's absorb that '6'. Let's grow through it and profit by our mistakes." The good sport doesn't complain and lay blame on his professor, or say it is just hard luck. But he grits his teeth and determines that it will not happen again.

One of the advantages of our Quarter System, which we have already come to appreciate, is that we may stop just now and look at ourselves. For that is all an examination is anyway. We may go to our homes free, with no past work hanging over our heads. But before we go, we are going to make up our minds that the Second Quarter will be better than the first. That it will mean more to each of us and to the University as a whole.

Fellows, when you have made that decision and have gotten it already into your system—if it has burnt its way into you through the instrumentalities of a "5" or "6"—then forget the last quarter, go home and spend a pleasant vacation, and last of all, come back with that determination crystalized into an eagerness for actual work. Tell the folks at home that you have just found yourself and that from now on they are going to have good reports from you.

C. W. PHILLIPS.

Night

W. EDWIN MATTHEWS

Day fades, glides away;
Night lowers a heavy mantle,
Cattle mill restlessly around.
In a tree a lone bird
Chirps.
Dusk deepens, softening lights
Fade and glimmer.
A cricket strikes a monotone,
Humming shrilly.
The crunching step of some traveler
Late in passing
Stirs a dog who shatters the quiet
With energetic barking.
It passes, all grows still again.
Now crickets break the silence,
Piping insistent cries.
Rabbits play about in a field
Lighted by the moon.
Through bordering bushes peer foxes
Warily.
A shadow glides terrifyingly
Across the moon,
Causing the rabbits to freeze
Stiffly.
Night's mystery gives nature
Life;
Men roll restlessly,
And murmur in their
Sleep.

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The
MAGAZINE

University of North Carolina



NEOPHYTE NUMBER

February, 1920

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9:50 A. M.

12:40 P. M.

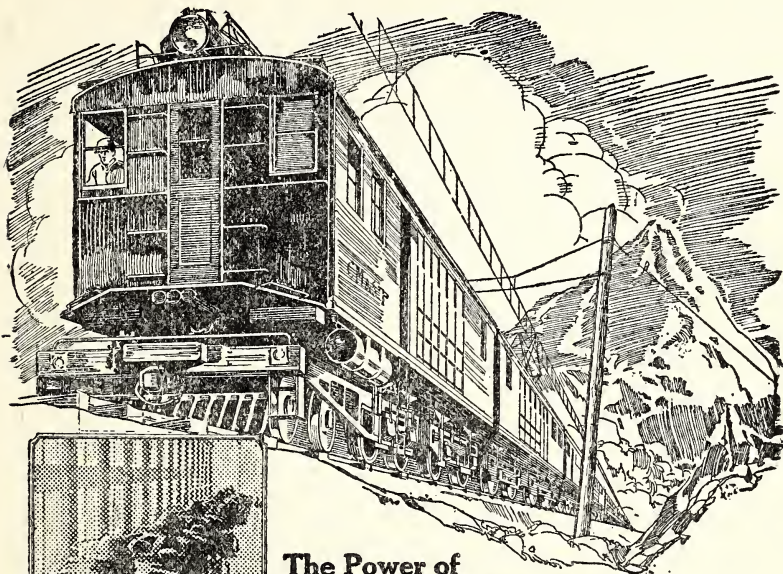
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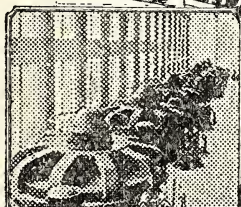
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THE MAGAZINE

University of North Carolina
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

OLD SERIES VOL. 50

NUMBER 3

NEW SERIES VOL. 37

[FEBRUARY]

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A New Year Prayer

“Men are agonizing over passion and prejudice, both real and stemming injustice and inequality, and the blackness of despair would settle over our land were it not that faith, hope and charity still abide—faith that a deeper knowledge of the wisdom of our institutions will be imparted to every son and daughter of the republic; hope that more and more all men will turn from the contemplation of their rights to a consideration of their duties, and charity for all who are not vicious, but who, through stress of circumstances, have become embittered.

God of our fathers, take from us, if Thou wilt, material prosperity and national glory, but give us individually and collectively all the years to come faith, hope and charity.”

THE MAGAZINE

University of North Carolina
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

OLD SERIES VOL. 50

NUMBER 3

NEW SERIES VOL. 37

The Common Herd

WILLIAM D. HARRIS

Do not think that this title is chosen in any spirit of snobbish or supercilious aloofness. It is but to emphasize our indignation at any revolt from the present-day trend of leveling. It seems that we are in an era where the great mountain peaks of mankind—the Pitts, the Washingtons, the Websters, the Calhouns, the Carlyles, and the Lees—have been submerged under what might be termed the sea of mediocrity. It is no longer popular to be great, to thrust one's head above the common level is treason against the proletariat. Down with individualism! Long live the Soviet! Wave the red flag! Down with the law! These are evils significant of the present state of affairs.

But no one need be unduly pessimistic; especially should an American not be pessimistic. When the melting pot is heated the scum rises to the top. The time of cooling will soon set in. The normal status of sanity will be resumed. We do not mean to state that the great cataclysm brought about by the world-war has not changed standards and conditions—or, at least, has made modifications. But in spite of wars and everything else, human beings continue to be Human Beings. The normal status of security and order, modified by the influence of recent world events, will presently be attained. Especially is this true in Anglo-Saxon

countries. For with all of his restless energy and love of adventure, the Anglo-Saxon is a lover of law and order. But he reserves to himself certain inalienable rights that he will not part with for the sake of the proletariat, the Soviet, or "Holy" (?) Russia. This spirit of our race is our salvation, in these Bolsheviki times, when sallow-faced parlor debauchees and bewhiskered I. W. W.'s are preaching communism, sabotage, and revolution.

The system of private property is the result of man's progress in the pathway of civilization. The earliest, most savage tribes known to students of history were the communists. The flocks, weapons of war, and even the women and children were the property of the tribe. Communism rampant! As mankind improved in the tedious, hard school of experience, the system of private property was gradually evolved. Members of the tribe by virtue of possession began to lay claim to ownership of flocks, of weapons, and of wives. Slowly through the ages the idea of regard for others' rights made way. The right of property, the basis of modern civilization, was made sure.

Attacks upon this institution form the basis of all the "Red" agitation of an era. The ignorant, slothful, and depraved, who know not that the greatest good to all is to be attained through the ages-proved methods of man, are in their blindness attempting to reform this old world in a twinkling of the eye. What they would have—were their efforts successful—is a reversion to the tribal communism of thousands of years ago. Witness Russia to-day, where women *are the property of the state!*

The institution of private property will stand. Individualism will not succumb to the inroads of communism. It will not be the old "laissez-faire" individualism. There will be more and more of the humanitarian element. This will strengthen individualism that bears a proper relation to

others, to the community. A nation of independent, liberty-loving individuals—as we are—will not be stampeded into communism. If we mistake not, a reaction from the communistic trend has already set in.

We believe in a world safe for democracy. But a democracy, as our race conceives it, respects the rights of the individual and gives him opportunity to cultivate his capacities—for the ultimate good of the whole. But this is no time for easy-going tolerance, for temporizing with red-shirt radicals. The great tradition of ordered liberty and progress is our proudest, most precious heritage. We refuse to be forced to the level of the common herd. We are human beings with God-given attributes and rights. We are not animals to be corralled by Russian or Prussian communism. We cling to the political and social philosophy of an Anglo-Saxon ancestry. We have not that individual cowardice and spirit of shirking which tends to communism. 'Tis man's God-given duty and privilege to work out his own destiny.

The individual should regard the welfare of the community, but there must and will be a due recognition of the individual's rights to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Edward Kidder Graham: Teacher and Interpreter of Modern Citizenship*

LOUIS R. WILSON

In 1909, in an address delivered before the North Carolina Teachers' Assembly on "The Teacher and Modern Democracy," Edward Kidder Graham, then professor of English at the University, employed these significant words:

"The best teacher I ever had, I think, the one that brought me to myself and took me out of the ranks of the 'undesirables,' was a man who knew less than any teacher I ever had. He did not know enough to 'work' 9th grade arithmetic, or translate the fables in Harkness' first Latin book; yet he gave to every boy in his room the ideal of liberal citizenship for his possession, and the ambition to make the most of himself for the sake of the State."

Again, in 1911, as Dean of the College of Liberal Arts, in an essay entitled, "A North Carolina Teacher," written in loving appreciation of his former teacher, the late Professor Thomas Hume, he challenged a statement of Professor Barrett Wendell, of Harvard University, in these significant words: "He is a sadly astray guide who calls teaching 'a sterile field.' That will not be true until pliable humanity is worn down to a breed of barren metal. Experience reveals a different display of facts. Few of the achievements of men have been solitary triumphs. They were first laid with words of grateful discipleship at the feet of some teacher."

Again, in 1914, in his inaugural address, when he was assuming in solemn assembly the high duties of the first

*Read before the North Carolina State Literary and Historical Association, Raleigh, N. C., November 22d.

teacher of the State, and as such was making clear the function of the institution over which he had been called to preside, he said: "The professions of law, medicine, the ministry, journalism, commerce, and the rest are essential to the upbuilding of a democratic commonwealth; but they must be interpreted, not as adventures in selfish advancement, but as enterprises in constructive statesmanship, liberating both the state and the man. It is the function of the university, not only to train men in the technique of the law, but to lift them to a higher level of achievement by making them living epistles of social justice; not only to make clever practitioners of medicine, but to lift them into conservators of the public health; not merely to train teachers in the facts and methods of education, but"—your attention is particularly directed to this sentiment—"but to fire them with the conviction that they are the productive creators of a new civilization."

And, still again, in the tense autumn of 1917, to his fellow-teachers in annual assembly, after America had taken up the gauge of battle in defense of human liberty, and looking with rare penetration beyond the vale of bitter conflict to the present hour of victory, he said: "We are to form after this war, as men have after every great human upheaval, a new concept of what it means to be a good man and a good citizen.

"The need of the world for intelligent and sympathetic leadership that constitutes the distinctive service of teaching makes freshly luminous the great and joyous job we have to do in the world, and gives to us a new inspiration for doing it superlatively well.

"The world is unifying itself in this terrible ordeal of fire to write, not for us alone, but for all mankind, a new chapter in progress in new terms of the divine nature of human life, through which, under God, we shall have a new birth of material and spiritual freedom. And of this, that is nothing

less than a new center of gravity of all human conduct, the priest and prophet of democracy, whether peaceful or militant, is the teacher in the schools of the nation."

These terse sentences, ladies and gentlemen, taken from four notable addresses delivered within the the decade 1909-1918, in which Graham's genius for leadership and rare eloquence fired the imagination of the State and gripped the thinking of the nation, set forth in focal light the high ideal that he cherished for himself—that of becoming in full truth teacher and interpreter of the larger citizenship. They reveal the heart of the great matter at which he wrought from the time he received the priceless possession from the hands of his unlettered teacher until in the full flower of his strength he was called to pass in on to other hands.

It is to the development of this theme, therefore, this conception of the teacher-interpreter, and to the applications which he made of it in his notable career as educational statesman, that I shall devote myself in the moments you have so generously given me as your representative on this occasion to pay tribute to his high service.

Graham was no believer in what he was pleased to style the "pouring in" process of teaching, the process of presenting the data of learning without fusing it with life and spirit. To know the date at which Shakespeare wrote "The Tempest," or to be familiar with the legendary sources from which the Hamlet story was drawn, were not for him the essentials in the study of the master dramatist. To teach these wonderful plays in this spiritless, routine way was to miss the enchanting beauty of the one, and leave the Hamlet out of the other. On the contrary he held that instructor to be most of worth who utilized the media of instruction, whether the classics, the applied sciences, or vocational subjects, as agencies by means of which the student found himself. The mastery of the body of facts involved was essential,

to be sure, but not the highest end. In his classroom he taught his students English literature, but while doing this the real objective which he had in mind was not that his pupils should acquire the data of literature, but its spirit; not that he should so drill them that they might pass the examinations set, but that in the light of new and higher standards first seen in the illumined page of some master spirit, they might so examine and discipline and relate themselves to the task of the hour as to learn the fine art of true living. In 1915, in an address to the student body at the opening of the University, he summarized his thought as to where instruction and training should lead in these words:

“No student is truly trained unless he has learned to do pleasantly, and promptly, and with clear-cut accuracy every task he has obligated himself to do; . . . unless he puts into his work his own personal curiosities and opens his faculties to a lively and original interest in his work that leads him to test for himself what he is told; . . . unless he gets from his contact with the master spirits of the race those qualities of taste and behavior and standards of judgment that constitute a true gentleman; . . . unless he realizes that he does not live to himself alone, but is a part of an organic community life that is the source of most of the privileges he enjoys.” Continuing the theme a year later to another incoming class, and phrasing it differently, he said: “To become a true University man . . . does not mean the abandonment of any legitimate sort of happiness whatever, nor the loss of any freedom. The adventure of discovering and liberating one’s mind, far from being a dull and dreary performance, is the most thrilling of all youthful adventures. There is no question of self-punishment or external discipline, but only the freedom of becoming one’s own master, instead of a slave to the tyranny of one’s low and cheap desires. To come into this insight is to see this

organized discovery of the mind that we call education, not as learning, but as a love of knowledge; not as a matter of being industrious, but of loving industry; not as a matter of giving us a good start toward a middle-age success, but to enable us to keep growing, and so lay hold on the eternal spring of life."

Graham was an idealist in the truest sense. But he was also a pragmatist remarkably successful in combining his ideals in a program in which they could be realized. As such, he was not merely content to present ideals to his students, to interpret for them the finer things of the spirit, to point the way to larger citizenship. He went a step further and demonstrated the way by which they could begin to realize their ideals for themselves. He solved this problem, which to most teachers proves a stone of offense, by calling upon the student body to become a self-governing group, to put the ideal of good citizenship to work on their own campus; to discover for themselves the relationships which they should sustain to the University and to one another, and then so safeguard and respect them as to perfect and make workable the democracy which they constituted—a thing which, under his inspirational guidance, so challenged their imagination and hearts as to result in the disappearance of prodding discipline and the establishment of ideal standards of student conduct. He began by presenting to his students the facts of literature. His task was ended only when at some later day there stood before him the self-discovered, self-disciplined, self-governing student-citizen-to-be.

Graham's conception of the function of the University—a conception which won for him immediate recognition as a new type of virile constructive educational leader—was of the same sort. He conceived of it as an aggregate of teachers and interpreters fused into the State's chief instrument, not merely for assisting local students in acquiring a body of

learning and finding themselves, but also for carrying truth to every citizen of the commonwealth. He would have it not only carry information to those who sought it, but through the information thus carried would so enrich the inner life of those to whom the truth was borne that they would find their chief happiness in making the common good more widely prevail.

Graham's program for the schools and colleges of the nation during the stress of war was similar. The war simply clarified and intensified his conception of their task. Their function had always been to furnish men ideals by which to live, and, if need be, die. In the nation's supreme ordeal of fire it was the same. This was their birthright and most sacred duty. Theirs, above all others, was the coveted privilege of posting on the lintels of the nation the undying principles of justice, freedom, and brotherhood for which America has stood, and for which, in the face of fire and sword, and death, she would ever stand. In three moving addresses delivered during the war period before teacher audiences—"Certain War-Time Duties of Teachers," "Patriotism and the Schools," "The American University and the New Nationalism"—he proclaimed them the sources of morale, the deep springs of spirit and sublime faith through which the youth of America destined for the fields of France would prove equal to their task. So firm was his convictions that this was the high privilege of American colleges, and so confident was he that his Alma Mater had availed herself of it and had made spirit vital in the hearts of her sons; so confident was he of this, it was possible for him, on an October morning forever memorable in the annals of American education, to say to his soldier-students—our sons and brothers: "The spirit of this campus, the spirit of our State and country, the spirit of the world to-day assure to us the

continuing courage and complete devotion that will bring to a glorious fulfillment the noblest adventure that ever called to the aspiring spirit of youth."

Extending this theory of instruction beyond the walls of the schoolroom, or college, or university, where students under skilled guidance could be led to the discovery of themselves, President Graham, in notable addresses before this association, the North Carolina Social Conference, the Teachers' Assembly, the American Bankers' Association, and other State and national organizations, carried the same message to banker, and editor, and lawyer, and farmer. Again and again he called upon men in all professions and all callings to make the discovery of themselves through their work, even though that work was infinitely removed from the classroom. From a hundred platforms, and with compelling eloquence, he urged them to consider their tasks in all their relations to the public welfare; for achievement in medicine, achievement in banking, achievement in agriculture, touched with fine feeling and accompanied by a genuine desire to find truth, he held, becomes culture and leads to the true art of living, to perfect citizenship. The Apostle Paul, in the Epistle to the Hebrews, declared that the law had been given to serve as schoolmaster to prepare men for the new and better dispensation. Edward Kidder Graham, in that remarkably illuminating essay, "Culture and Commercialism," declared with gripping conviction, that work, that achievement, that the daily task, when approached with open mind and sincere heart, become the teacher, the interpreter of the higher life, the larger citizenship; and the numerous addresses following it, such as "Culture, Agriculture, and Citizenship," "Higher Education and Business," "Banking and the Larger Citizenship," "Prosperity and Patriotism," and the call to North Carolina to spend a week in the study of civic problems, were but applications of this fundamental

principle to specific cases. This, ladies and gentlemen, was the message he brought to the classroom and the campus of the University; this was the gospel of sweetness and light to the furtherance of which he brought the quickening power of his magnetic personality and the resources of the State's great democratic institution. And this is the vineyard in which he would have us go work to-day.

Ladies and gentlemen, I have not set down in this memorial record any of the data of Graham's brilliant career: of his life as a student on the campus, of his distinctive service as professor and dean, of the high position in the sisterhood of American universities to which he brought his Alma Mater, and of the significant recognition he quickly won in the field of national leadership. I have not spoken of his inspiring personality, or of those radiant qualities of mind and heart by which he drew and bound men to him as with cords of steel; or of the glow of comprehending friendship felt by those who shared with him the joyous companionship of his fireside. Nor have I referred, except by inference, to the fervor of his eloquence by which he moved the hearts of men, or to his deft skill in words with which he clothed his thought. And until now I have left unnoted, except in casual way, the all-too-compressed sheaf of essays and occasional papers which came from his pen in leisure hours—such as "The Poetry of John Charles McNeil," "A North Carolina Teacher," "The Essays of Dr. Crothers," "The Reading of Children," "The Greatness of Two Great Men," "Happiness"—papers characterized by grace and playful humorousness of style, the counterpart of his more militant mood, and expressive of his fine spirituality and large *humanhood*.

Since his death, other members of this association, from various platforms and through publications of wide circulation, have paid loving tribute to him as teacher, executive, interpreter of culture and democracy, as leader in State and

nation, as speaker and writer of virile power, and as radiant personality and inspirer of men. Furthermore, yours has been the fortune, as well as mine, to walk with him, teacher and interpreter of the citizenship of the new day, in joyous comradeship, and you, as well as I, know how far short words fail to portray the values of a life which can best be described in terms of spirit or pure flame. Therefore, I have held myself to the strict limitations assigned me by your Secretary. And so, in this tense hour, this time of turmoil and pregnant flux, when men, for personal or class advantage, forget the relations of their tasks to the public welfare; this moment of the nation's peril when clear-visioned leaders such as he are required to catch up and bear aloft the torch now fallen from his hands, I would remind us of the teacher he found worthy of highest honor—the teacher who could not work the problems of 9th grade arithmetic or translate the simplest Latin fables, but sent every one of his pupils out into life with an ideal of citizenship and an ambition to be and do something worth while for the State. In this moment when we seek to pay honor to his memory here where he served us and his State and country, I would remind us of the great lesson which he, as the teacher and interpreter of the larger citizenship, would have us learn, and to which, in these clear, ringing words, he called us:

“Where shall we begin this necessary task of realizing our dream of commonwealth that will be satisfied with nothing less than the common weal of all? Where, but here and now? Nothing can act but where it is. Our greatest lesson is to learn that these streets and stores and fields—the earth and the sky in all of their daily manifestations—are but ‘folds across the face of God’; that the ‘Thy will’ for which we daily pray will be done here and now or nowhere; and that agriculture, business, freedom, education, and religion are but instruments in our hands for finding the common God in the common good and making His will prevail.”

Religion and the College Campus

WILLIAM H. ANDREWS, JR.

Most boys before going to college live what is termed a religious life. They are brought up in their home communities under the supervision of their parents. A large number become members of some church at an age when they hardly know what a church is, or what is the function of the church in one's spiritual life. They are sent to church by their parents until they reach the age that they go either because they feel the need of religion in their lives, or to keep up their good social standing in the community.

This method stresses the form of religion, and neglects its real bigness; for religion is bigger than any form.

These boys are sent from such communities to colleges where there is a great amount of freedom. They are no longer compelled to follow the old forms, and are not even required to attend church. In fact, the old method is all discarded entirely. They are told that religion is bigger than any form—that it is life; but they are unable to understand such a statement, never having looked at religion in this light—they need to be grown to such an idea. As a result, a large number become indifferent about church attendance; they do not feel any direct connection to their college church, and so feel no responsibility to it. Unless there is some special effort to line them up they gradually drift away and finally become very individualistic. They begin to put their own, and sometimes very wrong, interpretation on religion, and by the time they have reached their Junior year they have very narrow views, or none at all.

Some have curiosity enough to take a course in philosophy or religion. As a rule they go on class with a doubtful or a

criticizing mind and try to pick flaws in the lecture. As a result, very often the lecture is misinterpreted and the student goes away really worse than he was when he went on. He then calls the courses a foggy; takes no more, and goes away with his mind contaminated with a lot of misinformation.

Religion is more than learning a lot of facts about who the Good Samaritan was, or how many wives Abraham had, or if Jesus ever mashed his finger. Religion is living an abundant life. In the words of Dr. Eddy, "It's not how to make a living, but how to make a life." Each one of us are little Christs, or we have Christ possibilities in us. The fuller life we live the more we put to work that dominant power.

The Carolina campus has that fine spirit. We have absorbed it into what we call our Carolina Spirit—that's what makes it so fine. It is, then, essential that the fine religious spirit be felt more keenly on the campus. If it grows the Carolina Spirit will grow, if it does not the Carolina Spirit is sure to rot.

One of the most effective ways to raise the religious standards of the campus is to have a general course in religion open to all classes. It should be voluntary—for to impose it upon any one would destroy the spirit in which it is given—and should be credited towards any degree. The advantages of such a course are too numerous to relate. It is a course the need of which is felt on the campus, and the State and the University authorities should be interested enough to give it a trial.

Love and Friendship

J. B. STRATTON

I

The birds, when winter shades the sky,
Fly o'er the seas away,
Where laughing isles in sunshine lie,
And summer breezes play! .

II

And thus the friends that flutter near
While fortune's sun is warm,
Are startled if clouds appear,
And fly before the storm!



He Believed in Signs

J. W. LOVE

A sign is a little thing, but it often causes a lot of excitement, trouble, happiness, bank failures, mad-cap adventures, and indigestion. The one which hung over Bill's desk was a small, inoffensive little card, about six inches square, with this not very astounding assertion printed upon it: "It can be done." Bill believed in that sign. He believed in it like some men believe in the Democratic nominees, and others believe in wearing overshoes. He believed; blindly, perhaps, but truly and whole-heartedly.

Bill was a salesman. The sign was the secret of his success. In every sense of the word and under all conditions he was a true salesman. Like great wealth, curly hair, and a love for olives, some have this ability wished upon them, others acquire it by stealth, and a few are born with it. Bill's embraced him affectionately on his natal morn. And the peculiar thing about it was that it wasn't confined to any particular article, or to any section of the world, or to any race, whatever previous condition of servitude. I honestly believe that boy could have sold electric fans to the languishing Esquimaux, or dancing pumps to the wild and woolly Nigorote.

His parents christened him William Brook Percival Buchanan, but time and a hardy physique helped him live it down. In school the kids began calling him Bill and it stuck, much to his relief. At the tender age of eight he surprised the family by leading home a goodly-sized Holstein calf that he had swapped for a bull terrier, eighty-one cents in money, a pocket full of marbles, and a large, rusty revolver with the

hammer broken off. The family made him return the calf. After that Bill never really trusted his family and he always kept his good bargains a secret.

Twenty-one, the time we interrupt Bill's hitherto happy life, found him with the International Insurance Co., home office, New York; branches in London, Paris, Cairo, Bangkok, etc., etc. He was selling insurance, selling it as though it were options on the corner lots in Paradise. He turned into a statistics hound, too, the sign said it could be done, and he knew many interesting facts: how many canary birds over the age of six were sure to die next year, and how soon the female of the species was destined for false teeth and low-heeled shoes. He could tell your height in your holeproofs to one-sixteenth of an inch, and he knew the true meaning of an ingrowing love for apple dumplings on the digestion.

"Alas! alas!" as Confucius remarked, "a lot of learning is a dangerous thing." And so it is. Bill, without quite knowing how, or understanding why, developed a hobby. It was a sort of combined attack of golf, pinochle, and toothache, only worse. Bill was collecting anoura. And anoura, be it known, is scientific slang for what the rest of the world knows as toadfrogs, bullfrogs, common garden variety of frogs, and amphibia in general. Bill collected them dispassionately—alive, dead, skeleton, whole, or in part. They fascinated him. He read about them, talked about them, dreamed pleasant dreams about them, and traveled miles in order to hear some one else talk about them.

One morning the President of the International, Mr. Brumbaugh, was surprised to hear Bill announced. Bill rarely ever saw the head of the company for which he sold over a million and a half dollars worth of insurance each year. He went straight to the point of the interview.

"Mr. Brumbaugh, I want to take a vacation," he said. "It may be a month or it may be a year. But I promise to return to you just as soon as the mission on which I am going is finished."

Brumbaugh never served a term as diplomat, but he could have qualified at any time. He told Bill to stay as long as he liked and to have the time of his life. He knew how to handle men of Bill's class, and he earned his salary; anyway, he suspected a honeymoon trip was the real cause. Bill thanked him, and departed thinking of his sign. He was in high glee. Now he would have time to investigate certain things for himself.

He packed that same morning. He packed man fashion—opening a small trunk he threw in various things, a hunting suit, two pairs of leggins, a razor, a full dress with high hat, a pair of boots, two very loud neckties, and a sundry assortment of collars, shirts, and shoes. On top he placed a small steel mirror, and the job was done. He intended to carry his specimen box, fountain-pen, and revolver with him.

Now while Bill is sailing for Somoa, let us explain the object of his trip. Somebody once said that money was the root of all evil, but that is only partially true. Another entry has been found, and its name is Desire. Bill didn't want money, anybody with twenty cents worth of get-up-and-push could get that, what he wanted was something rare. He wanted a specimen of the exceedingly rare "*Gigantis cornus*," one of the *Labyrinthodons*, now almost extinct, like the great auk, the five-cent cigar, and derby hats. He wanted it badly and there was the sign to back him up. Nobody he had ever seen had one, yet; he had a hunch that on the island of Niue, which is quite a place lying about five hundred miles south of Somoa, there were a few. So to Niue he was going.

Arriving at Somoa, after suffering for six weeks from an exceedingly poor appetite, and a disease which resembled going down in an express elevator, falling down a well, and St. Vitus' dance, Bill chartered a small schooner. The skipper was a Malay who rejoiced in the name of

Brandoloconti, a bandana handkerchief, a pair of tennis shoes, freedom of speech and drink, and a smile. His clothes were a negligible quantity. For the sum of one dollar and nine cents, no peace tax charged, he would have guaranteed to carry you to any place this side of the moon. He agreed to carry Bill to Niue, furnish food, crew, boat, good luck, and most of the comforts of home, for a trifle I am ashamed to mention.

Preparations were completed, nobody was robbed, killed, or shanghaied, which is in itself quite novel. Both parties fulfilled the contract and in three weeks Bill had his island pointed out to him. To tell the truth it wasn't much to look at, but Bill remembered the sign, and he wanted a "Gigantis cornus." He had Brandoloconti put him in a boat, load it with a few necessities, his trunk, and made that gentleman promise to return for him in seven weeks. In order to be sure that Brandoloconti would return, he withheld part of the money due him. We might say that Brandoloconti had no wish to go ashore. He knew the island's reputation. The other islanders in that section called it Haunt of Ten Thousand Devils, and the skipper believed in signs, too. The name Niue being translated means Savage, and, excepting Bill, everybody guessed they could manage to stagger along under the burden of existence without visiting Niue.

With the possible exception of a futurist painter, nobody could have called the island beautiful. It looked like its name. For the first two days Bill had the place to himself. At least business wasn't rushing. He had leaned the boat against a rock, and with his trunk had formed a shelter. Several billion mosquitoes suddenly developed an unquenchable thirst for blood, and strange turtles chose his boat for a trysting place or a permanent shelter. Bill was delighted with the prospects. Things he had never believed alive came

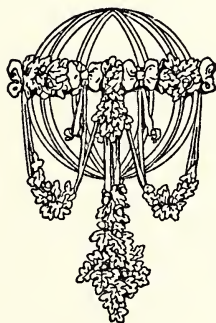
and sat beside him: peculiar snails, strange snakes, and lovely lizards sought him as friend and boon companion.

The natives, who finally grew bold, troubled Bill not at all. He talked with them in the sign language, at which he was fast becoming a past master. He collected specimens, and collected, but no sign of the "*Gigantis cornus*." He had his specimen box full long ago, and half his clothes were scattered to the sands to make room for frogs. The village head chief or ward boss took a fancy to Bill, and sold Bill two wives and a goat for his high hat. The high priest Bill easily won by adorning him with the silk vest of his full-dress suit. But no one had a "*Gigantis cornus*."

At the end of four weeks Bill was made assistant King, by presenting his Majesty, whose name was Bobo, with an umbrella. With this his Majesty's cup of joy overflowed. Literally, Bill was master of a people. Yet, of the four thousand specimens he had, no "*Gigantis cornus*" with eight legs lay in his hand. His honors were as dust.

The seventh week his Majesty declared a holiday and ordered the island searched for a specimen of the "*Gigantis cornus*," the toad with six horns. Functions were given in Bill's honor, feast after feast was held. At one meeting the Queen appeared with Bill's razor in her ear. She wanted to give him another wife for it, but Bill was forced to decline. The high priest prophesied that Bill would be successful in his search, yet no "*Gigantis cornus*," the frog with the duck bill, appeared. On the day of his departure, all the people wept, and the king made a long speech, and gave Bill a small box tied with a strong grass before he departed. He made the now heart-broken scientist promise not to open it until he reached home. No accidents marred the leave taking, except that one of Bill's wives broke down when he was forced to inform her that she could not go with him.

Back home again, Bill unpacked his four thousand six hundred and forty-two anoura, now sure that he had the greatest collection in the world. He remembered the box tied with grass, and, without any Pandora-like exertions, opened it. There lay within, what do you think? A fine specimen of "*Gigantis cornus*," the frog with the rainbow colors; not at all. That genus of *Labyrinthodons* went out of business at the old stand eight hundred years ago. In that box was a pearl, just about the size of a walnut.



When I Go Home

W. E. HORNER

An understanding father, a fond mother, a gibing sister, a cordial boy friend, a bubbling girl friend, a "proud but sneery" crowd of boys—these are some of the people I encounter when I go home.

My father is sympathetic and understanding. He realizes what I am going up against; and is desirous of helping me all he can—even in money matters, which, alas! has been the ever-recurring theme of my letters. He takes me out, and we have a heart-to-heart talk such as only fathers and sons can have. He questions me; he advises me; he exhorts me; he encourages me; and, when I leave him, I feel infinitely better able to face the world for having talked with him.

Love and pride radiates from my mother when she sees me. She supplies everything which my father does not. She prepares delectable things to eat—and he who boards at Swain Hall will testify that good things to eat are as welcome to him as water is to a man on the desert; she asks me about the grades I am getting on my studies; she asks me whether I have been to church and Sunday school; she asks me if I have cover enough for my bed; in short, she asks the things which only a mother can understand and think of.

To understand my sister is something of a problem. She makes fun of the way I part my hair; she speaks of the appearance of my face in no uncertain way; she casually mentions the fact that such and such a boy has been to see my best girl during my absence; but, underneath all this raillery, there lies the good-fellowship and understanding of a loving sister.

"How do you like the Hill; have you a good roommate; are you passing your work all right; how are they treating Freshmen this year; do you get good board?" These and a score of other like questions are fired at me by my best boy friend, who is really glad to see me. He, too, understands my problems, and after a talk with him I feel as if I had been making mountains out of my mole-hills.

The spirits of my best girl friend are bubbling over when she sees me—but wait!—is it the box which she espies under my arm which makes her (seem) so glad to see me? One never knows. Presuming that it is ME she is glad to see, I proceed to hand her the box of candy. Following the age-old custom, she gives me the first piece from the box; then, taking one herself, she proceeds to discuss a long and varied list of subjects. She asks me how many girls I know in Chapel Hill; demands the reason for my waiting a whole day before answering her last letter; wants to know if I am acquainted with Chauncey Charles, a third cousin of a friend of one of her girl friends; doubts my veracity when I tell her that I have not been to a single dance since coming to Chapel Hill. The question finally resolves itself in my mind as to whether she is "joshing" me, or whether she has a real, honest thought about me occasionally.

Of all the people I have to face, the "bunch" at the drug store is the hardest. They are no respecters of my feelings, but take delight in embarrassing me. "Look at it, fellows," says one, "all fresh from the distant halls of learning." Another, "I'll bet she is parting her hair in the middle," and when it is discovered that I am guilty of this heinous sin, every one who comes in must be shown this eighth wonder of the world. Another expresses his creed in the declaration that every person who ever gets a "dope" in that drug store will eventually wend his way to its doors and soda fountain again. After the mirth and hilarity has subsided,

however, we talk more seriously. They tell me they are glad to see me; express their regret because I did not see the fight between "Dinky" and "Slim" last Thursday; apprise me in a confidential tone of what they are going to do next Friday night; inform me that my friend, Walter, has purchased a Ford and is now "hitting the high spots"; and impart to me the heart-rending information that chocolate-milks are now fifteen cents.

I like to go home; I enjoy seeing and talking with everybody; I prize the conversations with homefolks and friends; I delight in the good-natured "chaff" of "the boys"; and I feel better able to do things when I come back to school.



The Key

G. B. PORTER

There was trouble in Elliston. The workmen of one factory had already gone on a strike, and others were talking of a general walkout. No one seemed to know exactly whence the trouble came. John Ellis, head of the Ellis Woolen Mills, had telegraphed a request to the secret service to send a man to investigate the trouble; Bolshevism was being talked. The Reds appeared to be carrying out some sort of program.

"If I could lay my finger on the man, I'd pretty soon end this trouble; but it is beyond me. We have never had any disagreement with our men before," said Ellis to a group of the town's leading manufacturers.

"Has the department sent a man yet?" inquired one.

"Yes; I received a letter to-day." He took a letter from his pocket. "We are sending a man to Elliston to-day," he read.

They were gathered in Ellis' office. He was the dominant force among the manufacturers of the town. His offices were spacious; the furnishings rich. John Ellis sat at his heavy desk. His secretary, Lindsay, sat at another desk. Lindsay had been employed some six months previous, and was an efficient secretary. Three other men were in the room—manufacturers, like Ellis.

"This letter was mailed yesterday; the man should be here to-day. I guess he will come to the office," continued Ellis.

"My superintendent says that not enough men are sticking with us to operate. We are going to shut down completely to-morrow," announced Bell, of the Bell Shoe Company.

"What do your men want?" asked Ellis.

"Want? Everything—nothing—I can't tell. I have given them an average raise of 38 per cent during the past year. I have built Bell Cottage Row, and they are good houses. One foreman says that he heard talk of 'making old Bell come out of his shell'; and, 'just look at that mansion old Bell lives in.' It looks like they have lost their reason," answered Bell vigorously.

"My place is in a bad enough fix to stop work any time," contributed Jennings, a furniture manufacturer. "I am expecting them to come in and demand half the factory every minute I am there."

"Just as bad at my place," added Johnston, of the Johnston Textile Company.

"It's a well-known fact that the people of this town are the best paid of any in this part of the state," declared Ellis. "There is some hand somewhere that's causing all this trouble. It's from an outside source, too, you can bank on that. I have always been willing to meet my people on any question that comes up; but they seem to be discontented now without knowing why."

"Yes, that's it," agreed Bell; "it's from an outside source."

Some minutes later they separated to await the coming of the man from the secret service, who would make an investigation. They could not understand why the man had not come to Ellis.

Two days passed; no man from headquarters yet.

On the night of the second day after the meeting of the manufacturers in Ellis' office, a crowd of men of Ellis', Jennings', Johnston's, and some of the strikers from Bell's, with a few of less important concerns, assembled in a building, one time a skating-rink, to listen to a speech from their organizer.

They were for the most part decent-looking men, clean shaven, collar and tie.

A man rose up at the end of the long hall. He mounted a platform. He had raven-black hair. His freshly shaven face looked bluish-black. His eyebrows grew stiffly in a continuous line, which bridged his nose. The eyes were dark—dark in color, dark in the way they looked at one. They did not travel over the crowd: they shot over it.

“Brothers,” he spoke in a voice which seemed to have edges on it, edges on all sides.

“Good!” commended one who liked the term. Some turned disapproving looks on the commender.

“Brothers,” proceeded the speaker, “we are here together to discuss the ways and means of getting the Brotherhood of Equality established in Elliston. The Brotherhood gives you what is by rights yours. Who has built all the factories here? Not John Ellis, not William Bell, nor any of the men who are called ‘big men’; but you. You have done the work; you have been robbed of your rights.”

“Right—Yes—Yes—You are right we have—We have that!” spoke up some; some almost shouted.

There was one man in the crowd who did neither. He regarded another closely. The man he watched wore shell-rimmed spectacles. He had not removed his overcoat. The collar was upturned in a manner that almost hid his face. Several of the men had not removed their hats; neither had this man. Presently the muffled person drew from an inside pocket a cigarette case. As he did so a piece of desk paper fell to the floor. The man pressed the release and the cigarette case opened. He took out one. One side of the case was empty of cigarettes, and finely done in green gold was a key, just a simple key. He struck a match; but his disguise was clever—he could not be recognized.

As if aware of being watched, he turned his goggled eyes upon the other. And thereafter, every time one looked toward the other, he found himself being watched.

A new speaker had been introduced.

"The time has come when we must do something. We've got to show them what we can do before they will believe it. And we can get money. The Brotherhood has money. We have a man here in Elliston who is a founder of the Brotherhood. He has lived here, too, for some time and knows what Elliston is." The speaker raised his voice above the confidential tone. "And we have big men in other states; yes, and in other countries. We have planned well. We know what conditions you men are up against and we are going to help you get what has always been denied you. The fruit of your labor is justly yours. You owe nothing to a man just because he is wealthy and pays you a small wage. We are going to vote to-night on striking at the Ellis factories. We are going to strike and make them come to our demands."

After the vote had been cast and counted the results were read. There was a majority for the strike; but some men had voted against it. Soon afterward the meeting broke up.

When the man with the shell-rimmed spectacles got up to go, a man stooped down and picked up a piece of desk paper which lay at his feet.

Next morning a freshly-shaven man stopped on his way to work and bought a package of cigarettes. He filled his cigarette case on both sides and dropped the remaining cigarettes in a side pocket. Two doors away a man was getting a breakfast of cereal, eggs, and coffee. He sat his cup down and puckered one side of his mouth thoughtfully. But neither knew of the other.

The next evening, Saturday, found Bell and Jennings and Johnston again at Ellis' office.

"The men are going to walk out next week if I don't give them deeds to the houses they are living in in Ellis Demesne; if I don't give them all shares in Ellis Woolen Mills. You know I built those houses in the Demesne to improve their

living conditions. I don't charge them rent—no more than you do in Cottage Row, Bell. They have gone crazy. They are not satisfied with improved conditions and better pay; they all want to be mill owners. It will soon be as bad as a Mexican Army—all generals and no soldiers." Ellis spoke with a mingled tone of wrath and disgust.

"It is as we thought," said Bell with conviction; "there is some outside force being brought into Elliston affairs. I believe, gentlemen, that we are being attacked by some Bolsheviki outfit. We must get at the root of it. And that man from the secret service has not shown up yet."

"That's it, Bell," agreed Ellis. "There is a Red propaganda campaign on here, and I can't see why the department doesn't investigate it. I think we should see the police; it's up to them, too, to keep such an element from disturbing a peaceful and prosperous community. Don't you think it a good idea to see the chief at once?"

"Yes; I believe we should see him and tell him just how things stand. And he will see to it that these Reds don't go the extreme in Elliston that they have in other places—that is, if he knows his business. Ellis, I propose that you talk with Townsend to-night," responded Bell.

"I'll see him to-night," promised Ellis. He turned and directed his secretary, Lindsay, to telephone Chief of Police Townsend and arrange for an engagement.

Accordingly, Chief Townsend received Ellis into his private office later in the evening.

After salutations, Ellis answered the Chief's questioning regard.

"Townsend, we are having some trouble up at the plant."

"Trouble? Yes; I have heard something of it."

"It looks like Bolshevism."

"Bolshevism?" repeated the Chief interrogatively.

"Yes; they have never made any such demands before."

"Demands?"

"Yes; and they say that if I don't come to them they will force me to close my factories."

"What do they demand?"

"That I give deeds to the houses they live in in Ellis Demesne, and shares in the company."

"Why do they make such demands; do you have any idea?"

"I just said it was Bolshevism. I am convinced that they are influenced by Red propaganda."

The Chief nodded his head.

"I am sure of it. What short of the Red idea can it be? They say that my factories will stand idle if I refuse. That's a Red method, isn't it: Socialism and then violence?"

"Well, the violence part of it is. We'll see if they are Reds. Have all your men taken that stand?"

"No; some of them are having nothing to do with the matter. They have judgment enough to see through it."

"Are you going to concede to any of the demands?"

"No, I'm not going to concede. The demands are out of reason—inordinate. I'm not going to concede anything to a Bolsheviki agitator."

"Are you going to start the factories Monday?"

"Yes; and I came to tell you to be on the lookout for their interference. Some of the men are going to start their machines Monday, and I look to you to protect them."

"Well, I'll see that there is no violence done, Ellis. My men will be ready for any demonstration of force or violence to keep your workmen from their machines."

Monday morning the "ten till six" whistle blew at the Ellis Woolen Mills, full and on time. Men, some singly, some in groups of twos, three, and more, were coming in through the main gate. Some carried dinner-pails; some, living in the Demesne, did not.

A large group appeared. None of them carried dinner-pails. They halted close to the gate. Some of them showed signs of but little sleep the past night. One of their number, whose eyebrows made a straight line across his face, said something to another and detached himself from the crowd. He entered a compressed-looking, greasy, sausage shop. A figure came from across the street and went into the sausage shop. Presently he reappeared. He walked past a policeman, speaking a few words as he passed. The policeman closed up on the sausage shop.

The man who had spoken to the policeman stood for a second on the edge of the crowd of men, which had now grown to twice its original size. He puckered one side of his mouth thoughtfully while he watched one of the number walk over and close the big gate with a bang.

The gate had closed just as some workmen were about to pass through. They turned and asked that it be opened.

"To hell with you; go back home where you can get in—nobody else is going in here to-day," menaced one of the men who had closed the gate.

"What do you mean, Crowley? Don't you know you can't close these gates against us?" admonished the workman.

"The hell we can't; the gates seem to be closed," retorted the man addressed as Crowley.

"We're going to work, and you can't keep us out," announced the workman. And he stepped toward the gate. He shook the big padlock which had been snapped together. Several of the men were on him before he could turn. Men rushed upon all the workmen. They fought back fiercely. One workman struck his assailant with his dinner-pail. The man fell back with a curse. He drew a revolver and fired. The workman dropped his dinner-pail and sank to the pavement. The struggling men fell apart and gazed at the fallen man dazedly. The man threatened them with his revolver wildly.

"Get the devil out of here—get out of here, I say—go home!" he shouted.

A patrol wagon was on the scene. Policemen came out and hurried to the gate. The man who had been standing on the edge of the crowd before the fight occurred, spoke to two policemen, climbed over the wall and entered the office building, which was a little apart from the main factories. Ellis was at the window overlooking the gate when the man entered. He turned upon the man sharply. His face was drawn and stern.

"What do you want? Who are you?" he demanded.

"I want to see your office force; my name is Forrest," was the answer.

He strode over to Lindsay's desk. The latter was a trifle pale. A cigarette case lay open upon the desk. Forrest picked it up, and tore the cigarettes from one side. Finely done in green gold on the inside of the case was a key. The two policemen that he had spoken to outside came in.

"Arrest this man," he directed. And turning to Ellis, "I'm with the secret service."

He turned again to Lindsay. "Lentz, we've been looking for you for some time. You are wanted for stirring up trouble in Montana, which resulted in the death of over a dozen men. Your Brotherhood aims at 'destruction by any means whatsoever' of established authority. The trouble you started here has already resulted in one man's death. I have your man, Chekoff." He spoke to the policemen, "You will find one of your men waiting for you at the sausage shop up the street. He has the man."

The policemen took Lindsay out of the room.

Forrest spoke to Ellis, who was looking on quite puzzled.

"I thought he must work for you. I saw him drop a copy of your telegram to headquarters. He was at the meeting last week. I didn't know who he was, but recognized him

just now by a design I noticed in his cigarette case. The man can disguise. He was completely hidden the other night behind his goggles, overcoat collar, and low hat."

He went over to the secretary's desk and picked up some copying.

"I knew the minute I saw this handwriting that he was Lentz, the man who wrote the constitution of the Brotherhood of Equality. You see, he wrote that constitution in longhand; I have seen the original. The copy of your telegram was a carbon copy, and I did not know that your secretary was Lentz; I only knew that he was disguised at a labor-agitation meeting, enough to make me interested. We came pretty near getting him in Montana; he was known to be there by every one."

"I believe we can stop this strike, if that's the case," said Ellis. "My men have always been reasonable before this affair occurred."

The six-o'clock whistle signalled the workmen who were at their machines that a new week had started. Ellis went out to talk to his men.

Poet or Novelist

S. KITA

We have a little homely proverb: "The true heart will be protected by a god, even though it offers no prayer at all." Another motto which we accept is: "Duty is weightier than a mountain, death is lighter than a feather." When circumstances call for heroic acts, when the thought of life and death approaches the Japanese, he does not hesitate. His duty as a warrior and as a man are clearly outlined for him.

We always think about old Japanese knights and cherish their memory as poetical figures of the true. These old Japanese knights acted more from the dictates of complex systems of philosophy than from simple duty. They were real poets in death as well as in life. No one able to feel beauty could refuse to confess the charm of the old Japanese knights' death.

There is more beautiful, spiritual loyalty and filial piety expressed in the life of a Japanese Samurai than was displayed by all the European armies of the crusades.

The most conspicuous thing in the history of Japan is expressed in the motto: "Don't talk, but act." If this, then, was the motto of our men of arms, surely we are permitted to urge the same ideal upon our women. We should like to apply "Don't talk, but act" to "obedience," especially women's obedience.

"Obedience on the part of a girl, while yet unmarried, to a father or a mother; obedience, when married, to a husband; obedience, when widowed, to a son"—this is the perpetual precept of the philosophy taught Japanese women in our country. It is curious to note that an exact counterpart of

this doctrine of obedience is to be found in Hindu philosophy, Buddhism. "Day and night women must be kept in dependence by the males of their family"—this is the doctrine of Hindu philosophy. We have been much interested in that doctrine since we have been in America.

The three phases of obedience of the Japanese are based on the ethics of Confucianism and Buddhism. The Chinese philosophy of women's obedience is expressed by the following: "In childhood, a female must be subject to her father; in youth, to her husband; when her lord is dead, to her sons."

In Japan, Buddhism and the old feudalism contributed to the keeping of women in a state of non-suffrage as a result of the teaching of Buddhism. Women are regarded as unclean, a temptation, or snare to virtue, and an obstacle to peace and holiness. Feudalism also regards her in the light of a temptation to courage, to faithful performance of manly duty. But sometimes romantic love was treated with kindness and sympathy far above that indicated in other Asiatic countries, such as India and China.

Your American comrade, Lafcadio Hearn, said about Japanese feudalism: "I despised its general similarity to the feudalism of the West, but rejoice that the Japanese knight did not perform his valiant deeds for such fanciful reward as a lady's smile, but performed them out of loyalty to his lord, or filial piety towards the memory of his father. Don't talk, but act."

These three influences—Confucianism, Buddhism, and Feudalism—combined to place the Japanese women in a state of quiet. Our Japanese women's lives are dreams and silence. Japanese women, at least the old Japanese ladies, are different from the Western in the same way as silence is different from a voice, night from day.

Yone Noguchi, our Japanese poet, said that one who lives in Chicago or New York can hardly know the real beauty

of night and silence; it is my opinion that the Western character, particularly of Americans, would be sweetened, or at least toned down, if the real beauty of the night and silence might be emphasized. The usual Japanese poetry consists of thirty-one syllables. European poetry knows no limit. The difference that exists between the two poetries also exists between Japanese women and European women; the one is short-spoken and quiet, the other verbose and unhampered by restrictions.

Moon, stars, and flowers—silent objects all—form the principal subject matter of the Japanese poetry. Birds and waterfalls—in that they run on unceasingly—we leave to Western poetry.

The Japanese poetry, as well as Japanese ladies, is that of the moon, stars, and flowers; that of a bird and waterfall for the noisiest.

It has been said that there is this difference between the poet and the novelist; the first is truthful and accurate because he is working in the divine, the novelist often deceives himself as well as his own soul because of the coarser material with which he must work. The Japanese woman is the poet of all womankind. Do you know the novelist?

The Confederate Statue Speaks

HENRY D. STEVENS

Gooch's had closed. The last Freshman had been dumped. The noise and clamor had died away. The old South Building Bell had been tucked away for the night. Only occasionally did a Med. Building cur break the stillness.

But the quiet was oppressive. At least, Landmark, the old Confederate Statue, thought so. Landmark has bluffed peoples of all kinds—murderers and robbers and lovers—for many years. His control of the entire campus (except the arboretum) has been completely effective, in spite of his lack of an ammunition box. He always looks so heroic and strong that people dare not cut up in front of old Landmark.

But last night the quiet oppressed him. As he gave a little yawn, something creaked. His joints were rusty. You know it's pretty hard for a hero to stand still for a half century.

Suddenly and slyly, a sly full moon winked from behind scurrying billows of moon-lit white. Romance, the man way up in the moon, was riding past on his nightly vigil. Every night, in this part of the world, it was the same old thing. Romance usually napped while passing over Orange County. But he had insomnia last night.

"Well, there's Piney Prospect—same as ever; that pile of stone's not grown a bit. And there's the South's leading University. Just about the same." Romance was fond of talking to himself.

"Why, what's the matter with Landmark? He seems to be livelier than usual to-night. What's happened to the old boy?"

The scurrying billows of moon-lit white didn't answer.

"Hey, there, old soldier, how about a chew?"

Slowly and creakingly, old Landmark creaked. Although slightly hoarse, he succeeded in calling out, "Sure, come get it!"

Romance came and got his dry and rather stale chew. "Landmark," he began, "you know, chewing tobacco's about as scarce as liquor around these parts."

"You're right. The boys have cut it out altogether. They act like they're scared of good old harmless tobacco. Why, they won't even use their little ready-made cigarettes without sucking the smoke in through a fancy thing-a-majig. It sure gets my goat when I see how sissy the students here are gettin'. And talkin' about whisky—why, I feel real sorry for these Sophomores who swagger past, freezin' to death, too proud to wear a hat, and too blamed modern to be able to warm up with a couple of good drinks. But talkin' about freezin', have you noticed these gals runnin' around? Looks to me like they ought to wear more clothes. I can't see why they wear so little unless it's to save money, so they can buy those darn milk drinks. Why, it used to be that if a fellow spent fifteen cents for a drink he'd be apt to forget all about his next class. And what are these gals doin' here anyway?"

Romance hadn't heard of the co-eds. "What do you mean 'gals'?"

"Why, they've got a bunch of women-folks goin' to school here now, right along with the boys. They sit in the same rooms with 'em and study the same stuff. Old Mr. Moon-Man, I tell you it's all wrong. And talkin' about gals—have you seen that bunch a-lookin' like Indians that come up here twice every year? They look like they'd put chalk and red paint all over their faces! And all kinds of funny-lookin' clothes on. They go down to the gym with the boys and they have the awfulest fights you ever saw. The gals get all torn

around and shook almost to pieces. But they're usually outnumbered and get driven away after about two nights. They're pretty game, though, and do put up some fight. And what gets me is that about the same bunch comes back every year. Things have sure changed."

"What do you think of these new-fashioned buggies that keep running back and forth to Durham, loaded down with boys?" Romance was interested.

"Well, I reckon Durham must have changed a lot, 'cause they didn't used to seem so anxious to go over there. The University's in a pretty bad fix, I'm afraid. They don't haze any more. A Freshman is just as big as anybody, and all of 'em think they're so big that they don't study any. And the place is so big now that a man can't know even his own classmates. They're all a bunch of spoiled mollycodles!"

"Mollycodles! What ails you, old soldier? I reckon they have sort of changed. But I'll be satisfied as long as they keep up what they did Thanksgiving."

"Why they didn't do anything Thanksgiving but buy hot dogs and run around like they were wild, did they? . . . What? . . . Say that again! . . . They played Virginia—and WON? Beat 'em six to zero?"

.

This morning my roommate had a strange tale. For some reason he awoke before the clock went off. One tremendous shout from the direction of the Confederate Statue caused him to run to the window. The world was still. The old bronze soldier stood firm on his rock. And the light of a full, smiling moon showed to my roommate the soldier's profile. My roommate says that his profile was strange and has a strange tale to tell: THE OLD SOLDIER SMILED!

I wonder why he smiled! Do you suppose this is the answer? The old boy was rather gratified to find that, in spite of co-eds and the H. C. L. and too many students, the spirit lives! *We are keeping the tradition!*

The Honor System

JOHN KERR

Such a subject as the *Honor System*, as expressed by the principle regarding one's conduct as a student in the University, is no new thing to one who reads Carolina publications and comes in contact with a Carolina man. But notwithstanding the many times that the Honor System, as a subject, has been dwelt upon through the various channels of expression open to University students, the principle upon which the Honor System is based never grows old but is continually renewed with the arrival of each year's Freshman Class. These men coming fresh from the preparatory schools and high schools, where any form of an honor system was not, haven't had the proper, if any conception whatever, of the Honor System in operation at the University. This Honor System here is simple. It is simply being a gentleman and acting as such on all occasions. But where the misunderstanding comes is in the idea that under the régime of the Honor System the Student Council is a body appointed to make a man a gentleman. The idea of force tends to undermine the principle upon which the system rests—the principle of the individualistic assertion of the function of a gentleman. It is not an elaborate thing built upon rules and regulations. It has no written constitution, but it has an unwritten constitution which is nothing more than what public opinion on this campus holds in regard to what is the proper conduct of a gentleman. Primarily and fundamentally the Honor System which holds sway on this campus rests upon the conception that a man is a gentleman until he is found to be otherwise, and when he is found to be

otherwise he unconsciously severs his relationship with everything fine, honorable, noble, and manly that the University represents. This is our Honor System. There is nothing vague or elaborate about it, nor does it rest upon a plane beyond the making or unmaking of the students. It is a student proposition.

Every man on this campus is a part of the Honor System, and theoretically a member of the Student Council; but the impracticability of having over fourteen hundred students on a Student Council is parallel to the impracticability of having a hundred million people, or in other words every citizen of the United States, to constitute Congress. The parallel is similar in every respect. The Student Council is the visible representative of all the students, and on account of this fact the visible exponent and head of the Honor System. The eight men that compose the Council are the representatives and agents of the students whenever the occasion arises which makes imperative the actual enforcement of the principles that the student body, through the Honor System, believe in. In carrying out this enforcement the Council has been granted certain powers by the faculty and student body. This is the Student Council.

Each Council in the course of its term of office carries out definite policies in regard to the regulations exercised under the prerogatives of the Honor System. These policies vary with each Council. The Student Council of this year has tried to look at the Honor System and its meaning with as broad and as liberal a view as possible. The Council believes that it is primarily its duty to prevent mistakes being made by the students, by showing them just wherein the wisdom of a course lies, and wherein the wisdom of a course does not lie. To be concrete, it is the policy of first pointing out the right road, as it sees that road, and then helping the student with all means possible to set out on and keep that

road. It is educative first and punitive only when education as to what is considered right and wrong had been given and failed to be recognized and appreciated. Of course when a man who knows right from wrong violates the Honor System, the Council puts on its punitive garments. Educate first as a means of prevention, and when education fails the pendulum swings to the side of punishment as a means of prevention.

This is plainly what the Honor System is and means. It is a great and invisible force striving for the realization of the principle that any man who enters Carolina will always be a gentleman, exemplifying the conduct of a true man on any and every occasion that may arise. It is a thing that can not attain its full growth in one day, the four years of a class's life, nor any particular time, but grows on and on through the life of the University, and is renewed with each generation.

Phases of the Student Conference in Des Moines

There are many, many things to be gained from such a Conference as the one held in Des Moines recently. Some things sink deeper in some minds than others. Where all is good there are certain things that seem better to some people.

Many phases of the Conference will stick with me for many long years. Certain points about one man's lecture, the special enthusiasm of one foreign student, certain incidents of the trip, etc., but I think two things that stand out above the others to me are that America is to play the important part in the evangelization of the world, and that, since students are the leaders of America and the world to-day, students must lead in Foreign Missions. What can we make of these statements? Are we as students going to face the issues and rise to the challenge?

In the war which recently ended, it is generally admitted that America was a big factor in deciding the outcome of the war. How did the colleges stand in the war for Democracy? Look up the records of the University and you will see that this institution stood, with others of the U. S., like a brick wall behind the policies of America. The college students met the challenge.

But, as was said at the Conference, the war is not over. That was a small struggle which ended on November 11, 1918, compared to the struggle that is ahead of us now. With all the social and industrial unrest at home, how can America meet her part in this great effort to plant Christian civilization in every land? She must meet this challenge just as she met the call to arms in 1917. But how is it going to be met? By the students of North America. We are the

ones who can end internal troubles and then go into a bigger and broader field. When we consider that the students have made up more than 70 per cent of foreign missionaries in the last generation, and that the number has been greater in the last eleven years than in the previous twenty-two years, we are bound to conclude that the students of America have been doing something. But now is the time to redouble our efforts. Now, when the whole of Europe is open and wishing and longing for Americans to come, it is time for us to answer the challenge and meet an impossible task, "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation," the motto of the Student Volunteer Conference. We are Americans and we are students. Do we realize the tremendous needs and the wonderful opportunities that are before us? It is worthy of our consideration. Is our life to be a life of selfishness or of service to humanity wherever that service is most needed?

C. W. PHILLIPS.

THE MAGAZINE

University of North Carolina

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

THE MAGAZINE, University of North Carolina, is published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies. Its object is to gather together what is best in the literary life of the students and give expression to it.

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	Editorials	
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AN EXPLANATION

In this issue of THE MAGAZINE will be found an editorial, the title of which is, "An Apology for Proposition Two."

This editorial is gladly published, but we wish to inform the writer that he has placed too much importance on the seriousness with which the rest of the student body took the voting of those *sixteen* men. Surely they are entitled to their opinion, no one would dare deny the right of the *sixteen* to express exactly what they thought, no matter what the

majority may think. We are still glad to have the *sixteen* as students here, for we live in a democratic community, where all are entitled to express their views freely. We admire them for their strength to vote their convictions against overwhelming odds.

WHY

In this issue of THE MAGAZINE will be found a very interesting address delivered by Dr. L. R. Wilson, on the late "Edward Kidder Graham: Teacher and Interpreter of Modern Citizenship." In it will be found the ideals that our late President Graham set in motion on this campus; ideals that we should never let die; ideas and ideals that we should never let perish from the life of the institution that he gave a greater life to. It is an article that every new man who has never known, who never had the opportunity to know this great leader, should read; because it exemplifies the basic principles that the Honor System of the University is based upon. In it will be found passages that will thrill the very soul of all those who knew him well. The editor feels that notwithstanding the change in the nature of the material of THE MAGAZINE, that such an article as the above mentioned will ever have a place in THE MAGAZINE, no matter what may or may not be its policy.

THE CHANGE

THE MAGAZINE, in accordance with the posters that have been placed about on the campus, is attempting to change, to a large degree, the nature of the material that goes to make it up. It is felt by the board that this change is necessary if THE MAGAZINE is to maintain its place with the other publications on the Hill. This is the first time in the history

of THE MAGAZINE that such a policy has been adopted. The editorial staff feels that the change is necessary to the life of the publication, and that the change will be instrumental in creating opinions on worth-while subjects of which we have only a vague idea at present. We do not attempt to say that it will be as great a publication as *The Nation*, *The Literary Digest*, or other publications of a similar nature, but we are in hopes that THE MAGAZINE will by this change become a vital organ in the life of the greater University. It is with this idea in view that the change is made. We offer it to you for what it is worth, and will appreciate any constructive criticism that you have to offer.

THE NEW YEAR

We have just spent one grand and glorious fall together. We have learned to know, appreciate, and sympathize with each other in our imperfections. We are beginning to think of a real Ideal University; because we feel that we have the greatest campus, the greatest spirit of any college in America. We attribute its greatness to no one man, to no one organization, but to the common ideal that lives and expresses itself in the actions of a great student body in its entirety. We are beginning to grow above the petty interest of self; we have begun to see that there is something greater than one organization, or the ambition of a particular group. We are seeing the one thing that means the grandest college in all the world, putting the spirit—the things that our college stands for—above all. In this we have a common interest, free from conflicting elements; and we can all strive for a common good. And in striving for this ideal we become bigger and better men ourselves, as a result. Our reward comes as a mere incident, and is greater as a result of our honest striving.

Bolshevism, that unexplainable something that has pervaded so many college walls, has no place in our life, except as a thing to be discussed, as an evil that we as sound-thinking college men should strive to show the right. We do not fear it, because we believe that we stand for the best already. But if we do not stand for the best, if Bolshevism is better, we as liberal-minded individuals are willing to give it a chance; if it isn't, we are ready to fight it to the finish.

The New Year is here, and with it has come the opportunity to stand for nobler things, and the time to fight for the things that are right. From without the unknown there comes a challenge that offers every man an opportunity to render greater service. Prepare, that you may render that service more effectively.

CLASS SPIRIT

The four academic classes at Carolina now are not very different from the many others of former years. The personnel of each class follows the same general run of boys. They attend classes when the old South bell rings, with the same presentiments of some dread quiz or examination in the hazy future. They hail "grats" just as joyfully; spend about as much time every day at the post-office and drug stores; fill the seats at the "Pick" just as often; and go through the hundred and one duties that go to make up the daily routine of the Carolina student.

But the student of 1920 knows fewer by far of his fellow-students, and even of his classmates, than did the man of the 80's and 90's. He speaks to the fellow he meets, yes. But half the time he doesn't know the other fellow's name or his class, and so the bond of common fellowship is lost. As the University grows, this problem becomes a greater and more difficult one to solve.

It is almost impossible for every man to know every other man among 1,400, but he can and should know every man in his own class. This is of great importance, not only as a foundation for the work of the class itself, but for the individual. It is generally true that one's lifelong friends are some of his intimate classmates. As men fight together on the class athletic field, study together for exams, and attend class smokers, there grows up a feeling of friendship and intimacy which the years can not break.

Every class faces this problem of unity. There have always been elements in classes at Carolina, and while men of this day ought to be big enough and broad-minded enough to see beyond mere factional lines, it is sometimes a very hard thing to do.

To have vital relations between different parties, there must be a common interest between them. Here is the class's opportunity to unify itself, and by so doing preserve the unity of the University. If every class has a definite aim, some goal in view, or an ideal to strive for, and the ideal is big and fine enough to interest the individual men of the class, they will forget the petty differences, and, working for a common end, will live in a spirit of good fellowship as man with man.

Only with unity can a class have the real spirit, and when the individual men have put their class first, and have developed a real class spirit, then you have the common link for binding the University and the student together.

One class on the campus has adopted for its motto this year: "Class unity and good fellowship." It has already begun in earnest and with fine spirit to accomplish this end. Working together with this in view is developing intimacy and forming friendships between men who formerly were only passing acquaintances. And what is being done your class can do.

W. R. BERRYHILL.

WHAT DOES IT HOLD?

The New Year is before us. 1919 has disappeared over the ridge of Time, carrying on his back a bundle containing the joys and regrets of a struggling and soul-sick Mankind. 1920 has come, and brought the hopes and fears of a people who are still trying vainly to work out their salvation.

Will the year of 1920 be marked by a continuation of the world unrest? Or will this year witness the birth of a new and grander Brotherhood of Man? Will the Laborer and the Capitalist get together and give their fellow-man a chance?

No one dares to predict the scenes which will be enacted on the stage of World Events this year. Yet, one fact is certain: The college man is expected to do all in his power to aid in answering these questions. If we are to be worthy of our opportunities, we must be ready to assume the obligations which our station gives. Over and against every privilege there is a duty.

What will we do with 1920 and its opportunities of service to the World?

C. T. LEONARD.

AN APOLOGY FOR PROPOSITION TWO

Sixteen men of this University voted for absolute rejection of the League Covenant and the Treaty of Peace. In so doing, they incurred the censure and aroused the suspicion of more than a thousand other men of the campus who voted contrarily; they were looked upon as curiosities, Bolsheviki, fanatics. Their action was widely and emphatically condemned. They were black, black sheep—unsightly blotches upon the fair escutcheon of Carolina.

A learned and theoretically liberal-minded professor told his classes that "sixteen men wanted to keep on fighting Germany."

Truth is a strange sort of thing. It is capable of being so distorted as to become unrecognizable. But how can a sane person make such a blind and misleading statement as that? One glance beneath the surface should disclose the blind folly of such a stand. Those sixteen men voted for what they considered right, and more than this no man can do. Freedom of opinion is a fundamental right of man. The popular majority opinion is not necessarily the right one, for there are, in the last analysis, two sides to every question. If over a thousand men of one opinion can not listen with respect and open-mindedness to the opinion of a dozen men of contrary belief, then there is among them a narrowness of mind which augurs ill for such opinion as they themselves may hold.

These sixteen "Bolsheviki" are more or less human, enlightened, God-fearing men. They presumably possess some mental powers, else they would not be allowed to take up space in the University lecture rooms. Since these men possess the power of thought, and the right to think for themselves, it is surely no more than just that they should be accorded the same liberal treatment as are those of opposing view. The great difference in numbers is after all a small thing. In the world's history, minorities have always been as right as majorities. In fact, if we may be pardoned the seeming egotism, they have been more so.

There is not room here for the so-called "Bolshevistic" argument. This paper intends to be merely a defense, and not an exposition, of the stand taken by those who voted for proposition two. The general contention is, that owing to the present state of the world's mind, the political selfishness of its leaders, the bitter nationalism and racial prejudice, and, above all, the inherent weakness and wrong spirit of the proposed league itself, it can not succeed, but will in fact be a reactionary movement.

As to the treaty, it is known to be unjust, hurtful to all parties, in the long run, and *impossible of fulfillment*; its ratification is being urged because we want to get back to a peace basis. "Shall we, then, remain at war with Germany until we can devise a perfect treaty?" says another conventional thinker of the University.

The actual fact is that we are at peace with Germany. In not ratifying the treaty, we have so far refused to "bleed Germany white." Nor will a "perfect" treaty be made, for nothing perfect comes out of so mean a thing as war. As to the desire to sign a definite and final treaty of peace, is it necessary or expedient to dash down the first road one comes to, regardless of where it leads, simply because one wishes to be on the way? No! If we must journey let us first find the right road, and pursue it to the end.

No argument is intended here. Only a fair deal is due to, and desired by, our sixteen "radicals." They, too, have the interests of mankind at heart. Their method may be different. It is not necessarily wrong.

D. R. HODGIN,

One of the Sixteen.

OUR IRE IS AROUSED

The recent deportation proceedings against Reds, Bolsheviks, anarchists, and government haters in general has been a satisfying achievement to American minds. For years we have been disturbed by an element openly antagonistic. For numbers of years we have opened the country to foreigners, only punishing their disturbing acts by arrest and prison. We called our country free; consequently, we let anarchists dwell among us without the least thought of deporting them. Accordingly, as America grew industrially greater, plotters, bombers, and radicals came to our shores, settled in our in-

dustrial centers under the pretense of being laborers, but who really were instrumental in the many past and recent disturbances.

We maintain that this is a free country, but if we are to have a Democracy ruled over by a Democratic Government, we must see to it that we do not allow anarchists and plotters to inhabit our domains. Anarchists are enemies of all governments, therefore citizens of none. They should not, then, be allowed the protection of our government. To show their sentiment toward the government which has undertaken to protect them, I refer to the headline of an article written by Berkman, lately deported, one of the most notorious of the Reds, which reads, "To Hell With the Government." Do we want men of this type, who wish to overthrow the principles for which our forefathers, fathers, and we ourselves have fought, to dwell with us? The time has come when the public must be heard and obeyed. It will no longer stand to see every day plotters and anarchists walking our peaceful streets and working in the great factories with the people who have made us what we are. Our country is free to those who wish to come here to make homes and live peaceably under its protection, but it is not free to those who wish to see its downfall industrially and politically.

Our Department of Justice deserves great credit and praise for the stand that it has taken in the matter of deporting these enemies of our peace and happiness. When all such persons are out of our borders we will see a new America, traveling at a fast speed to that industrial and commercial goal that lies in the great future that awaits us.

P. A. REAVIS, JR.

Waiting

EWART W. G. HUFFMAN

I

Waiting—for the breath of summer
To perfume the wintry airs.
For her arms to warmly press me,
And to drive away my cares ;
For green woods within the valleys,
And the murmuring of the streams,
I am waiting, calm, yet weary,
For my Summer Land of Dreams :
Waiting—for the wild rose's blooming,
For the violets on the hill,
For the whole brown earth resuming
Her beauty and her thrill.

II

Waiting—for the kiss of summer
To enrapture all mankind,
With a joy that makes one happy ;
Stills the body, rests the mind.
Irresistible in flavor,
Most delightful e'en in touch ;
Here's a toast to green old summer,
Drink—you can not sip too much :
For it's sunshine without shadows,
And it's joy without its cares ;
Sure, I'm tired of cold bleak winter,
And I'm waiting in my prayers.

III

Waiting—for the song of summer,
For the robin's liquid trill,
For the woodthrush and the bluebird
To sing and wake the hill.
Yes, I'm sure earth's tired of sleeping
In her old donned robes of gold;
And I'm sure I'm tired of weeping—
Tired of dreaming in the cold:
Come, let's have our share of summer,
All her kisses and her song;
For it's other lands that winter
In her ghastly garb belong.

IV

Waiting—for the bliss of summer,
For its blessings and its joys;
Waiting—for the great green meadows,
And the happiness of boys.
Waiting—for a taste of heaven,
Meted out in mortal shares;
Waiting—for the glad to-morrows,
For a dreamer's world, sans cares:
Waiting, waiting, waiting,
And a-dreamin' of the bliss
That's in her song and fragrance,
But mostly in her kiss!

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The
MAGAZINE

University of North Carolina



SPRING NUMBER

April, 1920

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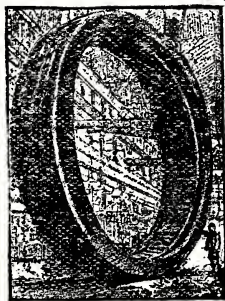
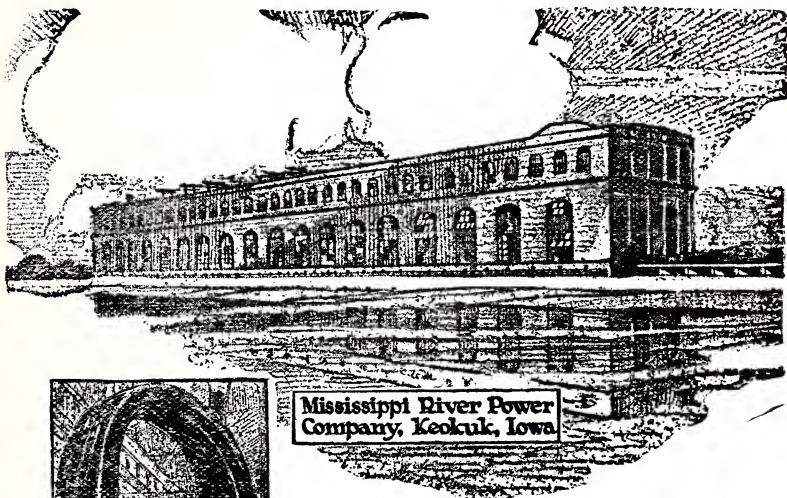
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THE MAGAZINE

University of North Carolina
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

OLD SERIES VOL. 50

NUMBER 4

NEW SERIES VOL. 37

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THE MAGAZINE

University of North Carolina

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

OLD SERIES VOL. 50

NUMBER 4

NEW SERIES VOL. 37

What's an Honor?

DONNELL VAN NOPPEN

What is an honor? What is meant by the statement, "He is honored with that position," or "He has received that honor"? More specifically, what is a college honor? This is essentially the same question but there is here only room for discussion of college honor. In this sense an honor is the recognition by students of a man's abilities, integrity, and merit.

Knowing what an honor is the question may be asked: "When has a man the right to seek an honor?" A college has places enough of trust and of influence to give every man an opportunity to display his talents. A man, before he has been in college very long, finds out just what he is going out for in the way of honors. He knows whether it is on the athletic field, in the classroom, with the college publications or in other activities. After he finds himself he goes out and displays his abilities and soon others see what stuff he is made of and soon he is thought of as a part of that particular college activity in which he is interested. He is judged according to his abilities.

The positions of trust are given to those who are willing to pay the cost, to make the necessary sacrifices and on whom one can depend. If a man has these qualifications he has a

right to college honors but has he a right to seek the honor? A man should never seek an honor but should seek to be worthy of an honor; and if he is worthy of the honor then the honor will seek him. A self-seeker wants the position as an honor for himself and not as an opportunity to serve his fellow students.

Then to the man who makes good in any line of activity there will inevitably come positions of trust. To the man who acquits himself well in the positions he has, there come increasingly greater opportunities for service. Honors and positions do not fall out of the open sky but come gradually.

If after his first few trials a man shows himself unfit, no more responsibilities are given him. There are those who, either through indifference or lack of confidence, are unwilling to take on a position of trust. Such men forfeit all hope of further opportunity. There seem to be more of the latter than of the former; for men who are reliable and willing to take on work are few. Therefore the few who are willing to accept these positions are overburdened; and as a consequence of their interests being so divided they fail to perform their numerous varied positions well. This is a fault on every college campus as it is in nearly every community. In every case there are those who have their finger in all the pies at the same time. It is unfair to the men themselves and no less unfair to others who suffer on account of the divided leaders' interest. Therefore it throws a responsibility on the man as well as those who elect him to be careful and not to overload one man.

The question may now be asked, "Do college honors help a man outside of college?" Will he be a bigger success than the man who did not get the honors? As a rule this may be answered in the affirmative but it is not always true. However, the exceptions are so few and far between that it is not

necessary to bother with them. Of course, this cannot be determined by those who are now in college and, therefore, a look must be taken at those of past years.

Nearly all of the Intercollegiate debaters have made successful at law. Out of the six intercollegiate debaters in the class of 1909, four are lawyers, one is principal of a high school, and the other is a very successful insurance man. The last mentioned, Mr. J. W. Umstead, of Greensboro, when in college held the agency for a number of business concerns. So he has combined his ability as a speaker and his ability in business into one profession. Of the six intercollegiate debaters of the class of 1912, all six are practicing law.

Many of the *Tar Heel* Editors-in-Chief are now newspaper correspondents. In the class of 1906 Mr. V. L. Stephenson was Editor-in-Chief of the *Tar Heel*. When he left college he was on the staff of the *Charlotte Observer*. Since that time he has been connected with two of the largest New York papers and is now correspondent for the New York *Evening Post*. Mr. Louis Gray, another editor-in-chief, a member of the class of 1902, was sent to France as a correspondent of another New York paper. He has also written articles for the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *Saturday Evening Post*.

The majority of men who held positions as business managers of the different organizations are now successful business men. For instance, Mr. James A. Gray, of the class of 1909, was business manager of many activities while in college. He was one of the principal factors in the tremendous growth and upbuilding of the Wachovia Trust Company of Winston-Salem and is now Vice-President of the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company. Mr. Frank Drew and Mr. F. L. Eules both are successful business men after careers in college as managers of Football and of the *Tar Heel*, respectively.

Of the Phi Beta Kappa Presidents of four classes, two are professors in colleges, one is in law and the other is in business.

Of the Senior Class Presidents of the same four years, two are practicing law, one is a professor, and the other is in business.

These men achieved in college and they have achieved outside of college. They did not seek honors for the honors themselves but for the sake of greater service to the students and they lived up to the honors. Instead of seeking the honors, the honors sought them because they were worthy of the honors.

After finishing college a man should be able to say as Paul said just before his death: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith."

Bolshevism in the Colleges

TYRE C. TAYLOR

There is a professed alarm in some circles at the apparently growing spirit of Bolshevism and Radicalism among Southern college students. As there is no data available to show just what per cent of these men are friendly to such doctrines, any discussion of the question must be rather general in its nature, and take for granted that there does exist such a spirit, and among numbers sufficient to justify more than curious interest. But be that as it may, the problem has some aspects which ought to claim the attention of thinking men whose interest lies along the paths of democratic freedom of thought and government, and who really care to propagate and safeguard the institutions that have come down to us from the past.

If we have ever stood in need of sane, clear thinking along lines of national policy, it would seem that that time is now. The Peace Treaty defeated—President and Congress pulling against each other while the country waits and suffers—the very name of our nation grown into contempt abroad—a horde of bankrupt governments clamoring for a loan which we can not spare and avert disaster at home—these are some of the more immediate things that we must face and solve. Democracy is at its time of testing, and in the instance of the Peace Treaty, at least, it has clearly failed. Those founders of '76 and later have handed us a form which has failed to function in a time of crisis—so logically, we must resort to something better if we are to progress.

But here a difficulty obtrudes itself. As a nation we have lost our nerve—we want nothing so much as to crawl in our

holes—and then pull the same in after us. We don't know whether Bolshevism has gained any appreciable hold on the mind of college students in the South, or elsewhere, but if it has, what of it? That we are going to change some of our existing institutions of government—that some of our antiquated machinery must be brought up to date so it will really respond to the will of the people is obvious to all who care to consider the facts in the case. Flintlock institutions must go; their day and generation has already gone.

So we can say to Bolsheviks, anarchists, or what-not, to “put up or shut up.” If they have something really worth while surely there exists within their ranks the brains to bring their wares before the people of this nation in a favorable light. We refuse to believe that a great panacea for all our ills is wandering aimlessly over the land with no leaders to believe in it who are really leaders—if it be the real thing. If a thousand or ten thousand college students in the South represent Bolshevistic doctrines and ideas, we fail to see where there is cause for alarm. The probability is, however, that the vast majority of this number are simply dissatisfied with the existing state of affairs and are simply groping in the dark. At any rate, we invite those scared individuals the country over to come out of their holes, and to cease thinking that just because a man is disgusted with the workings of the dear old moss-covered, antiquated, weather-beaten, hoary-headed, cumbersome machine at Washington that he is embracing Bolshevistic doctrines, and is therefore playing with the devil. The invitation is urgent; come forth and venture a hand at patching up a newer and better order of things. We might do much good, and, any way, there is much to be said for the contention that we *can't* do any harm.

The Call of South America

MARY E. VERNER

A telegram was received from Montevideo, Uruguay, congratulating the University on her one hundred and twenty-sixth anniversary, from the four Carolina men who are working there. Three of them were sent out by the National City Bank of New York, and judging by their letters, are all deeply interested in their work and enjoying life. In a letter published in the *Alumni Review* for February, Mr. R. C. de Rossett mentions the beaches that even in the midst of December are crowded, makes some remarks about the heat, and the intricacies of the Spanish language. He and the others, "Red" Cooper and Jack Powell, are very much determined to master this very idiomatic language, and being Carolina men, will probably do so. Mr. J. V. Whitfield, '15, is also in Montevideo, as American Vice-Consul, and he and his wife have secured a home recently. Mr. de Rossett says that Mr. Whitfield is accumulating a store of "good ones" which he is hoarding to spring on his friends some day!

Three men now in the Senior class have been selected by the National City Bank to go out as their representatives, John Washburn, E. E. White, and R. B. Gwynn. These men represent the finest type of men that come to the University, and will be certain to make good in South America, where they will also be sent. The best wishes of their friends and of all Carolina men go with them.

It is interesting to note that eighteen men—Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors—applied for these National City Bank scholarships this year, the largest number that has ever applied at one time. The faculty have selected three men, G.

D. Crawford, Robert Davis, and Sidney Allen, and the Bank will take as many men as they need from the faculty's choice.

Apart from the men that are interested in this banking work, the students of the Engineering Schools are more interested than others in South America. Many Chemical Engineers are expecting to go southward, and a number of men in Civil Engineering and Geology are planning to take up work in South America. For these professions there is almost unlimited opportunity for experience, development, and prosperity as well.

In years past, men have gone south after their graduation, from many of whom we doubtless have heard nothing. Among them are Dr. M. C. Guthrie, who for a number of years has been Quarantine Officer on the Canal Zone, in Panama. All who knew him there esteemed him highly, both professionally and personally. Among our most successful alumni may be counted Mr. de Berniere H. Whittaker, who is Vice-President and General Manager of the Spanish-American Mining Company, Santiago, Cuba. He has held this position for a number of years, and has become one of the most prominent men in Cuba. His personality is extremely pleasing; those who know him praise him highly, and consider him as a man of unusual personal charm and business ability.

Largely through the efforts and influence of Mr. Edward Porter, who was a Carolina man, and taught some years afterwards in Cuba, many Cuban students have come to Carolina. The first ones sent by Mr. Porter were Manuel Quedo, Justo Aspiagn, and the elder Llorenz boys. Tomaso Llorenz, '11, who graduated in Civil Engineering, is a successful planter now; his brother, Felix, '11, is with the Santiago Traction Company as an Electrical Engineer; Francisco Llorenz, '11, is Chief Engineer in the Chapaira Sugar Company. Adolfo Rodriguez, '10, is practicing medicine now, very successfully; his brother, Eduardo Rodriguez, '11,

is a Civil Engineer. Alberto Pairo, '10, owns a very prosperous drug business in Ciego de Avila, Camaguey, Cuba, assisted in his work by his brother, Enrique Pairo. Alberto Soler, '17, is a chemist in the Palmarite Sugar Company, and owns a drug store, which he runs in the winter. Pharmacy, Electrical and Civil Engineering are the most popular courses among the Latin-American students, which is easily explained by the great demand for those professions. There are three students here now from Latin-America, two of whom, Ricardo Cumpiano, a Porto Rican, and Fernando Llorenz, are taking the pre-medical course, and César Cumpiano, who is studying law. Francisco Ferentes, who was here in 1910, coming with an M. A. degree from the University of Barcelona, Spain, is now a professor in Camaguey Institute, in Cuba. Sr. Ferentes had a brother here also, who studied Electrical Engineering.

Although the number of Carolina men who have ventured into the "lands beyond the Spanish Main" is small, those who have gone have been of the highest type that Carolina has, and have acquitted themselves accordingly. The field is open still, a glorious prospect of opportunity, service, and endeavor, that the college men are turning to in larger and larger numbers. American men of the truest stamp are more than welcome in South American countries; those who have gone have stood the test, and their record, as all confidently believe, will be kept up—Carolina men in the lands to the South will "Carry on."

Black Commie

J. S. MOORE

"I knew him when he wasn't more than ten years old, for it was then that his mother, old Aunt Cyndia, came to cook for my uncle who lived just across the street from us. He was a strange little fellow. I remember that several of the little boys and girls in the neighborhood were afraid of him. He was a half-wit and had a way of chuckling that was indeed weird. He rarely ever talked, but he was a splendid errand boy. So carefully did he acquit himself of his duties that Uncle gave him little extra jobs of work from time to time. He kept this money, guarding it with an almost paganlike devotion. The other negro boys around the place said he did no have sense enough to spend it. However that may have been I can not say, but I do know that he worked well, and that as he became older he was regarded by my uncle as one of his most trusty servants.

"Imagine my surprise when Mary, my wife, came into the little alcove where I was reading one spring morning, breaking in on me with the incredible news that he was married.

" 'It is simply a phenomenon for this little town,' she laughed, 'I should surely have expected him to remain in his celibate stage of life forever. How in the world did he do it? All the other negroes may well take the optimistic view of matrimony hereafter!'

"She laughed heartily while I was rummaging around in my rather poor vocabulary for that big word she had used—celibate?

" 'Oh!' she broke out fresh, seeing how puzzled I was, 'he's married, the half-wit's married.'

"Mary always got fun out of anything.

"You should have seen the couple together. Such a contrast! He was black, flat-nosed, kinky-haired, and possessing a large majority of all the other African attributes, while she, on the other hand, was a bright mulatto, possessing more of the characteristics of her white ancestors than of her black ones.

"He had only been working for himself about a year when he was married, his mother having received the bulk of his wages up till that time. The compensation that he had received for his work as house-boy, driver, and so on had been something like twenty dollars per month. Of course, he had got his board along with it. And, as a rule, Uncle gave him his clothes. As I have said, he was too economical to spend anything; consequently, he had saved most of his year's wages. He deposited this money with me.

"After his marriage he used to tell me that he had a hard time to save anything.

" 'I tell you, Boss!' he'd chuckle, 'you know dat gal I marry? Well, she jess outshine dem other niggers 'round here so bad dat I jess natu'ally 'bliged to put de dressing on her. Dat's whay my money go.'

"Once or twice he came, wanting to draw out money.

" 'Boss, you know one o' dem nigger gals 'cross de way from whay we lives done got a white silk coat. She think she gwine outshine Melinda, but Lawd! she ain't! dat she ain't! I gwine git Melinda a red 'un,' he exclaimed.

"It was amusing to hear him talk about this Melinda of his, and it would have taken a much deeper psychological mind than I possessed to understand the dog-like devotion and worship that he gave to her, for negroes usually reach the culminating point of their love with the consummation of marriage. They rarely appear devoted afterwards.

"One day he came down to see me. My first glimpse at him told me that he was full of dark foreboding. His eyes were livid, and his lower jaw was sagging pitifully.

" 'Have you come to make a deposit?' I asked, 'or do you want money for another silk coat?'

" 'Naw, Sah, Boss,' he chuckled miserably, 'I wants yo 'vice consarning a little domestical trouble. Miss Harris offer Melinda twelve dollars a munth fo' to cook, and she done got wild fer to do it. If I lets her work out, all dem other sorry niggers be saying I cain't 'sport her in high style, and I jess natu'ally don't want Melinda fer to cook nohow.'

"I counselled him as I thought best, but his mind wasn't receptive to my argument. He went away, chuckling more distractedly than ever. Several days later Mary told me that Melinda had carried her point. For awhile he seemed very dejected and miserable, and indeed, he had some cause to be, for just as he had predicted, the other negroes did take a delight in saying that they knew 'dat high flying want gwine ter last.' However, as Melinda's pay day rolled around, he evidently began to see the wisdom of her course. Once more his face became clear, and there was something like a smile on his thick lips when he came to make another deposit.

" 'Melinda, she 'bout right I spects, arter all, coss now we's gwine save something.'

"After this time deposits became monthly, and on occasion they were even larger than before his marriage. I heard nothing more about silk dresses for Melinda. Possibly Mrs. Harris relieved him of this burden.

"As the months wore on, his little bank account grew considerably larger.

"Once when he made his deposit, asking his usual question, 'How much dat make?' I inquired of him what his plans were for investing his money.

" 'We gwine git a lot and build a house on it,' was the laconic answer.

"This was another puzzle. I failed to understand how such industry could be housed in what the world termed a half-wit.

"His work, his money, and his Malinda were his veritable gods, and he worshiped them in his own pagan-like way.

"The time came when he wanted to know of me if he had enough money to build his house. I was inclined to think that he had better add a little more to his hoard, but he seemed to have suddenly grown impatient. He chuckled something about Melinda's wanting to get into her own house. Then he mumbled a confidential secret. This, too, was about Melinda.

"Some few weeks later a little three-room house had gone up on his lot. Of course, it had its ceiling, its piazza, and its hall, for every negro thinks these are the first essentials of any respectable house. It was painted, too, and more strangely still, the paint was white.

"It was finished in May. Melinda had stopped cooking for Mrs. Harris and was patiently waiting for the coming event. In the meantime she busied herself in planting morning glories and honeysuckles by her porch, flowers in her yard, and seeds in her garden.

"The general conception of a negro house and its surroundings isn't very favorable, for as a rule, it is neither pleasant to the eye nor at all delightful to some of the other senses. His and Melinda's house was different. The situation of it was decidedly good, and it was well kept. Several yards in front of the house stood an old sycamore, while just back of it was a little green valley. Mary and I never passed it that she did not make some remark about the clean yard, the unique arrangement of garden and flowers, or of the peaceful atmosphere that seemed to hover around it.

"The little place really did look homelike and inviting. He and Melinda were proud of it, too. They seemed to glory in

getting a new piece of furniture or any other little article for it. Everybody seemed engrossed in watching his and her happy progress. Theirs was the result of honest, menial labor. Who could begrudge it them?

"It was in early August that Mary told me of the result of the stork's visit to Melinda. About three or four weeks later, when we were out driving, she insisted on stopping to see if the baby was like Melinda or the Half-wit.

"The place was beautiful then. Nature had worked its enhancing beauty in the green garden, in the flowers in the yard, and in the honeysuckles and morning glories that had trailed up and around the piazza posts. A few chickens were scratching on the edge of the yard. A mocking bird had perched himself on a limb of the old sycamore, and was pouring forth a flood of miscellaneous song. The little white house was radiant in the evening sun, while a thread of smoke rose from the chimney, winding itself spirally upwards until it vanished into a yellowish vapor. The woman in the house was crooning a melody.

"'How beautiful!' exclaimed Mary. 'The happiness of a whole world seems buried here in this lowly place, here among these happy, ignorant people of society's lowest stage.'

"'O, Melinda,' she called, 'show us the baby.'

"In an instant Melinda's childish face, aglow with pride and happiness, popped out of the hall door.

"'Jess wait a minute,' she said, 'till I kin put its white coat on it.'

"Presently she came running across the yard, holding up her boy.

"'He's light, Miss Mary, jess like me, and the bestest little thing,' she crooned.

"Such was his and her home. Their happiness was complete, or at least that is what Mary said as we drove off.

"The sun set, and Melinda began to busy herself about supper. After gathering up some chips from the wood-pile, she lighted a fire in her stove, put on her coffee pot, and went to cut her meat. At this juncture the baby emitted a shrill little cry. It was unusual. She left off cutting her meat, and ran to it. Nothing appeared wrong, but the little fellow kept on crying. She sang to it, she jumped it up and down. She tried to put it to her breast; but it still cried. It was dusk, but the half-wit had not yet come, and probably wouldn't for an hour. She couldn't let the little thing cry all that time without doing something for it. She was bewildered, but presently she thought about Granny Betts, the old mid-wife, who knew all about babies. Granny Betts lived just across the way. Melinda tried to call her, but she could not throw her voice that far. Her mind didn't think just right, or she would have taken the baby with her. Maybe, however, she thought the air was too damp for it. Any way, she laid it down in the cradle, closed the door, and went running for Granny Betts.

"Granny Betts was old and had always been accustomed to crying babies. She told Melinda that it was a baby's way to cry just when its mammy wanted to cook supper. Besides, she had the rheumatiz, and could hardly walk. She couldn't shake Melinda off. Perhaps Melinda was too young to know babies' ways, but she was old enough to know that something was wrong with her baby, for it hadn't been accustomed to cry like that.

" 'Aunt Betts,' she cried, 'please come on. The little fellow's there right by hisself, and I tell ye there's something wrong with him.'

"At this instant there was a wild cry outside. For one moment Melinda stood like a stone statue—paralyzed. Then she flew out of the house and along the road.

"Numbers of negroes and of white people were coming from all directions. All were crying one word—FIRE!!

"The half-wit was back there at my uncle's, ignorant that all of his idols were slipping from him.

"A crowd had reached the house before Melinda got there, but none had dared go in, for the whole roof was ablaze. No one knew about the baby's being on the inside. The roaring of the fire drowned its cries. Frantically she tore through the crowd, and before any one realized her purpose she was on the porch. She grasped the doorknob, and swung the door open. As she did so, a volume of angry, fiery smoke leapt out and enveloped her. A groan went up from the crowd as her light skirt disappeared in the hallway. At the same instant the roof fell in.

"The house was in coals on the ground when the half-wit ran up, breathless and wild. He could see from the faces of the terrorized crowd what had happened. He tried to plunge into the bed of coals, but we held him back.

"For a week he walked in the woods, never muttering a word, and holding his blood-shot eyes on the ground. His idols were gone! He would worship no more!"

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"Do you wonder now that he never speaks?" asked Mr. Martinette of the girl when he had finished his story.

She did not answer, but presently, looking up from wet eyelashes, she asked, "What is his name, Uncle?"

"O, yes," he responded, "his name is Black Commie."

Woman Suffrage

P. A. REAVIS, JR.

Probably before this article is published two more states will ratify the proposed amendment to the Constitution of the United States which would give women the right to vote. But whether this amendment is accepted or not by the required thirty-six states makes no difference in what I have to say. It is true that we are living in the twentieth century, and in an age never before dreamed of by human beings. It is true that we have gotten away from many time-worn and honored customs. We have got so far away from those customs that we do not know where we stand in many matters of importance to us to-day. We have no fixed goal. We do not even know where to begin to find a goal or how to reach it after it is found. Certainly some of this hub-bub comes as an after effect of the war, but most of it comes from the tendency, upon the part of our people, to live ahead of the times. Now some of you who read this may think I am a pupil of the "Old School," but I'm not. But it does seem to me sometimes when I am thinking at the roots of a thing that we would be considerably better off if we would go back and grasp some of the principles, ideals, and ways of our mothers and fathers. The trouble with our age, as I see it, is that we are attempting to live too fast. By what I have just said, no doubt some of the readers will say that I am unprogressive, but I am not. I like to see progress, but the right kind of progress, as well as any one. And one of these so-called progressive issues which I think will do more harm than good is Woman Suffrage.

Woman Suffrage, it seems to me, will do more to destroy our happiness than anything else. There are many arguments against it, any one of which would fill the whole of this magazine, so I shall have to hit only the high places and show just a few of my objections to this great movement. In the first place, the woman belongs in the home. This has been her place from time immemorable and will always remain so unless civilized man "raises" society to such a level that she will be taken from the place for which she was and is predestined and foreordained. And what could do this easier than Woman Suffrage? Nothing, for several reasons. The moment woman is given the right to vote she will necessarily begin going to the polls. This alone is all right, if there were not other bad influences which will work there. But when she goes to the polls, sooner or later she will begin to accept bribes, to run for office, to go about "politicizing," etc., all of which works against the unity of the home. Nothing serves a human being like a home and what would tend to break up this upbuilding element in civilization more than the losing of its mistress?

Going into politics and running for office would soon lead the woman to run for high, responsible offices, which she is incompetent to hold because of her small reasoning powers. Prof. William H. Walling, A. M., M. D., in his book entitled "Sexology," gives a clear and concise statement which shows and proves scientifically that because of the smallness of the size of the anterior part of a woman's brain she is unequal to the man in powers of reasoning and analysis, while, on the other hand, with the posterior part of her brain, which is considerably larger than that of the man, she is possessed of far greater emotional powers. This scientific fact alone would disqualify her for suffrage.

There are many arguments against this movement, including the one which reviews the question from the standpoint

of the negro woman. As the law stands the negro woman is not disqualified to vote and when we let the negro populace vote in the South their vote will outnumber that of the whites. This suffrage amendment brings on more difficult problems for the South to solve and we all know that we already have enough. The most important argument, however, is the one already mentioned, the one relating to the home. There are many who argue for this suffrage movement but my own opinion is that if the vote were left to the people of North Carolina, both male and female, the bill would be defeated by an overwhelming majority.

The above partly shows why I am opposed to Woman Suffrage and I do not think that I stand alone among the students of this University in my opinion of the question. In closing this discussion I wish to refer to some words used by Hon. O. Max Gardiner, in a recent address to the University student body, with which he described the people of our State. He said, "We of North Carolina are a notoriously individualistic people" mainly because we are so conservative. This trait has raised North Carolina from the humblest to one of the highest positions on the map of our country. My hope is that we will further show this trait which has made us famous by a declaration against this question of Woman Suffrage, which will do more harm than good.

The Journey Home

WILLIAM D. HARRIS

Captain Osborne rested against the moist rail of the promenade deck as he gazed lingeringly towards the low-lying hills bordering the banks of the Garonne. The stroke of the ship's engines was perceptibly increasing now that the tortuous voyage down the river from Bordeaux had been completed, and the lighthouse furthest seaward was being passed. By a similar ratio the thoughts of the two thousand men in khaki quickened as France was merging from actuality to the fantastic realm of memory. Hardly a year had most of these men been in France; France! La Belle France! La Patrie! No, it had not been La Belle France for these two thousand sons of the Western Republic. It had been a France of mud, of sleepless nights and terrifying ordeals, a France of horror, blood and death. A few, more fortunate than their comrades, had seen the south of France; had seen the moonbeams play on the blue waters of the Mediterranean at Nice, the palms and sunny hills of that incomparable, blest creation of Nature—the Riviera. To them it was La Belle France. All had taken their turn at slandering this land to which strong and brave men from the four corners of the earth had rushed to defend, for here was the front line of civilization. Now that the landless days of an Atlantic voyage were before them these young men experienced a different feeling towards this land.

We love that for which we toil and sacrifice. In the hearts of these Atlantic passengers a transformation was working. There was not one countenance but expressed serious meditation; down a young-old, bronzed face an occasional tear

trickled. Somewhere in France a "buddie" slept beneath the silent white cross that kept guard over his hallowed remains. A kindly old *grandmere* with André and Marie, would care for the grave of *l'ami, le soldat Américain*. There were some good things to say about France. It did become rather monotonous to hear this continual knocking of the French. Had the Americans really known anything of the real France? Hadn't most of the fellows on leave looked for the bright lights and gay madam'selles, and had never seen the sturdy, virtuous folk who were the bulwark and strength of the republic? The *poilu* was a good fighter, a likable fellow and a faithful, joyous comrade. Paris was a beautiful city. Perhaps the country was beautiful. The north of France was not the whole of France.

There were many who braved the cold of that clear February day to catch one last glimpse of Europe, who began a mental inventory as they realized that in a few weeks war would be but a memory. The privileges and duties of civilians would be theirs. Experiences of the past months had made an indelible impression. These experiences were theirs; no human power could take them away. What did the new life have in store for them? Was it to be the same old humdrum; or were those visions of a greater, nobler life—revealed only very rarely between flashes of star shells at night—to be realized? Some had no such inspiration. Memories brought self-reproach and anguish to these. Of such was Captain Osborne.

"I've fought this tendency and fought it, Bob, since my high school days; and it seems that there's no hope for me."

These words were spoken in a calm, decisive, square-jawed tone. Yet the glitter and slight closing of the steel-grey eyes betrayed an inward emotion. Like a judge passing sentence upon himself the young officer uttered the words in an impersonal, conclusive manner.

If you met John W. Osborne alone, or in any aggregation of people you would pause to look at him again. I have no intention to paraphrase the description of "heroes," that so many admiring hero-creators give to the supposedly anxious public. But a true depiction of the leading character in this story contains most of the elements of the story-book variety. A glance at Captain Osborne's tall, firmly knit, stalwart figure would give an impression of physical ability and confidence. You would love his grey eyes which met yours squarely, and which at one moment would insinuate a genial, humorous twinkle, to be almost instantly replaced by the serious, far-away, longing expression of one who knows Fate's decrees and ponders the futility of defying them. The decoration fiends would notice the two gold stripes on either sleeve and the medals from the governments of the United States, France and Great Britain.

To the curious who might meticulously inquire, Captain Osborne could have explained how the wounds were received during that memorable month of September, 1918, when the Second Army Corps lent powerful aid to the British forces in breaking the Hindenburg line. The second stripe was for an ugly shoulder wound received at Bellicourt on the twenty-ninth when Osborne's company encountered a very hive of Boche machine guns. That day the Carolinians and Tennesseans of the Old Hickory Division taught the Huns that the old rebel vigor and fire was as deeply instilled in the veins of Southerners of 1918, as ever they were in the intrepid followers of the knightly Lee. New York's militia-men of the Twenty-seventh vied right honorably that September day with their compatriots, proving that the fighting American belongs to no one section but to all parts of a reunited, indivisible union of states. But let me return to my story.

Lieutenant Caswell made no answer to this unusual assertion of his boyhood friend. He knew that Jack Osborne had restrained this confidence for a long time and was ready for some sort of a confession concerning a very delicate affair. Not that Caswell was without some knowledge of a certain unfortunate story circulated in the regiment concerning Osborne. He wanted to think of something else—of the trenches, of home. His spirit was in harmony with the spirit of the ship's company. A chapter had been written deep in the lives of these westward bound people. There had been a world war thousands of miles from home that threatened their government, their country. These children of the New World were returning from a crusade to the Old World, where they fought in the victory to save civilization. The cursed Hun was crushed, for the time being at least. Thoughts now were of the homeland, of the dear ones anxiously waiting there, of the days and years ahead. There was a soothing satisfaction in the confidence that the world would be a little better off, after all. In the army one learned to confine his mental activity to practical things, so a new heaven on earth was not expected immediately by the soldier. Thinking of these things, Caswell waited in silence for the Captain to continue.

"You have known me, Bob, since the days the cop used to interrupt our ball games on Summit Avenue. You were my best friend in college. I was never what you would call a moral reprobate. Yet there's always been a peculiar fascination that vivacious girls of the "fast" type could exercise over me—which, I may say, was reciprocal. My conduct was subject to quite a bit of gossip in school. Most of this chatter was without foundation; I never bothered to deny anything. I realized my special weakness, and I fought to overcome that weakness. At first it seemed that I would lose, but when Mary came along it looked like the devil was whipped. I loved her desperately. She loved me and made

a man of me—for a while. We were married, as you know, the year I began practicing. At home now is a little youngster, Jack—the idol of his mother—because, as she says, he will be just like me. I hope not.”

Captain Osborne paused to brush a tear away. He cleared his throat as he resumed:

“I was doing well. Was building up a good practice as old McLeod’s junior partner. Was happy at home and absolutely true to Mary. Then war was declared; and a call was made for volunteers for officers’ training camps. Mary and I talked the matter over. I went to Oglethorpe and got a first lieutenancy. You know of how I was assigned to the 119th at Sevier and of our trip across. Bob, you’ve heard some ugly reports about me in France. Well, the worst of it is that they are true; yet there’s a little to be said in my behalf.

“It was near Amiens the trouble began. I was down there on a special assignment conferring with some British staff officers. If you have ever been to Amiens you have heard of the ‘Marquise.’ She had a niece. Renée Tissaert was her name. It’s no excuse for me, but, Bob, any one would have fallen for that girl, just like I did. Her ability to speak English served to deepen our acquaintance. Here was beauty, vivacity, charm itself, and I could talk to her in the language of God’s country. An American was a rare sight in those days in that neighborhood. So she, well, was very friendly to ‘Monsieur, l’officier Americain.’ I was in a sporting mood; knew that we’d go in the lines soon and then God only could tell what would happen. I made love to her—in the American way. Was absolutely square with the girl, whether you believe it or not. Then the devil began his inning.”

The number of promenaders was decreasing. A few nurses, Red Cross and “Y” men, and French civilians—among whom were some war brides of the A. E. F.—were still making the familiar circuit. Captain Osborne glanced apprehensively at some young French ladies that passed near the two officers.

"Yes, there's when the devil began his count. A hurried order came for me to report to the outfit within three days. That night I saw Renée and told her that the 'Americain' would 'parti' soon; that I'd be in the trenches soon. Then I discovered that she loved me, or thought she did, anyway. To be fair about it this daughter of Normandy fascinated me. She was French, yet possessed some of the old Norse traits. Her eyes were blue; her hair was blond and wavy. Her figure was lithe and, for a French girl, athletic. The privations of war had not taken the bloom of health from her cheeks. 'Twas not rouge that deceived me; that I know. She was really a worthy girl, Bob. Well, by a judicious use of the francs I obtained the marriage license without fulfilling the requirement of residence in the commune, and we were married, first by the mayor, and then by her priest.

"In the wild intoxication of that brief, tempestuous honeymoon I forgot Mary, home, friends, everything but the fascination of Renée and the grim shadow of Mars stretching out his gory hand towards me. In a few nights perhaps Death would find me. Ha! What did I care! Even Death could not rob me of those wild hours of happiness with Renée. I was as defiant of fate as Henley's 'Captain.'

"We went into the lines soon after that. The fear of death did not bother me. In fact, at first I was afraid that I would not be killed. Then the stings of conscience began to be less smarting. I resolved to visit Renée after the war, in case I lived through it. Somehow a divorce would be arranged, or the marriage annulled. At night crouched in a filthy, lousy, rat-ridden dugout when we'd attempt a few minutes sleep I would squirm and twist as I thought of Mary and little Jack. It was hell, Bob.

"Well, you know how we were wounded in the scrap near the canal at Bellicourt and sent to the hospital at Rouen. There I tried to forget Renée, hoping that perhaps she had

forgotten me and that all would end well. But the 'Marquise' wrote me that they were expecting me to take Renée to America. That letter was never answered. Renée was fairly wealthy and in no danger of great privation. Through some friends in Rouen the old lady kept posted about me.

"The day we left the hospital for Bordeaux I wrote Renée a long letter. I told her of my wife and child in America, that I loved her, too, as my little French sweetheart and implored her forgiveness. I wanted to be a gentleman about it, Bob; to tell her the truth and let her secure the divorce without any trouble after my departure. But I don't think my acts were those of a gentleman—not the kind of a gentleman your dad and my dad are, Bob."

By the ship's lights the foam sweeping from the prow could be seen. The new moon prevented a view of the swells that could hardly be noted in the thickening darkness. The two officers were silent for several moments.

"Jack, old man, cheer up. All's well that ends well. Soon 'twill be home again for us. Forget this part of your experiences in France. We are all human, and the best of us make mistakes. Probably that girl has forgotten you and has married another. Who knows? You've acted right square about it. We are all going home to start life over again. We'll wipe the slate clean, and keep it clean. We're going home, Jack! Cheer up!"

There was a long pause. Presently Lieutenant Caswell yawned, stood erect and stretched.

"Believe I'll turn in. Going below?"

"No. Think I'll stay above a little longer. Good night."

As Captain Osborne lighted a cigarette he gave inaudible thanks that there were no cursed U-boats to bother a man's smoking now. He turned to watch the few undaunted passengers who persisted in remaining on deck. Curiously he

noticed a lone woman in civilian clothes. Suddenly she starts toward him. Ha! 'Tis an acquaintance. 'Twill be a bon voyage, indeed.

"My God! It's Renée!"

A deadly pallor came over the young Captain's face. His hands reached and tenaciously clutched the rail.

"Jack! Jack! Ah, *mon chérie! Je t'aime! Je t'aime!* Kiss me, Jack!" Renée in her excitement alternately speaks her mother tongue and that of the Anglo-Saxons. Her arms fly about his neck and tighten. Her beseeching, feverish lips are turned toward his. Her chin is lifted at an angle alluring and yearning. Tears of sheer joy and of tremulous anxiety trickle from blue eyes. Strands of wavy, blond hair play engagingly in the light breeze. Love and beauty pray for love requited.

A strange light illumines the grey eyes of Captain Osborne—and lingers. Unconsciously he nods his head in affirmation. His faculty for making an instant decision in an emergency has not failed him. How quiet and calm is the man!

"Is it really my little French sweetheart, my little Renée?"

He gently drew her to him. Tenderly, almost punctiliously, he kissed her warm lips. Passionately she replied. When a woman loves there's no power on earth, above, or below that can restrain her from revealing it. Jack Osborne again was certain that Renée truly loved him. And the love of Mary pounded his heart at every beat. Two women loved him. He was the husband of both.

Arm in arm he walked with Renée to the deck below the saloon. At the foot of the stairway he playfully kissed her, and asked to be excused for a moment. He hurried to his cabin and quietly entered so as not to disturb his mates. Quickly he procured a small khaki-bound Testament and turned to the fourteenth chapter of St. John. Mary had told him to read this whenever he felt like giving up all hope. Nervously he read:

"Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in me."

Some one opened the door of the adjoining cabin. Hastily Jack arose and by a passage seldom used made his way to the stern of the ship. There he paused and observed that no one was about that part of the ship. Slowly he began to walk up and down the short stern deck. A searching of the soul, so far as the powers of mind were competent, was to take place. John W. Osborne was in the witness chair. John W. Osborne was the prosecuting attorney conducting the cross-examination.

"Death is too light a punishment for my kind. Ah! Mary and little Jack! If they knew. Would they ever wish to see me again? Is there heart in me to face them? What a fool I was, a contemptible weak fool! 'Tis true that the war was a big game, a tremendous upheaval that carried away for a time part of character's foundation. I thought that the world could forgive one a sin of human weakness. My life was offered as a sacrifice to save the world. Surely this atoned for all the sins of the flesh. Surely we do not hold their sins against them—those who 'sleep in Flanders fields, beneath the crosses row on row.' I might have as easily been there to-night, but for immediate medical attention when wounded. My God! I wish I were there! Dr. Roberts once made a talk to us in chapel at college on the futility of attempting to beat the game. You reap what you sow. You can't escape the consequences of your act. 'Tis bitter, oh, how bitter; but 'tis true that the wages of sin is death—in one form or another. Why didn't I realize that at Amiens? Where was my will power, my love for Mary and Jack, my common decency?"

The anguished walker looked down at the dark waters. Would they wash away the stains and square his debt to the decency of the world—to the two women who loved him?

“Ha! Like Hamlet I ponder here: ‘To be or not to be; that is the question.’ Whether to live, to face the world and win, or—Ah! Let the foolish French girl pay the bill. The Atlantic is broad and deep. One body would be forever lost in its bosom. Craven coward! A Southerner and an American plotting the destruction of an innocent girl! Let my own body be swallowed under the waves and my soul go to hell before I do this contemptible thing! Mother, hear the cry of a wayward son and give him counsel as when as a little boy he knelt to pray ‘Now I lay me down to sleep.’ Light! Light! Oh, God, give me light!”

All was quiet save for the splashing of the foamy water against the ship and the muffled stroke of the engines.



Mexico—The Sick Man

RALPH D. WILLIAMS

Whether it be Madero, Huerta, Villa, or Carranza the net results are the same. Twelve to fourteen million illiterate mixed breeds, a thin veneer of highly educated Spaniards, a few who can either read or write but can not do both, and a small percentage of pure-bred Indians; a total of about sixteen million—indifferent, docile, industrious, and suspicious. This is the personnel of that portion of the world designated by ex-President Taft as "an international nuisance."

It is our wish that we might live in loyal good-fellowship with these people. But these happy relations require mutual coöperation. And such coöperation is one of the things we have never consistently had from any Mexican faction; another is respect for the United States as a nation. And these are the things we desire more than anything else Mexico can give. Aggression for territorial gain is not our national policy. Provincial protectorates are cumbersome diplomatic problems and should be shouldered reluctantly.

It would be a fine thing for the United States if this perplexing situation could be swept into oblivion by some miracle. But problems of this kind are not solved that way. Mexico is a sick man. He lives and has his being as our Southern neighbor. We must perform the miracle.

In seeking a solution of the entanglement there are three angles of approach. We may continue the policy of "watchful waiting" adopted in 1914 and under which Mexico has daily wended her way further into a turbid gulf of chaos. For a change we could withdraw our recognition of Carranza and vigorously support some other factional leader. This

could be done by loans of money, consignments of munitions and food-stuffs and the support of our good will—assistance similar to that rendered the Allies before our soldiers entered the European arena. There is one other way. Armed intervention. This seems the more feasible. It seems inevitable—the longer it is postponed the more inevitable it becomes. Destruction of industrial investments can be paid for in cash. But disrespect for the United States as a nation and the wanton killing of our citizens has no cash valuation. Since 1910 five hundred and fifty-one of our citizens have been murdered by the bloody-shirt factions in Mexico—an average of more than one a week for ten years. In four months, from April to July (1919), three hundred and thirty-one major attacks were made on industrial plants and railway facilities—an average of more than five a day. It is this butchery and these depredations which make armed intervention inevitable.

The people as a whole are not as hostile toward us as the howl of the ravagers would indicate. Nor will the task be so gruesome as generally expected. Officers who crossed the border under General Pershing reported a considerate reception—after the minds of the people had been disabused of the misconceptions planted there by the pillaging parties. It is a Mexican daily paper which says that eighty per cent of the people are indifferent toward intervention and that ninety per cent of the educated class would welcome intervention of any kind that would bring about peace and protection. These people, four-fifths of the entire population, are exploited and voiceless in the present hodge-podge. They are squelched by the blood-and-thunder factions—who are quartered mainly in towns and villages of the south central part centering around Mexico City. Three-fifths of the entire area is a barren waste land sparsely settled and the mountainous regions, sometimes considered strongholds for the bandits, are so desolate as to afford “a permanent refuge only

for the dead." It would be our task to conquer the desperadoes but we need only win the confidence of the favorable and indifferent factions—eighty per cent of the population. The attitude of these people toward Uncle Sam, when they come to know him, is seen in the election of the mayor of Vera Cruz in 1914. The city had been under martial law but Provost Marshal Colonel Edward H. Plummer was withdrawing his forces, leaving the city in the hands of the natives. Without any advocacy of the act hundreds of votes were cast for Colonel Plummer for mayor of Vera Cruz. He had found the city in filth and turmoil. He left it clean and orderly. This was sufficient for the Mexicans. They saw. They believed.

With the national election at hand, it would seem unwise to throw a declaration of war into the campaign just now. Under these circumstances it appears advisable to continue in "watchful waiting," or with moderate military reprimands, if such is not made impossible by further outrages, until the presidential election is over.

This done let us adopt and pursue a policy of temporary aggressive subjugation. Do it in a thorough and lasting way. Comb her mountains and valleys and there establish martial law. Let the inhabitants of the remotest village gaze upon the likeness of real men in the form of United States soldiers until they are seized by an unquenchable respect for the government and people of our nation. Place at the head of this mongrel of humanity a Governor General, appointed by Congress or the President, with functions and powers similar to those of the Governor General of the Philippines. And all this in a spirit of impartiality and without intentions of permanent retention. Do it in the spirit of a leader with the purpose of helping them find a new and better way. Adopt these methods not because of a desire to administer brutal treatment, or permanently dominate the political destinies

of another people, but because we believe the work of stabilizing any Mexican régime can be done best when the attention of all is focused in the same direction, on the same object, at the same time. As soon as compatible with future safety withdraw our forces and officials and leave them with a responsible government of their own choosing and with the assurance that the Yankee is their friend.



First Explorations in African Orange County

C. W. PHILLIPS

In starting a new project in a new field with new methods and by new starters, one might look for varied results. The fact is the results may be of a new nature, too. If the "news" run criss-cross, some succeeding in one line and others in other lines, however, they serve to neutralize and as a result there may be gotten a tremendous amount of good. Then when the newness wears off and the machinery continues to run, there is evidence of good lubricants.

To continue the figure, the helping of the more unfortunate, the spirit of unselfishness and service, is a big machine in the human species and the Y. M. C. A. is a lubricant that helps to keep well oiled that vast and intricate piece of machinery.

The work that the Y. M. C. A. of the University of North Carolina in the African part of its work has done—What has it done? Do we receive cleaner linen from our laundresses? Are our rooms kept any nicer by our janitors? Do we see the negro that used to be on the street, off the street now reading the newspaper and studying a new plan by which he may aid his employer? When we meet the colored man in the street, is he more polite or does he seem to feel proud of his education and attempt to be the equal of a college student?

Perhaps when we put our finger on definite questions like these we can't see through to an exact answer. But the good results are there. Good has been accomplished. The benefits derived from both the workers and the receivers have been wonderful. They can't be estimated. No, perhaps you can't see a definite reform growing out of the negro himself, but what would you expect from a people crushed for many centuries under the foot of strong nations? What a little has

been done in the possibly ten years that the work has been going on in comparison to the principles handed down from generation to generation! The leaven has been placed in the work and it is already fermenting the whole. Imagine yourself in a backward nation, having been trained as your father and your father's father's father was trained as to how to do a certain kind of work. Then imagine that some one comes and tells you it is the wrong way. Tells you to always do your best and to work to the interest of all. Do you believe that you would instantly accept the new and lay aside the old? Even though your mind recognized the value on the instant, your flesh could not carry it out without constant study and continual teaching. But I say it again, "African Orange County has awakened." This section of the race is not behind in the universal attempt to get those people out of the mire. The colored people of Chapel Hill have better manners, more of them know how to live by the principles of Christ than many other sections of this state and nation. Do you ask why this is so? Do you ask why these negroes are a finer group of negroes than many other groups of like people? It can be laid at the door of the college man who has come here from year to year working through the channels of the Y. M. C. A. to give these people the rudiments of education, the simple stories of the Bible, and a higher ideal of citizenship and civilization.

For those who possibly do not know what the "Y" has been doing, I will try to give a little history just here. Eight years ago a student conceived the idea that the University, as an organization that stands for all that is high and noble, should help out suffering humanity under its very door through the organization of the Y. M. C. A. A man went out and broke the ice. He plead with those people, he was patient with them, and by his clear-headedness and diplomacy was enabled to start a night school out in the negro district. The work has gone on gradually up until now.

If conditions were normal there would be going on out there now, a night school held three or four nights in the week. On Sunday afternoon a college student would be in the Sunday school with those people, not running the school himself, but making them do so and helping them in any way possible. Our time could not possibly be too valuable for such a work. There would be, also, a negro Y. M. C. A. doing work regularly. The fact is that the Y. M. C. A. is still an organization but is inactive at the present time. This is a self-supporting organization. An organization in which the young men and old have a vast deal of interest. Also there is held on the Campus what is known as the "Janitor's Club," taught by the Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. There can be no reason for pessimism when it comes to mind that these janitors go to a certain designated place of meeting on every Sunday morning, really discomforting themselves at times to get there, listening and making an effort at absorbing something.

All the immediate above is in the Negro Department of the Y. M. C. A. and is being neglected this year, not on account of the college but due to outside circumstances that exist that have made it impossible to hold all these organizations intact, but these things are on the program of the Negro Department and they will be reestablished soon.

Do you ask what is being taught them? Not the often mis-conceived idea that the negroes are being trained to be the equals of the whites. Not that at all, but it is the effort of the workers to make them have the spirit of working their very best at all times. They are taught how to write their names, how to add simple problems, and how to spell a few easy words. They are catching the idea of trying to be real men and women.

African Orange County has responded, and the challenge is still on us as a college organization. The efforts have not been in vain.

The Faithful Singer and His Song

A. N. JOHNSON

PREFACE

"The Faithful Singer and His Song," an address prepared by "Dean Johnson" for one of his own audiences, fell into my hands, through the Y. M. C. A., to be typed. It occurred to me that it would be a matter of interest for our university students to see how well this "Venerable Old Dean," "Med Assistant," janitor, and well-wisher to all that the student body holds at heart, had written his essay. I have not changed it except for punctuation. The composition, vocabulary, and spelling are entirely his own.

Most all of us know the "Dean"; for those of us who do not, I would say that he is of the type that is now so fast disappearing from among us—the good-natured, humble, and sensible type of the "old school of the Southern darkey gentleman."

Both in the title and in the essence of his essay I find a humble and lovely message of the Christ-life that rings true in spite of "twentieth century *scientific* enlargements."

J. S. MOORE.

Music assists in religious work, first, by preparing the hearer nervously and physically for the emotions to be aroused by the address; second, by stimulating the nervous action produced by emotions already secured, and so increasing their power over the volitions; third, by satisfying the nerves and the mind by a musical expression corresponding to the nervous impression made by the emotions of the mind; fourth, by assisting in the awakening of emotions connected with natural interests and affections which shall then be transferred to and associated with spiritual ideas and objects. Church music is an applied art. In pursuing our study of the character of church music let me further remark that while it is still musical art, it is art with a purpose. That purpose is so lofty and so urgent that it becomes the controlling factor in the combination, and dominates the whole form, character, and contents of the music used.

A hymn was sung at the Lord's first supper. The early Christians were commanded by Paul to use hymns and psalms and spiritual songs in speaking one to another; they are admonished to use them in admonishing one another. It is a significant fact that the great hymns of the Christian Church are rarely sectarian. It would seem that the narrowing sympathies of sect take flight while the hymn writer is committing his thoughts to paper. What is it then?

I will pray with the spirit, and I will pray with the understanding, also; I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also. Yet in the church I had rather speak five words with my understanding that by my voice I might teach others also than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue. These are the words of St. Paul as found in Cor. I, verses 14 to 19.

In the year 1898, when Prof. H. Barbee, Carlton, Davis organized a New Hope Musical Convention. The purpose of this musical convention is that all shall sing with the spirit and also with the understanding. The teachers must not allow themselves to be too much influenced by the "Old Granny" traditions of teaching; it is erroneous to teach that pupils should not practice reading or singing in the different keys until they have been taught the structure of the keys and the theory of the changes required in the different notations. Pupils can get used to reading in the keys just as well without explaining the formation of the keys as with the explanation, and when the time for explanation comes they will understand it all the better on account of the practice they have had.

The subject is here introduced as an incidental. In later lessons it will be taken up as an essential item of instruction and will be treated in full.

Then said I, Lo! I come (in the volume of the book it is written of me) to do thy will, O God. Hebrews 10, 7.

It requires faithfulness to do this. In song service see Him as a witness. Hear St. John in the seventh chapter; Learn to sing about Him; learn to talk about Him; learn to walk with Him. And David said: Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound; they shall walk in the light of thy countenance. In thy name shall they rejoice, and in thy righteousness shall they be exalted.

Sister Lena Johnson, who passed out of this world in January, was one of the faithful singers. She would very often say to me, "John, sing my song." It runs:

I have heard of a dwelling place
And of mansions fair to see,
Where there's room for all who are saved by grace,
And there's room up there for me.

Chorus:

There's room for you,
There's room for me,
There's room for all,
And there's room enough for me.

In the controlling factor of the church music is help and edification. Then the mental, moral, and religious condition of those to be edified and helped becomes an essential element in its development and application. One of the most difficult phases of this adaptation is the relation that the work of the church includes. Every creature must reach and help with its music, not only the cultivated and artistic but the rude and uneducated as well. Music is the least selfish of all the arts, and is, therefore, the most altruistic. Men will always divide into groups according to their differences of opinion, but music, by acting through the feelings instead of the intellect, becomes a bond of union between all classes of people. I have often heard Rev. Dunstan say, "Turn to No. 44, and everybody join in the singing.

“Since your childhood you have heard the wondrous story of the Christ who gave His life on Calvary’s tree; how for you He left His Father’s home in glory, bore the cross that you from sin might be made free.

“Do you know Him? Do you know my Savior? Do you know His wondrous love and mighty power? If you knew Him as I know Him you would make my Savior your Savior this very hour.”

Rev. Dunstan stood as a living witness and testified faithfully, “I know Him.” To know Him is to serve Him faithfully.

The choir singer did not appear in the church of New England until about 1750. It is related that in 1777 the Congregational Church of Worcester, Mass., voted in favor of a choir, and decided that the choir should occupy the first seats of the gallery. The Deacon who had been lining out the hymns Sunday after Sunday began as usual on the day that the New Order was to go into effect, but the choir sang continuously from start to finish and drowned him out. Finding himself hopelessly beaten, he took his hat and went out of the house in tears.

The New Regime brought frequent disagreements between minister and choir. The former was sometimes at fault because of his ignorance of and contempt for musical theory. The Deacon should have been faithful to the end, singing:

When we walk with the Lord in the light of His word,
What a glory He sheds on our way!
While we do His good will, He abides with us still,
And with all who will trust and obey.
Trust and obey, for there’s no other way,
To be happy in Jesus but to trust and obey.

It is said: Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life.

Music is wonderfully effective as a reformatory agent. The song will make the singer better even if only for a short while. This becoming better is more spiritual and more lasting than mere reading of the poem. In the Old Testament we read how David when a youth soothed the crazy king with his harp and his song.

So, brother teachers and friends, let this be our song:

Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!
O, what a foretaste of glory divine!
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His spirit, washed in His blood.

Chorus:

This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior all the day long.
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Savior all the day long.

The child is put to sleep with a lullaby. The soldier is worked up to a fighting pitch by a martial air. The worshipping congregation is exalted by the spiritual hymn. The man who toils with brain or muscle is refreshed by lively music. The patients who need to be put to sleep at the close of the day are put to sleep by music. It is much better than a drug because it produces a natural sleep. Sleeplessness yields to well chosen music when it can not be overcome by any other form of treatment. There is no form of insanity that has not at one time or another given way to music. In fact, some enthusiastic persons say that music will even promote the healing of diseased tissues, but the music given in hospitals must be carefully chosen. So also must the performer be chosen with care. Otherwise music does more harm than good.

Now, my friends, look well to faithful singing. See to it that your songs will help some one go to glory. Sing songs

that have helped the crazy and have soothed the sick, and you will prove yourself worthy of the vocation wherein you are called.

Let all of you stand and join in the song:

When my soul is singing in that promised land above,
I'll be satisfied,
Praising Christ, the Savior, for redeeming love,
I'll be satisfied.

Chorus:

I'll be satisfied,
I'll be satisfied,
When my soul is resting in that promised land above,
I'll be satisfied.

Living in a city where the soul shall never die,
I'll be satisfied,
There to meet with loved ones never more to say good-bye,
I'll be satisfied.

Chorus:

A Bag of Swag

LE GETTE BLYTHE

A sickening, sallow moon sent a single ghastly ray down into the corner just across the street from the solitary gas lamp. The night cop was on his job—dozing in the doorway of the store diagonally opposite. He did not see the two figures huddled together in the corner where the moonbeam weakly penetrated.

"Jim, it's a tough job, I tell you. You gotta spunk up and git yo' old nerve back!" the first figure muttered sharply.

"Well, ain't I always had it when the time came to do the job? Where's all yo' guts yo'self?" the other replied.

"Say, now, pard, slack up a little. Course yo'll be there when it's pulled off. But yo' see it's such a rough, devilish job to get off with that we gotta keep ready. To-morrow night at two bells she goes or we string. Git me, pard?"

"Aw, I get you all right, but it's not so bad as you are layin' for. Why, that First National——"

"But," interjected the other fellow, "the job on our hands is like a she-bear to a baby doll to that little haul. We gotta keep mum and she'll blow O. K. Fifty-fifty, and Pullman berths and high class hash houses and—well, to-morrow night at two."

And with that final injunction he slid into the shadows. The fellow called "Jim" eased off across the street, dashed under the light, and was gone.

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In the darkening twilight the streets were crowded with home-going shoppers and workers, so that no suspicion was

aroused when two checker-suited, striped-socks individuals met, exchanged greetings, and walked off toward a quiet seat in the park nearby.

"Say, Jim." It was the first speaker again. He seemed to be the self-appointed leader of the two. "What yo' reckon? The blame place is guarded to beat a powder plant in war time. I been over there to-day an' saw four guards hangin' 'roun'. They're doubled after dark." There was a meaning glance on his sinister face, and as he turned, the livid hue of a jagged scar showed over his right eye. He bent over and whispered: "You gotta get 'em and yo' know how." He cast a furtive glance around, and seeing no one, reached into his inner overcoat pocket and drew therefrom a long, slender blade of polished steel. "Get me?" he whispered as he handed it to his pard.

"I compre," the latter returned, concealing the weapon on his person.

"Now, listen," began the first speaker. "They are posted about fifty feet apart, all on different sides of the building. There's where you come in. I'm goin' to slip in if I can, but yo' gotta git that first man and git him clean, so's he won't chirp up an' let the other birds into the game. Maybe you'll hafter put another one to sleep, I can't tell. You see the idea. You stay outside an' fix me the way, an' I'll collect the plunkety stuff. See, Kid?"

The other replied with a nod and a grunt, and the two got up, stretched, and with a final "Two's the dope, old pard," by the leader, they separated.

The town clock had struck the two o'clock hour just five minues before. A passerby, chancing along B Street, if he were of a peering disposition, would probably have noticed a mass of garbage that the carrier had failed to remove from the dark fence corner in that vicinity. The town was lax in

this matter, you know, and it should be looked into. But it was none of his business, anyhow, and so he passes by unheeding. But a more close observer would find, if he looked into the matter, that it had only recently been placed there. In fact, it had lain there for only two or three minutes. "It" was the dead body of one of the guards. There was a long slit in his coat on the left side about eight inches below the shoulder.

If the pedestrian had continued his observations he would also have seen a garbage can that had only recently been placed in a nearby fence corner. Jim was good at camouflaging.

They had pulled it off thus far according to plans. The two desperadoes had met at two o'clock, the cat-like Jim had slipped up in the darkness to the guard and had driven home his steel, and the leader had entered and was in the very act of robbery while his pal watched on the outside.

The man on the inside worked nervously. If only he could get out after rounding up his haul! Would the other guards not get the drift in time? He reasoned quickly as he dashed along to the innermost place where it was secured. Madly he began drilling an entrance into the safe. If Jim would only keep them off until he could secure the loot and get out! It was maddening! Wouldn't the drill ever break through the hard steel? His hand shook. Was he losing his nerve?

The safe yielded! There was the treasure in easy reach. The other guards were calmly walking their posts. They hadn't heard. He would get out!

"Gosh!" exclaimed Tom, as he walked out of the henhouse with the egg, "what if that blamed old hen had pecked me?"

March

EWART W. G. HUFFMAN

The ghastly days are quickly passing by ;
 Soon little fays will choir again their notes
 And chat and twitter softly on the oaks,
Ere they are decked with leaves innumerably.
The days of anxious waiting 'gin to die,
 While hours of sore distress and grief-clogged throats
 Have disappeared and happiness denotes
The tick-tock of the time—sweet liberty !

The chills, the leadened skies, the cozy creeks
 Have melted ; woodlands gaunt of sombre hue,
 Though ragged, yet are filled with spring's imbue
Of life and love. All hail, old world, Pan speaks
 And all the woodland groves are instantly
 Befitted with new life and melody !

Song

JOHN B. STRATTON

I

There's not a word your lips have breathed,
 A look your eyes have given,
That is not shrined within my heart
 As treasures sent from Heaven.

II

Whene'er I catch the breath of flowers,
 Or music from the sea,
Thought wings her way to distant bowers,
 And memory clings to thee !

THE MAGAZINE

University of North Carolina

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

THE MAGAZINE, University of North Carolina, is published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies. Its object is to gather together what is best in the literary life of the students and give expression to it.

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Editorials



ASSOCIATION

What does it mean, fellows, to have the continual comradeship of a good friend? What does it mean to have understandings with a roommate or some other person with whom we come in contact? It should mean a great deal and if we only stop and think for a minute, we know that it does mean more than we had dreamed of. Imagine yourself without your best friend on the campus, your best girl, or your best friend in the world. Even with the imagination one can make himself feel "blue."

One trouble with us is that we don't appreciate the association we do have. We don't gain from our friends all that we should and well could. We must make it mean more if we are to live on the campus together and enjoy to the fullest our four years' stop here.

At a recent smoker, called the Good-Fellowship Smoker of the Junior class, every Junior present, and most of them were there, will tell you that that smoker was the best he ever attended. Really it was a good fellowship smoker and all the fellows felt better after it. The class of '21 or of any other year, to make itself felt here, must join together and stick together for the common good and the good of Carolina.

At the recent World Student Volunteer Conference at Des Moines, many of the students there will tell you that they gained most from that Conference by the association with other people. The college gained by having representatives who came in contact with representatives from other colleges. We are known better by other colleges and we know them better just by association. Much as we loved our sister college, N. C. C., before, now we are closer as sister and brother just from association. Fellows, much of our education is gained by the association we keep. Let's watch it!

MR. FRESHMAN

Now, Mr. Freshman, you have been with us almost a year. You have a desire by this time to help make the University a place where there is always a breath of freedom in the air; where all men, classes and beliefs are welcome, and where one may rise in earnest striving by the might of his own merit. You have learned by this time that wealth is nothing to be ashamed of and poverty no disgrace; that it is a place where a common ideal of all is put before the selfish desires of a few. You have learned that we have a spirit here that we

cherish, a spirit that we can not define, but it is something that we are merely conscious of. Sometimes that spirit reaches a very low ebb. You wonder if it is a dream rather than a reality. Well, when such a situation arises, stop a moment and analyze yourself. See if you are there with your part. After all, it's an individual proposition, isn't it? Grow yourself, and in doing so you will grow Carolina.

WHAT ABOUT OUR TEACHERS?

Education is of more vital importance to the country now than ever before, yet the latest available figures furnished by the National Education Association show that the average American gets less than a sixth grade education in a 200-day school year. Another important fact concerning the status of our public education is that only 9,500 teachers graduated from our training schools in 1919 as compared to 14,921 in 1917.

There is no mystery in the fact that fewer persons are willing to enter the teaching profession. We have been expecting the highest order of service for the lowest possible cost, as is evidenced by the fact that, according to the latest available figures, \$342.00 was the average salary for teachers in the South Atlantic States, and North Carolina was even below this average.

And how does North Carolina compare with the other states in regard to our expenditures for public education? We pay less taxes per capita for state support than any other state in the Union with the exception of South Carolina. The amount paid for this state support is \$2.22, of which 68 cents goes to education, or only 34.6 per cent of the taxpayer's dollar.

These figures, while they only give a glimpse of the real situation, are sufficient to show that we need more and better

teachers for our public schools. However, it is unreasonable to suppose that we can attract good teachers for starvation wages. One city in the state has contracted for a schoolhouse to cost \$390,000, yet what will this fine structure be worth without teachers of the right type in its halls? Our path is clear. Pay the teachers a living salary, and the serious problem of better education in North Carolina will be materially lessened.

WHO CAN DEFINE CAROLINA SPIRIT?

Who has ever defined that intangible thing called spirit? And who ever will? At least we hope it will never be defined, because once it is done it will lose that fine, mysterious sense. And as long as it keeps its mystery men are willing to be guided by it.

Every great and lasting event had its origin in the spirit of its leaders. Men, money, and ships were not alone responsible for the discovery of America. Many times the followers of Columbus urged him to turn back, but that brave spirit bade him go on. The settlers of America, who came here to escape religious persecution, faced trials and tribulations which only a dauntless spirit could bear. The heroes of the American Revolution established an immortal heritage to their posterity, because they had an unquieted spirit for freedom.

Who will deny that the fine spirit shown by Abraham Lincoln in the Civil War was not his greatest contribution to mankind? In modern times that same old spirit is helping to shape the affairs of nations. The success of the League of Nations does not depend on the number or kind of reservations. If the people of the world are heart and soul for a League, then all the reactionaries in the world cannot withstand their spirit.

Imagine the University without the Carolina Spirit. What would our century-old buildings, our campus, and our traditions mean to us if there were not a fine spirit connected with them? And it was this same spirit that led Carolina sons to Flanders fields. Carolina athletes could not fight unless they knew the spirit of the student body was behind them.

Therefore, if our great accomplishments are dependent on the spirit in which they are done, why should we trouble with defining it? Let us preserve its mystery. The big things are those which are hardest to understand. Let the spirit surge on.

Extracts from a Diary

H. G. WEST

Friday, July 4, 1919.

3:00 A. M.—I have been rolling and tumbling in my bed an hour, the many sights of the day keep crowding in, and this heat. Doesn't it even break in the early morning hours? Is that Italian mother still rocking her baby on the curb? Sleep is impossible, yet I'm so tired, and this heat—always rising, rising from the pavement, from everywhere, and no breeze.

Such a day! My first trip to Brooklyn. The boys in the clubhouse, the big auto race at Sheepshead Bay! "Tumble In," a comedy such as only Mary Roberts Rhinehardt could write. But that Italian mother; the men sleeping on the monument!

After the show three of us—already very tired from the many activities of the day—started for "the East Side." By surface and "L" cars we somehow found ourselves on Mott Street. Could this be the famous Chinatown we had heard so much of all our lives? Where were the opium joints? No Chop Suey signs! A Chink or two sat on his step—fanning himself with his hat. They were dressed simply in something black, no oriental colors were to be seen, and only a few pig-tails! The lights were dim and far between; the streets rough, the shops dingy and old and crowded, and always the heat—it was closer here even than in the theatre crowds.

A shop window attracted us—silk bags, handkerchiefs, dressing gowns, slippers. We went in. The shopkeepers looked at us and then at each other. "Some of those ever-

lasting sightseers. Velly well, they can pay accordingly." Their English was very good, especially when speaking in terms of American money. We priced his wares and went on. We had heard and now believed that the Chinatown of six years before was now only a name. Very tired, very hot, we started for a car. But which way?

"Oriental Restaurant!" At last what we were looking for. We forgot the heat and our being tired. There they sat in their native costumes—peoples of most every race. Weird music was coming from somewhere. To enter it was necessary to go down a flight of steps. Before we were half down the door was filled with men—big fair-haired Hungarians, small dark Italians—men of all kinds protesting against our butting in on them and their women folk. Entry was impossible, so, disappointed, we went on.

Such streets—dirty, paper everywhere, no lights to speak of, the pavement broken and rough. An occasional policeman leaning idly on a lamp post. The "L" was always just a block or two straight ahead. There in a very dark entry was a group of men and boys, speaking a jargon of what-not, then a cannon cracker exploded, and a string of curses. The 4th of July!

Two men were sleeping on a doorstep. One moans and stretches his stiffened limbs. A clock somewhere strikes one. A gay quilt attracts our attention, and on looking up we see on many fire escapes people trying to sleep, anything, anywhere to get away from the heat.

Finally we reached a cross street, well lighted. The screams of small foreign children at play at one in the morning! Fat mothers in the doorway, always with their arms full of children. Other mothers rocking a crib on the curb, always fanning. The heat, will it never break?

"Come in and Rest" read the sign. Here at last was one of the things we had always heard of. The keeper was old

and fat and gray, and very kind-hearted. The room was dark, but we could see rows of hard wooden benches, and men—big, rough, unshaven, poorly dressed—had obeyed the sign, "Come In," and were at least trying to rest. "It is this way every night," the keeper declared. "Some of them have nowhere else to go."

We had seen enough. We had started out light-hearted, even if tired, now our feelings were more in keeping. It was the night of July 4th—to us it had meant sight-seeing, pleasure, with little thought of what the day really stood for. To them it had meant suffering from the heat, always the heat, cannon crackers, and no work because it was the American 4th of July, whatever that might be.

At last the "L"! We wondered what it all meant anyhow—America and her 4th of July—had she anything to offer them? Where could a beginning be made? The morning papers were already on sale. The list of dead—from the heat—was nearly a column on the front page—fell from a fire escape, run over on the curb while trying to get cool and sleep—perhaps some of the ones we had passed an hour or two before. So much like animals! At last a breeze, and perhaps sleep for them and us.

Realities or Dreams

WALTER E. WILES

It was an evening in October. I sat late in my study, struggling long over antique legends, gleaning from philosophy that had been penned in unknown tongues, by unknown hands. At my elbow sat a half-consumed bottle of Madeira. It was awaiting its turn to join its companions that had gone before. The clock hand pointed to twelve. The air suddenly grew dense, and my eyelids drooped. I was conscious of an uncanny odor that pervaded the room. With an effort, I rose and went to the window; but it was already open, and no breeze stirred the leaden air. I returned to the center of the room, sank down in a chair and buried my face in my hands. Suddenly, the sensation left me. I raised my head and opened my eyes, but I did not recognize my surroundings. I saw that I had been transferred into a strange room. This room was furnished in sable. The table and chairs were of ebony. The walls and draperies were as jet as a funeral pall. I tried to recall to my mind some recognition of these strange surroundings, but it was of no avail.

As I sat thus wondering, the inky portals at the rear of the room were drawn apart with noiseless touch, and a dark shadow floated in without a sound. Shall I call it a shadow or a cloud? Truly, I know not. Be it as it may, it gently came on the wings of the silent air. At first, it was no larger than my hand, and with the semblance of some hellish vapor from the Stygian pool. As the weird light, which flooded the room from some unknown source, fell upon it, it seemed to reflect an unholy gleam. Guided silently by some unseen

power, or floating as the buoyant clouds, it moved to the center of the room and settled on the floor. There, boiling like some fortitudinous gas, its fumes rolled up in long waves until they filled half the room with a dark, grey, impenetrable gloom. A cold breeze swept through the chamber, and the sizzling vapors were blown away. Then all was quiet, and standing where the little cloud had rested was the tall form of a woman clad in immaculate robes. I sat for a moment stupefied. Then, "Who art thou, damned vision?" I asked. "Who art thou, and by what right dost thou, or those that sent thee, dare to snatch me from my sanctum of sanctums to this nameless abode of the damned?" Then, it raised a long white arm, and, as it pointed its finger at me, I sank lower in my chair with a sensation of eeriness. Slowly, it began to speak. "Know thou, that I am Psyche, thy soul, and my mission is none less than the cause of that which is my own. Of late, thou hast forgotten me. With thine insatiable thirst to dig into the depths of a recondite philosophy, and with thy resistless yearnings, abstruse sciences, and esoteric theories, thou hast slain me, thy better self. Thou hast achieved the goal of thy youth; but, when it was reached, others were set, and these in their turn were reached and passed. Again, others were set. Contentment has known no place in thy heart. Thus, thou hast dried up the fountainhead that should have been the source of my glory. Thou hast denied me, thine own. Know thou, that the contented beggar is more lord than thee. From this day, thou shalt be alive, but not thyself; living, but not alive. Thou hast slain me." Thus speaking, she drew back her robes and bared her breast. Over her heart, a dagger was plunged to the hilt, while her breast was stained by the sanguine flow. There was a sudden trembling, as of an earthquake; then followed a jingling sound, as of many bells, and a confusion of voices. The vision faded, and I sank down still more, and covered my face with my

hands. Then, there came a sudden noise as that of a thunderbolt. I took my hands from my face and opened my eyes. I found myself lying on a green sward. My clothes were wet with dew, and cold drops of sweat stood upon my brow. Matuta was softly drawing apart her purple curtains, and Helios was mounting his fiery chariot.

O Psyche! Where art thou? Canst thou ever return to me?

Why Not a Platform for Class Presidents?

ANONYMOUS

There exists on this campus something, which for want of a better name I shall call "college fiction." Here in the shade of venerable oaks with the whole past of 125 years looming up behind us and glowering down on us, we try to continue to keep up certain forms and ideas which are obsolete and moss-grown and rickety and decrepit and other things which I shall not pause to mention. For instance: In the election of class presidents politics is not supposed to enter in or play any conspicuous part. Elect the best man, 1795 says, and let it be the sin unpardonable for him to openly solicit votes. 1920 agrees to this without a murmur, and for all the world, (I'm speaking technically and on paper and otherwise not strongly) there's no active play of politics on this campus. A stranger could walk across the campus, and the chances are that he'd never suspect that he was treading in a political hot-bed. He might sigh—big-hearted, open-faced people always sigh—about the freedom and what a supremely vibrant force the Carolina spirit *really* is—but as usual, he would see only the visible around him.

What are the actualities and realities of the game? How did it happen that so-and-so was nominated for 16th assistant water-carrier to the Horseshoe Team, and while violently supported by 18 men on the three back rows failed to pull a vote on the sides where sat the "uninitiated"? I think without going further we can deduce a fact which we all know to be a fact—and yet we don't like to just come out and admit it fully: politics are not foreign "ticks" on this campus. The man who spouts the loudest about "The old pep, fellows,"

and "What we must do to back the team" probably sat up till 2:00 A. M. the night before taking inventory of his strength and discussing with "the faithful" his chance to get the other fellow to withdraw from the race. None, except he himself be a politician, will deny the part that politics play in the class and other elections in this college.

This brings us to the point we have been striving through all the foregoing paragraphs to reach, namely—if we are to have politics, why not have politics openly in so far as is possible, and let each candidate announce his platform, and on its merits solicit the votes of his fellow students? An example may help to make my meaning more clear:

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- (b) Take on a paternal attitude towards all Freshmen.
- (c) Become a "conservative thinker" and look wise.

These are only suggested as tentative planks for the future platforms of future candidates who try to get their nominations "recanted." At least the truth won't do any serious hurt.

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May, 1920

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University of North Carolina
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OLD SERIES VOL. 50

NUMBER 5

NEW SERIES VOL. 37

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One More Welcome to President Chase Upon His Inauguration



YOU have been right heartily welcomed of late, President Chase, and to so many burdens.

The sheer volume of them may well have overtaxed our already excited imaginations.

You were urged to stimulate scholarship: all kinds—alike the divine but tenuous flame of research and the pump-it-in-pump-it-out of the Freshman sections.

You were admonished to uphold ideals: the broader citizenship, the wider service, and—or does our heated fancy supply this?—the higher morality; the still broader citizenship, the still wider service, the still higher morality—ever broader, wider, and higher until these expansive virtues defy further definition by any but the practiced *vates* of social uplift.

You were invited to draw within the scope of the University's activities the affairs of the great Commonwealth of North Carolina, "from the mountains to the sea"—first in tobacco, farthest in water power, and last in appropriations for public schools.

You were charged to focus the University's teaching and investigating power upon the plight of an overrich nation more than usually rent by the conflict between those who have too much wealth and those who have none at all—between the workman and those who work for him.

Finally, you were called upon to implant here the spirit that alone can aid in rehabilitating a phoenix world arising from its ashes.

These are matters too lofty for ordinary conversation. They should be sung, chanted, or, at least, intoned. And ours is not the gift of song. If we may indulge in a moment's relaxation from assuming the manner of those whose duty it is to prepare the inaugural sacrifice we would summarize these items by saying that they constitute "some" welcome.

President Chase, we started with the fixed intention of not adding one featherweight to this staggering load of admonishments. But the inexorable spirit of the inaugural occasion has rapt us away. We are but human. Here goes for one more welcome! We would not disappoint you, though. We cannot hail you as did the Princes, Potentates, and Powers of Higher Education. We cannot welcome you to such brilliant prospects. They are beyond our full comprehension. We leave them to those who command the unbounded horizons. Ours is the narrower and more intensive field—the campus.

From its limited confines we gaze upward along the vast superstructure of the University's extra-mural obligations.

We do not question them; we do not doubt that they are for the best. There they are, and we must shoulder them. In that spirit we gird our loyal loins and cast about for means that will enable us to support the load above.

The fruits of our reckoning we present to you according to the "welcome" formula. We welcome you, Sir, to the "opportunity" of tightening up the mental drill and discipline of our student body. Not that our students are behind those of other institutions. From what we hear, the need of sterner mental exercise is nation wide. We have in mind a definite means for the desired end. It is more of the plain, old-fashioned pine-board-school education, without the shingles, of course, but with a plenty of the old-time subject-matter to sharpen our native wits upon—namely, syntax, paradigms, and equations.

And the civic virtues? It is with our eyes turned in the direction of "the broader citizenship" and upon the rising citizenry that we declare our faith: Syntax, Sir, is citizenship. You have by now surmised that we would build civic vision upon individual mentality, and social service upon personal character. With the utmost deference, Sir, we submit that if the citizen have but enough sense and self-control the state is safe.

Refreshed, we turn from yielding to the amiable weakness of the hour and take up a task that affords us unfeigned pleasure.

We recall the warning you received that as President you would be expected to unite in your single person the faculties of sage and orator, legislator and executive, judge and executioner, diplomat and democrat, autocrat and beggar. President Chase, we should view with dismay this fearful wild-fowl. Your office may translate you. We prefer you as you are. Though it was as a stranger that you came among us, you became one of us. You understand our temperament; you voice our aspirations; you inspire our affectionate regard. With such a basis for our future relationship estrangements arising from inevitable differences of opinion are indeed remote.

On the recent memorable occasion, we heard expressed from all quarters sentiments of personal esteem and loyal co-operation. It is our pleasant duty as a reflector of campus feeling to report that fact here. We believe that these sentiments will remain throughout your administration as widespread as they are at present, and we trust that they will prove a stay and a comfort to you amid the welter of your opportunities.

April 29, 1920.

THE MAGAZINE

University of North Carolina

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

OLD SERIES VOL. 50

NUMBER 5

NEW SERIES VOL. 37

Summer

EWART W. G. HUFFMAN

I love to lie and idly dream
By some far-off secluded stream,
Where willows reach in lithe festoons,
While blending rise a thousand tunes,
 From earth to sky—
 A summer melody.

I love to dream, adrift, alone,
While frogs croak loud their monotone,
And all the world is well my home,
When singing streams are decked with foam,
 And all is green,
 With hope serene.

I love to watch the swirling rift
Sway with the water's rush,
While just above sweet medley's lift
The luscious song of the hermit thrush,
 The king of spring
 And birds that sing.

I love to muse when summer showers
Kiss earth, and breathe sweet scents of flowers;
And e'er methinks, while here I stand,
A spirit leads me to a land,
 A sapphire stream,
 To drink and dream!

The Essential Foundations of World Peace

(Peace Oration)

D. R. HODGIN

The proposition is peace. It is Peace that we want—not ours for the asking, but for the making.

Universal peace is a universal desire. Nations have not obtained it by working individually, and for self, alone. The only alternative is to coöperate, and to coöperate successfully means to unite. Men have long entertained the idea of a united world; prophets have visioned a great world Federation, governed by a Parliament of Man. This idea has grown, not only because it was good, but because it was practical and sound, and because it was the logical next step in the evolution of organized society.

And so, as the great rock upon which to lay the foundations of world peace, we choose world unity, *world federation*. It is not new. It is not a wild and chimerical dream. It is nothing more and it is nothing less than a tangible form of the idea of the brotherhood of all men, which has been preached for nineteen hundred years.

Adopting the idea of a world federation in the interests of peace, we naturally turn to the past for light. If a given thing has succeeded in the past it is usually safe to assume that it will continue to be successful; if it has failed, we look into the causes of its failure and attempt to eliminate them from our program for the future. Looking over history we find that there have been numerous varieties and degrees of international unions, alliances and leagues supposedly

formed as guaranties of peace. And they have always failed. Why? If we would find the true answer it is necessary to examine into their nature. We find that the unions of the past have universally been drafted by governments, and have been signed without reference to, or consent of, the people who represented the security of the signatory power; we find that former international agreements have provided for co-operation in war, almost never for the extension of peace; the nations have planned wars, but they have not planned to remove the causes of war; they have bound themselves to go to war, almost never to keep the peace; they have created the "balance of power"—a system to throw the scales of justice out of balance; they have built up enormous armaments "to preserve the national safety," and yet the nations have never been safe; they have formed leagues to enforce peace, and they have only forced *war* upon themselves, and upon the innocent. And through it all they have sown armaments, economic barriers, suspicion, and bitter rivalry, and they have reaped hate, and blood, and tears. They have fought and killed, and after the killing was done their controversies have blazed forth as fiercely as before. Obviously, if we are to have peace, the policies of the past must be buried with the past.

WE DO NOT WISH TO ABOLISH WAR. WE COULD NOT IF WE WOULD. IT IS PRACTICAL AND NECESSARY ONLY TO REMOVE THE CAUSES OF WAR. THIS DONE, IT WILL DIE FROM LACK OF ALIMENT.

What are the causes of war? The Franco-Prussian war was not caused primarily by William I's supposed insult to the French ambassador. Neither, in the proper sense, was the murder of the Archduke Ferdinand the cause of the Great World War. These causes had their origin years and even hundreds of years before the actual outbreaks. They

are to be found in the established policies of international dealings. Some very evident causes of war have been secret treaties, large armaments, trade rivalry, over-population, ambitions of military men, and desire of governments to extend their dominions.

But back of all these recognized causes of war lies a habit of thought which has provided a fertile soil for them to grow in. Without the soil of narrow nationalism and national selfishness the roots of war would shrivel up and die. Statesmen and philosophers, pacifists and poets, have searched in vain for a mixture of existing elements out of which to construct a lasting peace. But the puzzle has never been completed. One unknown element has been lacking always. Men of vision are coming to realize that this cementing factor is internationalism. The word "internationalism" is not received in the best society—no! It is outlawed. But this abhorrence is due not to the nature of the true thing itself, but to the habit of associating it with disreputable characters and ideas. It has to-day come to have a truer, finer meaning. The world is waking up to the fact that it is not made up of half a hundred, more or less, of nations, but of 1,200,000,000 men, women, and children, made by the same Creator, having in common the powers of thought, reason and affection, and approximately the same wants and needs.

This exaggerated sense of nationalism has been created and propagated by governments, kings and feudal lords to insure the blind allegiance of their subjects and vassals. It is a relic of barbarism, and can have no place in the future democracy. It was based upon and maintained by keeping the people ignorant. But the people are learning to think for themselves. They will no longer let themselves be blinded by false leaders; they will no longer allow the "statesmanship" of a Metternich or of a Bismarck to lead them astray.

The statesmen at the Congress of Vienna failed to recognize that the dynastic principle had been replaced by the nationalistic. They carved and portioned out the helpless peoples of Europe in their own way, and Europe has not known peace since that day. *Are we, too, blind?* Are we *now* going to ignore the fact that the nationalistic principle is giving way to new aims and ideals which intersect and absorb nationalities and political divisions? It is evident that the people of the world are beginning to place their economic and social conditions first, and political and nationalistic considerations second. The great masses in a country care little about the *name* of their government or the number of square miles it controls, provided they have bread to eat and freedom and peace in which to enjoy it. It isn't the people who fight over boundaries; for they gain nothing by the addition of a few miles of territory. It isn't the people who put up great economic barriers, forcing up the prices of their own food and clothing. It is the "statesmen" who quibble and quarrel over these things.

In the words of a writer of the day: "This diplomatic warfare is the objective of our new international organization. Upon diplomacy we can and must make a direct attack. If we can draw this monster's teeth, we shall no longer be troubled by its monstrous offspring, War" . . . This is the situation stated in a few words. Before any world union can succeed diplomatic trickery must be brought to an end. It is only a left-over from the Metternich theory: Keep the people divided, *among themselves*, and you can keep them united, *under you*.

Our world federation then, must be a *league of peoples*, not merely an alliance of governments. When we have substituted *real* people for the abstract idea of government that *symbolizes* them, we will find that they have no *cause* for quarrel; no desire to bring aggressive war—and if there were

no aggressive wars there surely would never be cause for defensive war. Our federation must, therefore, realize that governments are only a *means* to an end; that the happiness of the people is above the glory of their governors.

Adopting the principle of unity and common interest of all nations, we see that no narrow settlement of present problems, based on selfish nationalism, can have place in our program. *Any union of nations in the interest of peace must fail if it attempts to exclude a particular group of nations.* The outcasts will by instinct and of necessity join together in a union of their own making, resulting again in the old "balance-of-power" system which has in the past endeavored to maintain a hair-trigger sort of balance between war and peace, but has never succeeded, and can never succeed because it is based upon a fallacious principle.

The ultimate security of peace rests in disarmament. It must be conceded that an unarmed man will never shoot any one, nor will an unarmed nation go to war. The recent war, we were assured, would be the last that man would ever have to endure. There would be no occasion in the future for armaments, and war taxes, and broken lives. Now if this war, this climax of world struggles, does not bring relief from the burden of armaments, no war ever can. No nation is to-day willing to lay down its arms. *War has again failed to end war!* Obviously, then, some other, some effective way must be found. We are indeed blind if the Great War has not taught us that it is DISARMAMENT, OR ETERNAL WAR; that it is UTOPIA OR HELL!

But the problem of the present is, How shall we rid ourselves of this *Frankenstein*? The answer is, of course, difficult. In the first place, we must desire to get rid of it. Then we must find something to take its place. A first positive step should be the providing of this "moral equivalent." The people should exercise the war-declaring and war-making

power, rather than the government. The abolition of conscription would be a natural result. Without conscription there could be no militarism; consequently little war and little need for armament. But what are we going to do about the ever-present probability of attack? Nations are still afraid, each of the other. They arm against a fear which may or may not have foundation in reason or fact; but the armament, they say, is for defense. Is it really defense that is wanted? Peace is eager to accept the challenge, for peace can provide a stronger line of defense than all the armies and navies in the world. TO BE PREPARED FOR PEACE IS THE MOST EFFECTUAL MEANS OF PREVENTING WAR. Proof? It is everywhere. Take the price of one battleship; spend it in true democratic propaganda among the Bolshevists of Russia and Germany, where civilization is to-day needing defense, and you will build the strongest, most impregnable entrenchments against anarchy and war that man can ever devise.

This is not a dream of over-zealous political fanatics. It is a plan for action—NOW. It is not expected to bring about the Millenium. There are here suggested only the vital, necessary foundations of lasting peace. The principles involved are the principles upon which peace—if it be enduring—must be founded. It is not an armed peace. It is not the conventional powder-soaked peace of history. It is *true* peace. It is, let us say, with Burke, “a simple peace, sought in its natural course, and in its ordinary haunts. It is peace sought in the spirit of peace, and laid in principles purely pacific.”

Vers Libre

D. REID HODGIN

Vers Libre!

The Verse of Freedom!

Free as the wind

That blows.

Freedom

In all things—

The watchword of To-day.

To-day.

What will be the watchword

Of To-morrow?

Ah! Who knows?

Freedom!

Why not in verse,

As all things else

Within the ken of finite man?

Vers Libre has come to stay.

It brings a freedom

To the Mind,

The Heart,

The Soul,

Of Man;

Who longs for means to reach the minds,

The hearts,

The souls

Of other men.

I bow to thee,

Vers Libre!

Concerning Honest Bob

T. C. WOLFE

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

A Sophomore.....	Mr. Alf Cocksure
A Graduate.....	Mr. Boise Usedit
A Senior.....	Mr. Edward Wiseman
A Junior.....	Mr. Robert Goodman
(Known to his admirers as "Honest Bob, the students' friend.")	

(The curtain rises on the living-room of one of our sumptuous two-room suites. The walls are garishly decorated with many colored pennants—showing a good eye for color but a bad one for selection. Elon, Guilford, and dear old Wake Forest are represented, to say nothing of one done in tinsel and gold of "Asheville—The Land of the Sky." Various rollicking college scenes of the vintage of 1892 are also here—a group of merry college youths with foaming steins, a bit of gentle horseplay with the Freshman (they are painting the college colors on him) and finally a thrilling football landscape with the pigskin hero wearing shin and nose guards. Clippings from "The Cosmopolitan," "The Police Gazette" and "The Theater" give a modern touch to the room. Under a green lamp shade and on a pine table a Sophomore is writing—not a theme, we dare not accuse him—but to his latest amour. His reference book is a folded piece of pink paper, which he consults frequently. The Sophomore is the only dignified character in this play. A Senior and a graduate come in now and the Senior, contrary

to all precept, does not look particularly dignified. His air is rather that of the blasé man of the world, or better still, the air of one who has lived and suffered; a man who knows the vicissitudes of life and yet is determined to bear himself bravely through this vale of tears. The graduate is young at the business of being a graduate and his forced air of sophistication is rather pitiful. He is not a success.)

The Senior. Hello—Alf.

The Soph. Come in, boys.

(They come in and sit down.)

The Senior. Who're you writing?

The Soph (with great enthusiasm). The finest girl in—

The Senior (cynically). Who is she this time?

The Soph (turning a brick red). I'm with this girl to stay—why, listen to this letter—*(He reads)*: “And Alf, dearest boy, I think of you constantly day and night and wonder what you are doing. Dear boy, you don't know what high ambitions I have for you——”

The Graduate (interrupting with some wise sophistry). My dear fellow, the height of a girl's ambition is about six feet—

The Sophomore (furiously). Is that so?—You clever devil, where'd you read that—in *Snappy Stories*?

(THE GRAD. smiles tolerantly at him. THE SENIOR shakes his head cynically at THE GRAD.)

The Senior. What fools these Sophomores be!

The Soph (nervously—forgetting all the laws of hospitality). And what damn idiots these Seniors and Graduates be—Yah!

The Senior (soothingly). To be sure, my boy, to be sure—Now go on and write your little letter.

(But THE SOPH turns half away from the table and his visitors and sulks.)

The Senior (after a moment). Where's Honest Bob—the student's friend?

The Soph. Politicing, I guess—You know spring elections come next week.

The Graduate. You know, your undergraduate activities amuse me—campus politics—ha, ha!—it's positively funny.

The Soph (with irony). Go on and laugh—this is a place of amusement—Amuse you—ha, ha!—I bet it was a serious enough business to you last year.

The Senior (quickly). Not last year, Alf—you don't mean that. You know we Seniors never dabble in politics.

The Soph. All right, my lily-white friend—when you were a Junior—then.

The Senior (laughs slyly). That's the year, you remember, you posed as the students' friend.

The Graduate. That's been two years ago—you have no right to bring it up on me now—I was a mere boy.

The Senior (musingly). This bug of politics is a funny proposition. It usually stings a Sophomore—in the spring a Sophomore's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of politics—witness our young friend over here who is a horrible example of what I mean.

The Sophomore (angrily). Here, now, this is carrying a good thing too—

The Senior (not noticing the interruption). The work of the Sophomore politician is crude at all times—it has not attained the finish and smoothness of our Junior friend; the Sophomore laughs loudly at all his friends' jokes and he slaps them on the back with a patronizing, "Pretty good, old boy, pretty good!" It is the Sophomore who enters the classroom five minutes late that all may look and behold, the Sophomore who—

The Soph. Look here—I don't do any of those things.

The Senior (soothingly). No, of course not, my young friend. You are the one outstanding exception.

The Soph (bitterly). Your young friend! How old do they grow 'em where you come from? But (*with irony*) rave on, Philosopher!

The Senior. But the Junior—Ah! there you have the graduate politician. He works in a quiet, unobtrusive way, and his virtues are extolled by his friends. He knows that it is best that his friends do the work—he sees the need of organization; thus we have the first organization, known on the campus as the “Ring.” The “Ring” works through the class quietly but surely, holding their candidate in the background. In an atmosphere of mystery he shows up to best advantage.

The Graduate (thoughtfully). Yes, that's true; you're right there.

The Senior (significantly). Of course, you ought to know—But to proceed: The Junior politician is a character of nobility; he is prompted always (it becomes known) by love for the “dear old University,” and by his continual efforts “for the good of the Class”—as an example of what I mean (*The door opens here and Bob Goodman, the Junior, comes into the room*). Why, here he is now—Honest Bob, the students' friend—an example than which, I must say, there is none than whicher.

Goodman (sullenly). At it again, I see. Can't you ever stay off of me with this stuff about my “politicizing”? That's something I've never done—

The Senior (smiling). They all say that—and what's more, they all believe it—

Goodman (in disgust). Aw, Hell! what's the use of trying to tell anything to a bunch like this! (*To THE GRADUATE*) Are you coming to the meeting of Sigma Omega to-night?

The Graduate. No, of course not. We graduates are not interested in undergraduate organizations, you know.

The Junior (with elaborate politeness). Oh, yes, to be sure, of course, I crave your pardon. I forgot you were no longer a boy like the rest of us—now that you have become a man, you have put away childish things—I understand; pardon me for suggesting it!

The Graduate. You know, your sarcasm doesn't affect me—I don't care for the opinion of other people any way—what they think of me makes no difference to me.

The Junior (with an evil glitter in his eye). Oh, is that so?—Well, I always have thought you a damn fool.

(*A look of positive pain comes over THE GRADUATE'S face, mingled somewhat with astonishment.*) What—you call me a fool—me!

The Junior (calmly). Yes, you—you're the man I mean—I am pointing my finger right at you.

Grad (hotly). Fool yourself—that's what you are. (*Passionately, as he warms to his subject*) I leave it to the crowd here if I'm any bigger fool than you are—Why, I'll argue it out with you here and now and prove that you're a bigger fool than I am. (*He is quite eloquent by now.*)

The Junior (with quiet triumph). Behold, gentlemen, the man who doesn't care for the opinion of others—look at him now—and a pretty sight he is.

(*THE GRADUATE gets up, grabs his hat and angrily goes out of the room.*)

The Senior. You've got his goat now.

The Junior. He'll recover. I've seen him like this before. Alf (*to SOPH*), I'm going to shave, are your tools in the next room?

Alf. Yeh—go to it. Have you been to the Gym yet?

The Junior (as a train of gloomy thoughts are started). Yeh. I just came.

Alf. How are the showers?

The Junior (bitterly). Shower, Alf—not showers. This is a singular shower, a very singular shower. It has remained faithful to the student body all through its long life and now in its ripe old age some brutal master still works it overtime. Just think, Alf, what a tragedy it is—that poor old shower working that way in its declining old age. It makes me weep.

The Soph (getting up). Come on, Senior, let's go get the mail. There's nothing else to do. So long, Bob. (*They go out.*)

(THE JUNIOR goes into the next room and emerges presently, coatless and collarless, with a shaving stick and a brush in his hand. He lathers his face. He goes back into the second room swinging door behind him. Steps are heard outside. Enter two classmates—typical campaign managers now (we have them yearly) looking for a dark horse in the morrow's campaign.)

The First. No one in, thank heaven. Now let's talk this thing over, Jim. We'll run either Bob Goodman or Johnson, that's agreed, and of the two—

The Second (with some heat). I'm in favor of Johnson; Bob Goodman's always impressed me as being too slick a politician.

The First. I don't agree with you. He speaks to 'em all; but he doesn't boot any of 'em—You know, it's no crime to treat people decent.

The Second (sneers). Yeh!—and the way he does it it's mighty good politics.

The First. You're wrong—Bob hasn't got a politicking bone in him—I know that fellow—why, he wouldn't run for any job on the campus, if he knew a ring was working for him.

The Second (with conviction). I'll betcha on it. He'd jump at the chance in a minute if he could.

The First. Listen—I'll show you. We'll put up that kind of a proposition to him. Tell him we can get him elected with the aid of a little organization canvassing the dorms. Do you see?

The Second. Well, he's going to refuse—I'm sure of that, and if he does—

The Second. I'll beg his pardon and be strong for him for anything up to President of the United States—But if he doesn't refuse—

The First. No chance—but if he doesn't refuse we'll brand him as a politician and drop him.

The Second. Good enough. Now let's find him and put it up to him.

The First. Let's look down stairs—if he's not there we'll come back and wait for him. He'll be back soon, any way.

(They go out. The back door slowly opens and THE JUNIOR, after peering in, comes softly out, tiptoeing. He has forgotten that his face is covered with lather and that he holds his shaving brush in one hand. He is exultant.)

The Junior (exultantly, tiptoeing across the room). Aha! aha! So that's their game. *(After a moment, piously)* O why is Heaven so good to me?

(Downstairs the opening and slamming of doors may be heard and the shouted inquiries, "Is Bob Goodman in here?" and the shouted answers, "No," "Haven't seen him to-night.")

Goodman (meditating quickly). Now if I can get out of the room and across the hall into Blakely's room without making any noise everything will be tanlac—*(But even as he is talking he goes into the next room, gets on his coat, wipes off the lather, and comes out again hastily tying his tie. He goes softly to the door, looks out, and steps out, closing the*

door gently. Across the hall another door may be heard to softly open and close and in a minute the heavy clatter of the two Juniors coming up the stairs is again heard. They burst into the room somewhat breathless from their exertions.)

The First. Well, he's bound to come in soon, any way (consulting his watch) It's ten-thirty now.

The Second. Now look here, Ed, don't you let the cat out of the bag—do you hear—

The First (irritably). Let the cat out of the bag? What do you mean?

The Second. Don't fail to be serious. Don't let this bird Goodman know this is a frame-up. Why (he reddens at the thought) if he is straight I'm in a hell of a fix anyhow—I owe him a flat apology, that's all.

The First (confidently). Well, you'd better be getting your little speech ready—I know this boy.

(The sound of some one coming up the stairs is heard. They look at each other expectantly. Goodman enters the room. He is quite cool and possessed now and shows no signs of his recent perturbation.)

Goodman (pleasantly). Good evening, gentlemen. (They nod.)

The First. Hello, Bob, where've you been all night?

Goodman (lying with an ease born of long practice). At the library, working up a thesis—why, have you been looking for me?

The First (confidentially). Yes, Bob, sit down. We want to talk to you about the election to-morrow. (Still more confidentially) Say, who do you think is a good man for the Class presidency?

Goodman (apparently somewhat embarrassed). Why,—I don't know, Ed. You know I've been busy this spring, and I haven't paid much attention to politics—it never did interest me much. (He says this with a laugh.)

The First Junior. Listen, Bob, Jim over here and I have been talking this thing over and we've about concluded that you're the logical man for the place.

Goodman (in the greatest astonishment). Me—do you mean me? (*They both nod.*)

The First. Yes, you—Bob. Now here's our scheme: You've got friends enough to pull you through but we've got to have some organization behind you to get 'em together before the election. Now Jim and I will canvass the Class to-morrow—if you'll agree to run—and get everything sewed up for you—after that it'll be easy.

Goodman (in slow astonishment that there can be so much wickedness among mankind). Do you mean that you will ask my classmates to vote for me?

The First Junior. Sure.

Goodman (springing to his feet furiously and pounding the table viciously). Do you realize what you are asking me to do—me—me? (*He pounds his chest for dramatic effect.*) After living on this campus for three years without a blot on my name—you come to me with this sort of proposal—Gawd, gentlemen, it makes me see red!

The Second Junior (soothingly). Now, now, Goodman, we meant no harm—let me explain.

Goodman (sorrowfully now). Explain! There can be no explanations—only intense regret for me that I should live to see two of my classmates disgrace themselves and insult me—Gawd knows, I have my faults, but I have never stooped to politics. (*He is overcome here and bows his head.*)

The First Junior (pacifically). Wait a minute, Bob, before you cuss us out. This was all a frame-up. We wanted to see if you would fall for this kind of a proposition. You

have done just what I thought you would. We framed up on you not ten minutes ago in this very room. Now we want to run you any way. We'll run you straight and advertise this event; we can get you elected all right.

The Second Junior. Just another thing, Goodman. I want to apologize for doubting you. I proposed the frame-up—but now I see my mistake and I'll back you to the limit.

Goodman (with touching nobility). Ah! my friends, the nomination means little to me now, the main fact is that you have vindicated yourselves in my opinion.

(The two look at him in open awe. They realize they are beholding one of nature's noblemen. Goodman's difficulties seem to be over now, but just at this minute THE SOPH returns alone from the P. O.)

The Soph. No mail for you, Bob; did you finish shaving? *(Goodman frowns at him, but THE SOPH sees the two visitors).* Oh, hello, boys—we'll have a real political convention when you two and Honest Bob get together. *(Goodman looks murderously at him.)*

The F. J. (laughing). We two, perhaps—but leave Bob out of it. We framed up on him in here while ago, offered to campaign for him, and he not only refused when he came in, but cussed us out to boot—

The Soph. When he came—Say *(to Goodman)*, where've you been?

Goodman (regaining his composure). Up at the library.

The Soph (beginning to see daylight). How long?

Goodman (with perfect composure and not even choking). Since supper. *(Even THE SOPH is jarred at this.)*

The Soph (beginning to laugh). No—you can't bribe Honest Bob, gentlemen—it can't be done.

The F. J. Good night, Bob—we'll have to be going now. We'll see you to-morrow.

Goodman (gravely). Good night, gentlemen.

(They go out.)

Goodman (viciously). You idiot! Every time you open your mouth you try to cut not only your own throat but mine, too.

The Soph (gasping for breath). Honest Bob—the People's Friend—refusing their vile offer—and he heard it all! Oh, but you're a hellion—

Goodman (grinning sheepishly). Nothing else to be done. I was penned up in the back room—I couldn't help it, you know.

The Soph. What a nerve! Say, you don't need any Tanlac.

Goodman. Yes, and you're mighty lucky not to be needing a coffin. I thought the jig was up when you came in—If you ever tell *(he pauses ominously)*.

The Soph. What?

Goodman. They'll have to gather your scattered remains and carry them off in a basket. Let's go to bed.

THE CURTAIN



Wings That Failed

C. J. PARKER, JR.

“‘Higher, a little higher,’ he muttered to himself. And he flew higher, higher into the sun, and the sun’s heat began to melt the wax with which they were fastened, and Icarus felt himself sinking, falling. He screamed, but it was too late, and old Dædalus turned just in time to see him plunge head-long into the sea.”

—*The Fable of Icarus.*

The old gentleman glanced up. A peculiar expression dwelt upon his features. He opened his mouth as though to speak, and then upon second thought plunged again into his book. The whole fireside assembly nudged one another and waited, a hushed air of anticipation hanging sensibly about the group. The old gentleman had of late been reading much of mythology, and his clever anecdotes and keen reflections had become a source of enjoyment to the clubmen lounging during their after-dinner smoke.

He glanced up again, closing the volume, and clearing his throat. He allowed his gaze to rest for a moment on the red glowing grate and then to rove aimlessly about his audience, returning finally to an easy contemplation of the coals. He commenced:

“It was just fifteen years ago—back in ’17, at the very darkest juncture of the war, that this incident took place. The Germans were rolling in on Paris, and the whole world was looking to America to stop them. You chaps will never know what a muddle we were in—it was one of the most doubtful times in our history.

"It was a particularly gloomy day, and the whole department was out of sorts—I, perhaps, worse than any one. Everything had gone wrong, everything from the percentage of brass in the newest shell case to the general failure in design of the first Liberty Motor. I was almost ready to forsake the office in general despair when a clerk entered, bearing the card of a gentleman whom, it seemed, desired immediate admittance. I observed the card, and such a name—it has lodged in my memory until this day: *Boslongue Gutzon, Inventor*.

"I was in no mood to be trifled with, but gave instructions to show the gentleman in. He entered, and I shall never forget those first impressions created on sight of him. A diminutive man, sparse, and possessed of the general mein of a rat terrier. The lower half of his face was covered with a shaggy, unkempt beard, and the upper half almost completely obscured beneath the brim of an ancient slouch hat, which he did not remove, even in the presence of my pretty little secretary, who gave him just one reproachful look and passed him up as hopeless. Only his eyes were visible—black, darting, suspicious eyes. The very sight of him sent shivers up my spine.

"Well, I had him seated and soon got his tale from him. In his jerky, half-fawning, half-haughty manner he imparted his mission to me. He had solved the age-long mystery! He had accomplished what had baffled the whole line of Physicists from Archimedes to Newton! He had discovered the principle of perpetual motion!—had incorporated it into a machine utilizable as any motive source! And he only needed a hundred thousand dollars to perfect his invention.

"I was skeptical, but the fellow finally convinced me, with his whole category of drawings and details, that there might perhaps be something in his proposition. So I promised an investigation, to take place the following day at his workshop in Baltimore.

"The incident entirely slipped my mind, and it was only upon the timely reminder of my secretary that I hastily picked up two of the best men in the department and motored over to Baltimore.

"After some difficulty we located the shop, which was obscurely located on a back street, and were met by the inventor who ushered us to the second floor, down a long, dark corridor, to his laboratory, as he was pleased to call it. He threw open the door, revealing a small, square room, very insufficiently illuminated by one dingy window. The room itself was completely littered with all means of mechanical and physical apparatus, and in its center there stood, secured to the floor, a mechanical contrivance of the most radical and queer design that I had ever seen. It was running, purring softly, and had been doing so for the past six days or so, we were assured by the inventor.

"Well, we examined the machine as well as the uncertain light would permit, and were able nowhere to discover any apparent motive source. The thing, to say the least, was amazing, and we were frankly puzzled. The inventor stood by, watching us intently, but maintaining an absolute silence. One of my men inquired bluntly as to the motive power, and he merely grinned and pointed mysteriously to two heavy balls, differentiated on a central shaft. We left, rather mystified, promising to return on the following Wednesday for a final investigation and disposition."

The old man paused, sleepily, and stared aimlessly into the grate.

"Go on," muttered one, "go on, what happened?"

"Well," returned the old man, "there's a moral connected there. I've just been reading about old Icarus, and there was something about him that impressed me. Yes, we returned as we had promised, but found the place deserted, the engine stalled, and an evil odor as of putrefied flesh pervading the whole atmosphere. We suspected foul play, and making a hasty survey, discovered in one obscure corner an open trap door. We descended, lighting the dark passage with our pocket torches. The air was so foul that we were nearly stifled, but managed to gain the bottom. There we found him—lying prone at the base of a modern Deisel Engine, which was connected by means of a cleverly concealed shaft to the machine above.

"The coroner pronounced it as 'accidental death due to poisoning from carbon monoxide fumes from gas engine exhaust.' But to me, contemplating the tragedy, there came an inner intimation of something deeper—something with the touch of the supernatural—for there he lay, a mere mean semblance of what might have been. He would have leapt to fame on the wings of his insidious pretense, and had, as had Icarus of old, fallen victim to the fundamental frailty in their construction."

The old man concluded, lighting a cigar, "Yes, it all seems quite tame now, just a mere tale. But let me tell you, in those days it created some stir, especially in certain diplomatic circles."

Trente Ans

JESSE M. ROBBINS

To-night I found your picture
 In my time-worn memory book.
Do you know—I'd most forgotten
 Just how you used to look?
For it's thirty years to college,
 And the rosy paths of youth
Have but led me from the dawn of day,
 To the swiftly falling dew.

Now it seems your lips do move,
 And I hear your voice again
Calling to me softly, as of old,
 When we were friends.
(Yet my heart yearns still more strongly
 For the ones I used to know.)

Gad! A man forgets too easy
 In this age of flying days—
When they lengthen into weeks and months—
 But to-night my memory strays,
For it's thirty years to college,
 Down a dim and shadowed track;
For it's thirty years to college,
 And I can't go back.

Integration of Student Life

JOHN H. KERR, JR.

There has been nothing more remarkable in the educational history of North Carolina in the last ten years than the wonderful and marvelous growth along all of the channels of service and education, of the University of North Carolina. The real impetus of this growth has been in force for the last five years, but the foundation for such an impetus can be traced for five years further. When the University of North Carolina grows the State of North Carolina grows, for they both are linked up in bonds of common dependence. The one is the institution of the other. The State created the University as a medium of service for the people of the State. The University, by virtue of this conception giving birth to it, owes it to the State to perform as best it may this expected service. The late Dr. Graham aptly expressed this relationship when he stated that the State of North Carolina should be the campus of this University. In order to meet this conception the departed leaders of the University set about to grow the University to this conception, and the outcome of such a far-sighted policy has been the realization of a growing, expanding, and great University which is rapidly extending its influence into the utmost corners of the State and fast translating the territory of the State into the campus of the University.

As one result of this growth the student body yearly becomes larger in numbers. This is one of the symbols of our growth. The extension department has reached out into the life of the State and created a state-wide interest in the work

being done here by the faculty and students. Men come here from all parts of the State, representing all classes of our citizens, and believers in all of the different sects and political doctrines in the State. These men enter here and become enrolled under one common banner. At last they have one thing in common, and in common, they pursue an educational training. The University becomes a great melting pot for the life of the State where the best that can be had in talent and ability rise to the top and are given to the State in the persons of trained leaders. This is the conception that the people of North Carolina have of the true functioning of their University, and this conception is the producing of trained leaders. The University has become in reality an integrating point for the future leaders of North Carolina. When she becomes such then she is measuring up to that true relation between the State and herself, and fulfilling the expectations of those who have gone before us.

With the growth of the student body in numbers has come hand in hand the birth and growth of larger and more vital student problems. The time has passed in the history of the student body when it was possible for a student to know everybody on the campus. The numbers here render such an impossibility. The students have become segregated into different units and elements in the midst of a great life—the University life. Companionship and coöperation is the basis of all understanding. If we are to train the future leaders of the State, who, when they come into their positions of power and influence, must know each other as a guarantee for coöperation, then we must train these men on a common ground of understanding. We must introduce them to each other through the medium of a common purpose, and we must do it here at this University. The time has passed beyond the power of human recall when it was possible to have here on this campus such a condition of understanding as

only intimate and friendly association, on the whole, can create. The University in its onward march of progress has extended beyond that point, and left it to live only in the memories of the past. Shall the spirit of the student life in this University, on account of this fact, become vague, foreign, and distant to the mass of the students? This is the question and challenge that student life must accept. And student life will accept this challenge. The survival of the true conception of that invisible and all-powerful binding force—that spirit that we all love to call the great Carolina Spirit, that term that has been for several generations the rallying point and cry for united student action and front, hangs in the balance. It is threatened by an ever-increasing student body ignorant of each other, ignorant of each other's ideals, ambitions, and viewpoints. It is threatened by a condition of misunderstanding. The survival of the finest type of the Carolina Spirit depends on a condition in which all elements within the student body, regardless of how great the student body may be in numbers, will be drawn to each other, will understand each other, and working on the basis of a common understanding, will arrive at that condition of united student action. The student body and student life with its many sides must be integrated. To do such is to insure the survival of the Carolina Spirit—the Carolina Spirit reincarnated and equal to the progress of the University. The task of integration must be carried out and the burden of the task will rest largely on the shoulders of the student body and the student leaders of that body. To this duty the student leaders must arise, and catching a vision of it, carry it forward, and in the task quit themselves like men who stand above the lines of partisanship. To integrate the student life in this University is no small task and it calls for no little effort. It is the task of coördinating all of the attitudes, aspects, elements, and phases in this great unwieldy

student body into a compact unit of thinking men, who at one time and in concert think over the different problems of campus and student life, directing their thoughts in unison toward the solution of them.

This is no idle dream, this plan of integration, to be spun in the idle moments of the day and night, but a real, live, active force on this campus, although invisible and not prominent in the everyday mind of the students, yet tangible in the councils of student government and always the saving hope of student problems, seemingly impossible of an effective solution. It is to the student body that the student government must come, in times of crises, for support and endorsement. No one here favors the abolition of our present form of student government. And a student government pursuing a policy of fairness and justice will always command the support of the thinking men in the student body, and these thinkers are generally the leaders.

Having stated that there are problems in the student life that always invite the solving powers of the student leaders, it is fitting and proper that some of the problems be cited for practical benefit and application. Such a condition as the right and wrong attitude of fraternity and non-fraternity men toward each other is a fair example of a problem which can only be definitely settled through a process of integration and working upon a basis of common understanding. The real fault here is that the mass of the men from both sides do not really know and understand the position of each other. It is a case, pure and beyond question, of misunderstanding based on separation of association. It is an example of where two elements are not integrated sufficiently in the common walk of college life to get the truthful viewpoint of each other. Let these men associate together for a while, integrate these men by means of some common cause, and these lines of division disappear as the morning dew before the

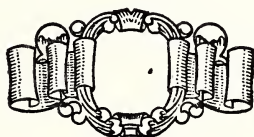
sun of midday. This condition of misunderstanding between elements and different parties disappears when the light of association, directed by a common purpose, is thrown over it. This integrating light dries up all traces of partisanship and produces a body of men, thinking men, who put the welfare of the University of North Carolina before everything else in their college life, and in doing so stand united for and by a common cause—the uplift and betterment of the student body and student life. In this great unwieldy student body lines of class division and partisanship must be held down as much as possible if not destroyed absolutely, if we would have the best atmosphere of student life in which to breathe and live. It is to the task of wiping out these lines of partisanship that the student leaders from all aspects of college life must consecrate and dedicate themselves. Some time ago an epidemic of stealing broke out on this campus, appearing here and there as plagues appear among the population. Lifting its head here for the moment, there the next moment. No clue could be obtained as to who was polluting the temple of student government and the sanctuary of the spirit of the Honor System. It was the subtle work of men on this campus who were out of harmony with the best things that we believe in here. In the face of such a situation, with no basis to find out who were the guilty parties, the hands of the student government authorities were tied. Who did they finally appeal to for aid in destroying this danger? It was the student body. The President of the Student Government called into conference student leaders from all aspects of college life—professional and academic. Around that conference table sat the student body of this University. Around that table sat fourteen hundred and fifty men in the persons of their representatives. There sat integration enthroned. They discussed the epidemic of thieving, and with a unanimous voice they resolved, in concerted action, to

crush it. The following afternoon all the classes in this University were holding meetings at the same hour, all discussing the same problem, and crystallizing student sentiment accordingly. Here were over fourteen hundred men thinking at one time of one thing and that one thing was the devising of a method which would rid the student body of a sore approaching ulceration. These are examples of how and when the student body has been integrated, has been brought to the point of thinking and acting in unison for the betterment of the student body and student life. This is the practical side of it. This is the upholder and proof of the theory.

What is the principle of integration? It is the making into one whole the scattered student views and viewpoints in regard to student life. It is action in unison on the part of the student body when dealing with student problems. It is the entire student body standing on the basis of a common understanding, with the lines of class division and partisanship broken asunder and lying at their feet in the dust of contempt.

A practical plan which would realize this integration would be to have the heads of the Y. M. C. A., Pan-Hellenic Council, Senior professional classes and Editors-in-Chief of the various college publications, act as an advisory board to the President of the Student Government whenever he should desire their aid in dealing with the student life problems. In this collection of men you have all of the elements and sides of student life present. You have the student body integrated. You have the student body at a point where they can be consulted and where they can act together whenever questions arise on this campus which are of vital issue and importance to the student body at large.

Shall we accept the principle of student integration? Is it not worthy of trial? It is the one great invisible force which can save that fine spirit of comradeship, tied up in the bond of a University man, from becoming foreign to this campus as more students annually increase the list of those previously enrolled. The glove of the challenge has been thrown down at the feet of the thinkers of the student body, and these thinkers are the student leaders. The student leaders, once catching a sight of the vision, will accept this challenge, and in accepting it, realize the spirit of integration. It can not fail.



Radicalism and America

GEORGE W. MCCOY

Europe is seething with radicalism brought on by the devastation wrought by the late war and by innumerable causes dating back through the years of tyranny, injustice, and oppression upon the lower class by the upper classes. Radicalism finds its center in Russia under the heading of Bolshevism, while its socialistic aspect finds its center in the Germanies. Let us for a moment consider what radicalism is. The Vicar of Harrow, in 1820, said that "Radicalism is a spirit, of which the first elements are a rejection of Scripture, and a contempt of all the institutions of your country; and of which the results, unless averted by a merciful Providence, must be anarchy, atheism, and universal ruin."

The Vicar seems to have struck home, for radicalism as proclaimed to-day throws defiance into the face of "all the institutions of our country," and is trying by anarchy to bring the world into universal ruin.

What are the causes of that form of extreme radicalism in Russia under the head of Bolshevism? Robert Goodwin Rhett recently said that "inequalities existing in government are the cause of Bolshevism." Inequalities existing in government are truly a cause, but are not social and economic inequalities, as well as political, the causes of Bolshevism?

What are the roots of Socialism? The real roots lie back of 1871 in the Industrial Revolution. As long ago as 1794 the Frenchman Babeuf declared that it was idle to talk about political or social equality so long as equality of wealth or of economic opportunities was lacking. The Utopian Socialism

of the Industrial Revolution, fostered by Robert Owen, took the form of ideal communities whose members would live in common, and share on equal terms the labors and the profits. This Utopian Socialism failed, and to later Socialists it hardly appeared as Socialism at all.

Marxian Socialism takes its name from its formulator, Karl Marx. His theories were embodied in the Communist Manifesto, in which he declared that "Communism" was to organize the proletarians into a class party, to have the proletariat gain political power, and to abolish middle class property ownership. The realization of these aims will mean the transformation of private-owned capital into rightful common property, and the abolition of middle class free trade, of middle class religion, and morality, and of hostility between nations. The Manifesto concludes by saying: "The proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win. Workingmen of all countries unite!"

The above constitutes the beginning of modern Socialism. Its extreme type is Bolshevism and to-day Bolshevism is rampant, marching with the torch of hatred over all of Eastern Europe and endeavoring through its emissaries to spread its doctrines throughout the world.

This brings us naturally to the consideration of the part America will play in this social world upheaval, and of the danger that confronts us in such a menace. Will the steady infiltration into this country of foreigners with their radical propaganda affect the American workingman? Let us consider separately the native and the foreign-born American workingmen. The native workmen of America for the most part of north European, Scotch-Irish and English stock, have always in time of national crisis been found under the true flag of America. They are as true sons of America and are as loyal as the people of the so-called middle class; they are staunch supporters of Americanism, and all that that name implies. They are well educated compared with

the lower classes of Europe. They are better paid, better fed, and although they have not as much of this world's goods as they, perhaps, should have, I have too much confidence in the average native American to believe that he will ever be converted to the doctrines of Karl Marx and Lenine.

So much for the native American. But what of the foreign element of our population? It is here that our problem confronts us squarely in the face and it is by no means an easy problem to solve. It is a problem that requires all the tact and diplomacy of the government of the United States. The foreign element composed of people of all races, the slaves of Russia, Austria, and Hungary, Lithuanians, Poles, Czecks, Slovaks, are all here in our population. They are of the kind that did not come over before the Civil War, when the best stock that Europe could send came over, but they have been coming since then in ever-increasing numbers. A large number are uneducated, many thousands can not speak our language, and of course are unacquainted with our national ideals as to what constitutes a nation. They are the ones from whom the danger is ever present in America. They are the ones among whom the Bolsheviks will sow their seed of discord and destruction, and it is greatly feared that the seed sown will bear poisoned fruit. It is a problem that awaits solution. Restriction of immigration is the only possible means of checking the foreigners who come to our shores. To do this Congress should enact at once an immigration bill that should restrict all immigration to these shores as long as anarchy lasts in Europe. In the meantime the Department of Justice is doing, and should do, all in its power to suppress those radicals who are crying out their doctrines of Socialism and Bolshevism here.

America is at a greater crisis in her history than at any time since Gettysburg, and the individual American should awake to his responsibilities as a citizen of the United States and do all in his power to prevent universal ruin in this land that is dear to us all.

A Drama

LEGETTE BLYTHE

"Now mind what I'm tellin' ye! I'm gonna call you at four in the mornin' so's ye can git them hogs slopped, an' them cows fed an' milked. An' be sure to lay in some cawn and ruffness fer them hosses the first thing ye do so's they kin be through eatin' time we git ready fer 'em. We got to put in er good day to-morrer. Ol' Man Hampdon's pushin' me fer some money on the place. Says if I don't do better this year than last year he'll turn me out an' let somebody have the place as kin make him money on it."

Old Berry took a last gulp of buttermilk, wiped his mustache with his coat sleeve, and getting up from the table, strode over to the fireplace and sat down.

His son John nodded, but his eyes remained fixedly upon the plate before him.

"An' Mollie," he continued, speaking to his daughter, who was setting the dish-pan upon the oilcloth covered table preparatory to washing the supper dishes, "you better crawl in pretty soon so you kin help yo' Maw to-morrer with the washin'. I reckon you'll haf ter lay out er school ergin. Po' folks like us don't need no larnin' noway."

"Aw right, Paw, I ain't larnin' nothin' noways, fer I'm so fur behint I cain't ketch up," drawled Mollie in reply, as she crossed over to the stove to get the kettle of hot water with which to fill the pan on the table.

Old Berry got up from his chair, and with his shoes in his hand, stalked out of the room into the little side bedroom.

"Good night, Paw," ventured Mollie hopefully.

There was a momentary silence.

"Good night," answered the man from the other room, and his words were an attempt at kindness.

Mollie finished washing the dishes and had begun to wipe them before the boy stirred in his chair. He looked up with a haggard expression on his tanned face. There was a look of utter hopelessness about him; as he slouched over to the seat that his father had just vacated he had the appearance of a hunted beast.

The boy sat down. His sister had finished her work and had come over to sit down on the arm of his chair. She said nothing—she divined his thoughts and she, too, was worried. The boy glanced toward his father's bedroom, and saw with satisfaction that the door was closed.

"Sis," he began in a low voice, "why wuz we born pore an' haf to work all the time, an' then don't git nothin' fer it? Why ain't we got ernough money to live on decent, so's we kin go to school—leastways you, if none uv the rest uv us chaps—an' so's Maw won't haf to work so hard an' not have eny good clothes, er you eny either?"

There was tragedy in each word that he said. His whole starved soul was finding itself, and was inquiring the reason why? The girl understood his longing, for it also possessed her. She, too, was asking why?

"We ain't doin' no good," he burst out bitterly. "We're workin' our heads off an' we ain't even gittin' out er debt. It ain't no use to work so hard. Other fokes don't do it, an' they git erlong better'n us. They have money, an' git to go to see shows, an' have plenty good things to eat.

But I ain't studyin' over that so much as I am 'bout you an' Maw an' the chaps. You ain't gittin' a dog chance, an' you're good as eny uv them city gals, an' jist as purty ef you had purty clothes to wear like them. You'll haf to marry some pore feller that can't hardly make a livin'—an' Lord knows I want you to have a chanct ef I don't."

The girl was silent. Her suffering, though not outspoken, was as great as his.

John looked up from staring into the fire and began again:

"Sis," he said, "I been thinkin' 'bout goin' down to Rock Mill an' startin' to work in the cotton mill down there. I kin make some money to lay by, an' then I can send you an' Maw an' the kids some nice clothes to wear. An' maybe I kin git enough to send you off to school some'eres. They pay good money down there, fer I heard Jim Brown talkin' 'bout it t'other day down at the store."

He and his sister got up, and saying "Good night," separated to go to bed. His sister went into her room downstairs, and John climbed up the steps into the attic. He no longer had the air of the haunted man; he went to bed looking as if he was reconciled to his condition. But it was the look of a man who has determined upon his course.

And so in a few months the farm lost John and the hungry, devouring mill swallowed him up.



The Lecture Course

WILLIAM E. HORNER

The method of teaching now in vogue in our higher institutions of learning is more and more proving itself unworthy of the trust reposed in it. To-day, the lecture course, the greatest hindrance to further progress in our universities and colleges, is at its height; but to-morrow, it will be supplanted by the intensive study method now in use in our high schools.

The lecture course trusts the student too much, but he has forfeited this trust. The idea behind the establishment of the lecture course was to give the student a chance to study for himself outside of class hours, and to give him the benefit of the instructor's superior knowledge while in class. The student realizes that he will not be questioned on the morrow's assignment; so the lessons are not prepared. They are never prepared as they should be. At the two or three quizzes given during the quarter the student studies a few hours in a vain attempt to memorize the gist of what it has taken the professor fifteen or twenty hours to lecture on. The result is too often disastrous, not only to the student's hope of passing the course, but also to the professor's success as a teacher. The crowning event comes at the final examination, however. The student studies for ten or fifteen hours as he has never studied before, goes in class with a jumbled maze of ideas; and comes off with the determination to straightway forget all he may have accidentally acquired concerning the course.

A hundred years ago, when there were few things to divert the mind of the student from his books, the lecture course might have been a success. It might have been a success in the days when men were not "dumb driven cattle." It might

have been a success when men came to college, not to have a good time, but to really learn something. But conditions have changed, and to-day, what with fraternities, athletics, and the hundred other phases of college life, the student's mind is continually being diverted from his studies. Everybody is determined to do as little work as possible. With the lecture course, men do not have to study because they can rely on absorbing enough of what the professor says in class to pass the quizzes and examination; and in any case, the professor must pass most of them, because upon the number he passes rests his success as a teacher. From this, it seems as if our universities and colleges have degenerated into places where diplomas are given for virtually nothing more than a four years' residence.

The effect of the lecture course on the student is that he becomes a mere machine which must quote the professor or textbook to the slightest detail. Whatever bits of knowledge the student may carry away with him are those things upon which the instructor has laid special stress. The professor can not help the fact that his personal hobbies and opinions receive more emphasis than the general run of the book. The result is that the personality of the student is subdued to that of the professor, because he must study those things in which the professor is especially interested, in the belief that they will be asked on examination. Outside of these "spots," the student learns scarcely anything.

Lectures are just as dry to the professor as to the student. The instructor has to lecture to a crowd of human beings, become, for the time, mere note-taking machines. He gets no insight into their personality, for it is seldom that a student even musters the courage to ask the professor a question. Some professors think it an insult to them for a mere student to differ with them on a question; some welcome differences because it provides them with an opportunity to get an in-

sight into the mind and personality of the man to whom they are talking. In either case, the student usually remains silent. It is in this way that professors have men under them for several quarters, and yet never learn their ambitions, their temperament, their thoughts. Neither the student nor the professor can do his best work when each seems a mere machine to the other.

As for the institution as a whole, the standard of learning is lowered. The college may graduate a man who has a special insight into the whys and wherefores of lightning and lightning-rods, but who has no knowledge of the general subject of physics; she may graduate a man who can tell you every reason why a tariff should be lowered, but who can tell you nothing of general economics. This is bound to tell on the institution sooner or later for as her standard of learning is lowered, less and less respect will be held for her by men who come in contact with her graduates. Society does not want a man to be able to quote the dates and the names of the organic laws which form the French constitution; on the contrary, society wants the men to have a general insight into the causes of the constitution and the effects of it on the history of France. And the colleges must realize that their reputation is lowered unless the graduate does have this general knowledge.

The future for the lecture course is not very bright, because officials in charge of our universities and colleges are beginning to realize that there is no place in modern college life for it. They realize that students will not study unless they are made to; so high school methods are going to be introduced into colleges in an attempt to raise the standard of learning by forcing the student to learn something. In this new method, the instructor will ask each student at least one question a day, the average grades of which will make up at least fifty per cent of the final mark. Quizzes will be given

weekly if possible, certainly every two weeks, and the average of these will count for twenty-five per cent of the grade. The final examination will not count over ten or fifteen per cent of the term grade. The remainder of the final grade will be calculated in any way the professor sees fit. The different parts in such a system would be well proportioned; and the entire scheme would tend to the best interest of student, professor, and college.



The Veto Power*

P. A. REAVIS, JR.

Throughout history this State has been noted for its conservatism. This trait is not only manifest in the government, but it is a decided trait in the character of its people. A state in a democracy is what its people make it and North Carolina has neither lacked leadership nor aggressiveness. There is one phase of government which she has, however, neglected—that of investing in her chief executive certain powers which would not only make him a more efficient executive, but would make him pay more attention to the duties of his office, especially as to the policy of the administration. The veto power is needed very badly in this State to-day. Our conservatism has held us so far behind the times in this matter that the State of North Carolina is the only State in the Union to-day that does not invest in its chief executive some form of the veto power.

The history of this veto power in this country is very interesting. It was originally granted under the constitutions of three of the thirteen states, Massachusetts, South Carolina, and New York, and by 1850 four more had granted it, they being Georgia, Pennsylvania, Connecticut and New Jersey. Later all the rest of the thirteen granted it in some form. Of all the other states all but four granted this power to their governors on their admission into the Union, and these four afterwards did so, Ohio being the last in 1903. We see, therefore, that North Carolina is the only state that does not trust its governor with some means of saying "No" to measures that he does not approve of.

There are several reasons why the Governor of North Carolina should be granted this power. They are:

1. The power is necessary for the successful maintenance of his administration.

2. His regard for the public welfare will be increased by the granting of this power.

3. The veto power will make him something more than a mere figurehead in the affairs of the State.

The granting of this power by other states illustrates the disposition on the part of the people to regard the Governor as the guardian of public welfare versus the underhand methods of lawmakers and politicians. This power is used not only in the case of measures which the governor may regard as unconstitutional, but also in case laws are passed by the legislature which run counter to his policy. "No power which can be given the executive strengthens his hands more, or serves the public interest better." It is especially necessary during this period of unrest for our Governor to have this power of veto. Our conservatism should be liberalized now for the common good of both the people and the State, and our law-makers can not serve this State better in any law that they make during the coming session of the legislature than by the amending of our State Constitution so as to grant the Governor of North Carolina the power of VETO.

*Statistics used in this article taken from the Encyclopedia of American Government (1914) by McLaughlin and Hart.

Apprenticeship in Literature

W. E. PRICE

Written English, as clear and lucid as a work in Pentelican marble, is a rare phenomenon even among the masters. And yet there come straying along in books and reviews, little bursts of purity, shining sentences free from cloudiness, that make a day somehow different. Why can we not have more of this art that is spellbinding, the art of pure English? The American college student has a virility of idea that is striking, fully as striking as the idea of the French or English undergraduate; yet of the thousands of expressions attempted among us few have the grace and the power that from time to time are revealed in the expressions of students in the old universities of Europe.

Is beauty of writing an age-old growth that clings for centuries to ancient walls before blossoming in purity? Can it be that young Americans are not endowed with the native ability needed to produce good literature? Must we wait until our civilization is mellowed by time before we can expect grace of written words?

Is not our failure rather one of method than of natural ability? We have not recognized the fact that the fine art of writing springs not solely from inspiration but more from technique. Our universities fail to give a constant stimulation to latent literary ability by building up a strongly coördinated plan of growth, a growth in which skill of expression may gradually unfold itself. The undeveloped writer is subjected to a series of disjointed processes. He is given a preparatory course in theme writing. Then for three years, great slabs of literature; the Elizabethans, the Greeks, the

Romanticists . . . each a unit to itself, with little connection to the whole, are thrust upon him. Idea and character are the mainsprings of interest that are stressed. The technique of writing is barely touched. Yet for one who seeks to create literature the mechanics of word-joining is as vital a knowledge as that of the trowel and level to the apprentice mason. We, of the American literature, must realize that a finished work of writing is much like a finished house. To produce one or the other careful training must be given in the method of joining unit to unit so that there shall result a harmonious whole. The newspapers and the periodicals of American colleges show an amazing range of vagaries in the use of words. Uniqueness or the bizarre is sought rather than simplicity and power. It is the high sorrow of American readers who distinguish, to see splendid ideas stalk out on the collegiate literary stage, half clothed in rude barbaric attire that obscures the symmetry and the beauty of genius that is underneath.

We must give a definite consideration to the technique of writing to develop a skilled handicraft. As each new field of research is entered and explored the instructor in charge should show the relation of that field to the whole and how it is bound together with its own peculiarities and trademarks of expression. The discriminating choice of words, the mechanical construction and balance of sentences as a growth in English literature, these and all the material evidences of clear expression should be related by each department head to each young writer's dormant power. It is only thus that there can arise a generation of American writers who, masters of their tools, can tell the world what America thinks and feels. What we need is a more definite effort to make the college an apprentice school where students may learn the trade of fine writing as well as of fine appreciation.

THE MAGAZINE

University of North Carolina

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

THE MAGAZINE, University of North Carolina, is published by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Literary Societies. Its object is to gather together what is best in the literary life of the students and give expression to it.

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Editorials

With this issue of THE MAGAZINE the 1920 staff passes out of existence in its official capacity. As we review the five previous issues, scattered as they have been through the nine months of the school year, a sense of limitation comes upon us. But it is not for us to bewail those limitations nor to eulogize the work of the past—nor yet, of that to come. We have tried to be popular—to please, and yet the main purpose of the Board has been that of Reformation.

THE MAGAZINE as a distinctive Belles-Lettres publication is dead. This issue is the dying gasp. This year with the thoughts of college men everywhere travelling towards and centering around the New, in literature, in economics, and in religion, it became necessary for college publications, as reflectors of college thought and ideas, to take stock of their resources and keep up with the progress of the times. Accordingly we have published a conglomeration of Belles-Lettres type and articles *a la* New Republic. For this we make no apology whatever. THE MAGAZINE has, this year, passed through a period of transition and uncertainty, almost skepticism. Among some literary lights it has been unpopular, while on the other hand, supporters of *The Tar Baby*, misunderstanding the function of THE MAGAZINE, have ridiculed its every attempt at reformation. This was bound to come, but out of the ashes of the old, phoenix-like, we look for the New Carolina MAGAZINE to arise with a new spirit and a new purpose, fulfilling and filling full the needs and desires of not only the college world of the New Era, but moulding and directing the thought of the State, as the pendulum of civilization swings once more back to the side of sanity and un-Bolsheviked humanitarianism.

And so THE MAGAZINE has departed this life, even as all institutions must that fail to keep pace with progress, that are a cycle or even a half cycle behind in the spiral of civilization. There is to be no lamentation, nor any funeral pyre.

But "Being such stuff as Dreams are made of," we look forward four months hence.

Whatever may be the policy of the 1921 Editor-in-Chief, or whoever he may be, with his new adventure in a new age he must have the support of the student body. Above all things THE MAGAZINE is distinctly a Carolina publication, and while our ideal for it would make THE MAGAZINE a

moulder of thought throughout the colleges of this section, yet above all it must not lose its distinctiveness and individuality as essentially a Carolina creation. THE MAGAZINE should be supported by the student body and not wholly by the two societies. At present to add this new weight to the Campus, already overtaxed in the matter of literary support, would, indeed, be suicidal both for THE MAGAZINE and the student body. And so THE MAGAZINE must create and fulfill the demand for such production and thought as it shall reflect.

The Editorial Staff, as it passes out, wishes to every Carolina man, Senior and prospective Freshman alike, a pleasant, enjoyable, and profitable summer. Hoping that out of the abundance of new ideas garnered hither and thither in your experience this summer, you may write intelligently and thoughtfully for the New MAGAZINE of 1921. We bid you adieu!

The function of the University is to render educational service to the people of the State. This is being done admirably well in many ways through its various departments. But it seems that there is one way in which better and fuller use could be made of some of its facilities. The University maintains a teaching force of five professors in the Medical School. Could not further use be made of this faculty by offering a general, practical, elementary, elective medical course for those who are not in the medical school? Such a course would embody personal and public hygiene, physiology, poisons and their antidotes. This course could be entirely elective and would count toward the requirements for the bachelor's degree.

Such a course as proposed would certainly be more valuable and more interesting than an English course in Chaucer, a course in Latin drama, or a course in the theory of equations. Because of its practicability and utility it is safe to say that such a course would be in demand.

The need of a course of this kind is self-evident. It was in realization of this need that lectures were given on subjects of this nature in the Freshman general course during the winter term. In some colleges of high standing a course in hygiene, physiology, disease, infection, and immunity is prescribed and required for the A. B. degree. While the University is striving to be of so great a service, it seems that such a need and such an opportunity as this should not be overlooked.

J. G. GULLICK.

The Y. M. C. A. has spent the year taking stock. Having recently and very rapidly evolved from a club on religion into a representative campus organization, it has found it necessary to make a number of very deep and vital readjustments. They arise out of this fact: Carolina men do not want machinery but life. It applies to a baseball team. It also applies to a Y. M. C. A. The essential thing about a Y. M. C. A. is Christian association. Of course the wheels have to go 'round. You want socials and recreation, Bibles and classes, Freshman handbooks and reception committees. The machinery must remain. But on top of it and around it and underneath it and inside it must be packed and tamped down such a quantity of downright upright Christian living as to render it quite harmless and useful. This is what the leaders of the Association, in the name of the men of the campus, lay down as Association policy from now henceforth.

We believe the position is sound. We further believe it represents the sentiment of the campus and will receive the support of the campus. The war is over, and we no longer need a cigarette booth. We are getting back on our feet, and no longer need a hospital. We want, and want to back, a representative institution which will stand for decent, wholesome living, after the fashion of Christ, and will lay the stress on that and not the machinery of it.

At the same time we are aware of tasks to be done, and the need of money to do them. Last fall the 1,400 men of this campus gave to Association support a pittance so pitiful that the treasurer refused to publish the results. The Y. M. C. A. begs no man for money. It expects it of every man. To take advantage of the absence of beggary and send a campus institution to its creditors with unpaid bills and unmet needs is a strange contradiction of the spirit of this place. Next fall, it is our confident belief, Carolina men will fill full the treasury of their Association, make sure the future, and mend the past.

We believe that we have on this campus an institution that belongs. It is ours, to serve and be served. Its policies, its hopes, and its desires grow out of the life which feeds it, and that life is the life of the men of Carolina. As long as it continues truly to represent, and to body forth rightfully the highest life we know, it has a right-to-be that can not wane and an esteem that can never grow dim.

The Inauguration and its Significance

PHILLIP HETTLEMAN

Nothing was more symbolic of the new era in the South than the inauguration of President Chase on the 28th of April. Noted educators and statesmen who assembled here gave eloquent proof of the interest the nation is taking in the new work of the University. It was indeed a true dedication to the higher task we are undertaking.

Five years ago the University started upon its experiment of extension work throughout the State. This was a new field for a college of the South, and it was natural that many Southern universities were skeptical concerning our success. The very fact that many of these institutions have adopted the policies which we began is a vindication which should speed us on our task. It has become a recognized fact that the college has a larger responsibility than the education of the few students on her campus.

Prominent among our new activities of service is the *Weekly News Letter*, which is distributed throughout the State free of charge. Its columns are devoted to public health, education, questions of citizenship, and vital problems which affect the welfare of the State. The University, which was unknown to many of the citizens of the State a few years ago, has now become a vital institution in their lives. Through its publications the University has tried to make the people feel that their problems are her problems, and that she has an interest in their solution.

Citizenship has found its outlet on the campus through the Carolina Club, and citizens in the making are giving their

advice to the lawmakers of the State. They have studied the problems of education, of public welfare, of state transportation, and their thoughts along the lines of public welfare are helping to mold the statutes of the State. They have decreed that the chain gang is the wrong method of punishment, and who doubts that their voice will not receive recognition?

Long after the ceremonies of the inauguration are forgotten, its spirit will live. The University again dedicates herself to the "real and abiding needs of the State." The message of service which was the theme of Dr. Graham's inaugural address four years ago has not been disregarded. Our new President is eager to continue the task.

Dangers of Modern Efficiency

W. P. HUDSON

The last half-century has marked, among the more progressive nations of the world, a progress unparalleled by any similar period of time in history. This progress, this advance, this gain has brought with it many things to be desired, and yet has fastened upon mankind some few things to be lamented.

In remote times what progress there was existed only in the activities of the less civilized man. Progress and action was entirely individual, and there were no limitations to freedom of action, and initiative, and originality was not hampered. As society was slowly moulded out of the individuals, and men began to collect themselves in groups and act more as a unit, some limitations upon individual action were necessary. Thus as the individual came to act in terms of the clan, the clan in terms of the tribe, and when finally the tribe gave away to that more complete organization called a Nation, restraint upon the individual increased until he found himself a responsible member of a democratic government in some cases, and a subservient subject in an aristocratic government in others. But inasmuch as a nation can be no greater than the fabric of which it is built, progressive and far-seeing nations began to gradually provide for the education and training of leaders, no thought being given as yet to the education of the lower classes. Accordingly, the system grew up in Europe of providing education for the better classes, with an almost total ignoring of the so-called lower classes. After innumerable attempts and struggles, the lower

elements gained a semblance of recognition, and education of a kind was extended to them.

Nations soon came to realize that their strength and durability depended not upon the education of the few, merely, but the general enlightenment of all its people. Leaving out of consideration democratic countries such as the United States, Germany was the first European nation to perceive this fundamental truth. Accordingly, the program of efficiency was inaugurated in Germany, and this doctrine of efficiency under the stimulus of the German *Kultur* was later to disturb the peace, and threaten the safety, of the world. Germany became a worshipper of the god, Efficiency, and individual traits and characteristics were tolerated only to the extent in which they coincided with the efficiency program. The normal German was incorporated into the machine and vaccinated with German *Kultur*, and imbued with the doctrine of *Deutschland uber Alles*, he became a minute but necessary part of the war machine. That Germany had a wonderfully constructed war machine built up out of individuals can not be disputed. Since, however, the durability of a machine depends upon the strength of its component parts, the German machine could in the final analysis be no stronger than the automatons of which it was constructed. The German private could function only as he was driven or ordered by an officer, and though the expediency of the moment demanded some action on his part, he was powerless until ordered by a superior. The complexity of the machine had become so great as to become useless upon the slightest impairment of its slightest part.

Of course, there can be no comparison, literally, between the situation in Germany before the war and that in America to-day, yet there exists some similarity as to the general trend education is following at present. The last decade has seen a steady increase in educational requirements. Colleges

and universities are steadily increasing their requirements to prospective college students, and are emphasizing the fact that they need better material with which to work. And the time is not far distant when the high school will be where the colleges are now, and the colleges will have moved on further up the educational ladder. We, too, are striving at efficiency, which, if treated in a correct way, will be for the ultimate benefit of the Nation, but which, if directed into the wrong channels, may prove disastrous to the existence of the United States as a great nation. Every branch of industry, every profession is now demanding specialization, and each individual finds it necessary to confine his training to a single phase of his business or profession. Specialization tends toward perfection and no doubt is necessary, but as it has increased, artificiality has increased with it, and already individuals have a tendency to do things mechanically. Care must be taken to keep the element of humaneness intact in the individual, for once this is destroyed, efficiency becomes a menace. The individual must never be developed to that point where he acts in terms of a formula. As long as the individualism of the individual predominates and the individual does not become a mechanical atom effective only to the extent that he forms a part of a larger body, efficiency and specialization may well go on without any great danger of evil results, but if ever the cosine of human endeavor, individualism or initiative is found and is translated into mathematical or mechanical formulæ, apprehension for the future must needs be entertained.

A Senior's Last Reverie

D. D. TOPPING

Stretched full length beneath a stately pine, I am lying on a hillside south of the college campus. A deep calm pervades the Sabbath twilight atmosphere. In the golden west a great cloud-bank is rising to hide the last rays of the sun. Stretching up the farther hillside and on into the distance, the oaks and the hickories and the poplars stand majestic and imposing in their quietude, dotted here and there by the white blooms of the dogwood. The air is laden with the soft, balmy incense of the Southland in all its richest glory. In the little valley below me a brook is babbling its ceaseless song, and the words of a poet come to me, bringing a sense of eternity:

“For men may come
And men may go,
But I go on forever.”

Overhead and round and round about me a wood-thrush is pouring out his soul in an ecstasy of melody. On some distant meadow the cattle are lowing, as the herd slowly wends its way homeward. A deep calm creeps into my soul, and for the moment I am near to God, and lost in rapt reverie. Fast falls the eventide of my college life, and I am thinking of the morrow. To-morrow we part and are gone forever, and the thought fills me with an infinite sadness, for in every parting there is an image of death.

Darkness is creeping over the landscape. A fulling moon throws its first soft streaks of silver among the trees. The deep tones of the old college bell ring out on the stillness like a solemn knell. I flick the ashes from my burnt-out pipe, and reality holds me in its sway again, but the vision of beauty has sunk far into my soul, and the inspiration remains. Comes again the thought in deep and pulsing accents, sad and full of prophecy—to-morrow we go, but the *sacredness* of this hallowed spot will stay on in our hearts, companion to the *spirit* of Carolina, wrapt together forever in the reverent love of *Alma Mater*. . . .

Agnostic

D. R. HODGIN

Why
 Could not I
 Have been a little, narrow-minded
 Reformer,
 Ranting against the Government
 And "*Das Capital*" . . .
 Beating out my life against the solid wall
 Of Public Opinion?
 Instead of opening my mind
 To all the infinitude of doubts
 Of Life and Death,
 Of Love, Religion,
 Of God, and Man,
 Of the destiny of the race,
 Of Heaven and Hell—
 The Universe . . .
 The which,
 Filling my mind to its capacity,
 And beyond,
 Threatens to break it—
 To explode,
 As warm air, collecting and expanding,
 Bursts the thin-blown bubble of the child.

Why did God give me a mind
 Too weak to bear the strain
 Of understanding Truth?
 Alas! It is not big enough. . . .

I am a man. . . .
In striving for the Truth,
I strive to be a god,
And can not.
Only gods are perfect.

Instead of beating against the solidity
Of Present Thought,
I try to take it, Samson-like,
Upon my shoulders;
And I am crushed
Beneath the weight
Of the Wall.

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